
SECRET SANTICORE



2013

Volume II



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SECRET SANTICORE



2013

Volume II

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AND SEVERAL PEOPLE WHO WISH TO REMAIN ANONYMOUS...

SPECIAL THANKS TO JEZ GORDON AND DAK ULTIMAK FOR ESSENTIAL GUIDANCE

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FROSTRIME
 BLADES
 ILLUSTRATION
 BY
 JEREMY
 DUNCAN

(Item entry
 by Chris King
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FROSTRIME BLADES

By CHRIS KING

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FROSTRIME BLADE (MINOR ARTIFACT)

CREATED BY THE MAD WIZARD VOROK, this weapon has a blade forged of crystal-clear ice and a scabbard made of ice-blue leather set with a black sapphire. One of a set of ten, each blade radiates an aura of freezing temperature. This aura does not effect the wielder, but any other creature within ten feet takes 1d6 points of cold damage every minute. Any creature struck by the weapon takes 3d6 points of cold damage as the blade freezes their flesh. Frostrime Blades can be any bladed weapon (longsword, battleaxe, dagger, etc.).

HOWEVER, THERE ARE ONLY TEN IN EXISTENCE. FROSTRIME BLADES ARE ALWAYS +5 WEAPONS.

THESE BLADES ARE ABLE TO WITHSTAND even summer temperatures, but a specific source of magical fire (campaign specific, but it should be something more powerful and difficult to find than a simple Fireball spell) is the only means to destroy the blade. If the blade is exposed to this source of unique fire, it makes a saving throw vs. spells as a Fighter of its wielder's level. If the saving throw is passed, there is no effect. On the other hand, if the blade fails this saving throw, it is destroyed in an explosion of arcane cold. This blast deals 3d6 cold damage to any creature within 50 feet (half damage on a successful saving throw vs. breath weapon). If the blade is being wielded at the time, the wielder takes double damage, with no save allowed.

IF MULTIPLE FROSTRIME BLADES ARE IN CLOSE PROXIMITY (within the freezing aura), the freezing aura and freezing damage are multiplied by the number of blades nearby. In addition, the freezing aura extends by ten feet per blade. So, if two Frostrime Blades are both within the range of their aura (ten feet), their freezing auras are extended by ten feet and the blades deal 3d6 damage per minute and 9d6 damage on a successful attack. The aura is suppressed by each blade's unique scabbard.

IF ALL TEN FROSTRIME BLADES ARE TOGETHER, a howling, unnatural blizzard springs up, even indoors or underground. This blizzard starts at a diameter of one mile and extends by one mile per hour until reaching a maximum diameter of thirty miles. This blizzard deals 10d6 cold damage per minute to any creature that is not protected against magical cold. To force the blizzard to dissipate, at least one Frostrime Blade must be removed from the blizzard's radius, at which point the blizzard shrinks by one mile per minute. If there are no longer ten blades, the blizzard cannot be conjured.

DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...

...A MAGICAL ITEM TO EXCITE AND THRILL MY POOR, DELUDED PLAYERS!

HUGS & KISSES,

S. F.

THE FROSTRIME BLADES ARE NOT INTELLIGENT, but everyone who wields or carries such a blade feels a compulsion to seek out the other nine Frostrime Blades. This is the equivalent of a Quest, Geas, or similar spell. Failing to make progress toward finding the other blades means the wielder falls under a Curse (as determined by the GM).

(ILLUSTRATION BY JEREMY DUNCAN
LARGER ON PREVIOUS PAGE)



THE CLASSIC SIX METHOD FOR RANDOM ITEM HISTORY.

BY 5 STONE GAMES

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A DM simply answers the classic 6 Six W's (link http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Five_Ws) Who, What, When, Where, Why Whow (actually its How but I like the W symmetry) by rolling a D6 on the charts below.

This will generate a basic history for any magic item for almost any campaign. All you need to do is fill in the bits from your game world and you are good to go.

Oh yeah, one last thing. These tables also work great to fill in blanks if you already know the answer to one or more of the questions. Just pick whatever you like and roll what you need.

Now onto the charts

QUESTION #1 WHO WAS IT MADE FOR?

1 A NOBLE

1-2	Low Rank
3-4	Medium Rank
5-6	High Rank

2 A RURAL PERSON

1	Farmer
2	Fisher
3	Crafter
4	Woodman
5	Rover
6	Someone Strange (Feral Child, Hermit, Monster, Hedge Witch etc)

3 A CITY PERSON

1	Merchant
2	Entertainer
3	Criminal
4	Crafter (roll a d6 for the prestige of the trade or just pick 1-2 poor 3-4 common 5-6 wealthy)
5	Someone in the Legal Profession (Flip a Coin if you like Heads: Watch Tails: Lawyer)
6	Someone Strange (Monster, Sewer Morlock, Beggar, etc)

DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...
A MIX-N-MATCH MATRIX FOR RANDOMLY
GENERATING THE HISTORY OF MAGIC ITEMS.
THANKS, J. M.

4 AN ADVENTURER

1	Fighter
2	Magic User
3	Rogue
4	Cleric
5	Multi Class or Subclass
6	Something Unusual (custom class, unlikely adventurer etc)

5 A MILITARY UNIT

1	Infantry
2	Navy
3	Cavalry
4	Elite Unit
5	Non Standard Unit (special ops, spies, siege troops etc)
6	Exotic Unit (dragon riders, wizards)

6 ANOTHER GROUP

1	Tribe
2	Group of Magic Users
3	Family
4	Religious Order or Church
5	Cult or Outlaw Religion
6	Adventuring Band

QUESTION #2 WHAT IS IT MADE OF?

1	Surprisingly Poor Materials
2	The Ordinary Material items of its type are made of (wood, glass, steel whatever)
3	Superior but Ordinary Material (Wootz, yew, prized clay whatever)
4	Enchanted Materials
5	Rare Magic Material (dragon glass, star metal, that kind of thing)
6	Something Inappropriate for the type of item (wood sword, glass hammer etc)

QUESTION #3 WHEN WAS IT MADE?

1	Quite Recently (roll d12 for months if desired)
2	Years Ago (roll d10 if desired)
3	Decades Ago (roll d10 if desired)
4	Centuries Ago (roll d% if desired)
5	Millenniums Ago (roll d-whatever depending in how old your game world is)
6	Some Strange Time (in the future, before it could have been made, outside time and space)

As an added holiday bonus an example . Note that the numbers in brackets)

#1 A Magic Pot, purifies 2 quarts of water in one hour while the sun is out . Command Word Brita

Roll #1

Who (2,6) Rural and Someone Strange

Hmm. I decided it was made for a hermit,

Roll #2 What (4) Enchanted Materials

Glassteel sounds cool to me.

Roll #3

When (2) Years Ago

I'll skip the roll and say 2 years ago

Roll #4

Where was it Made (5) In a Metropolis,

I'll just say Capital City for simplicity

Roll #5

Why Was It Made (4) For a gift

Hmm,someone thought well enough of this hermit to give him or her a magic vase, Interesting no?

And Last #6 How Was it made (2) BY an ordinary craftsman in an extraordinary place.

So, I guess it was made by a journeyman at a famous forge, likely.

Racking my head I decide it was made a couple of years ago at the famous glass-works in the capital city then changed to glassteel and enchanted by wizard, How it ended up gifted to a hermit, well thats another story.

Still if you can't come up with a some cool adventure seeds from that you are on the wrong end of the DM's screen.

So there you go, random magic items for almost any world with just a few rolls.

Good Gaming from 5 Stone Games

QUESTION #4 WHERE WAS IT MADE?

1	Locally
2	Village
3	Small Town
4	City
5	Metropolis
6	Someplace Exotic (dungeon, ship, castle, another plane)

Q5 #5 WHY WAS IT MADE?

1	For the joy of crafting
2	For war
3	For a debt
4	For a gift
5	For money or trade
6	For religious or other enigmatic reasons

QUESTION #6 HOW WAS IT MADE?

1	By an ordinary craftsman in an ordinary place
2	By an ordinary craftsman in a famous place
3	By an extraordinary craftsman in an ordinary place
4	By an extraordinary craftsman in a famous place
5	By magic (a wizard, a cleric, the fey)
6	By something very strange (an extra dimensional forge, a dragon, that kind of thing)

ELF-CULLER

(“EFTMOKRAN” IN OLD ORKEN)

BY SEAN HOLLAND

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[HTTP://SEAOFSTARSRPG.WORDPRESS.COM/](http://seaofstarsrpg.wordpress.com/)

THIS BROAD-BLADED SPEAR IS MADE OF BLACK STEEL (quenched in the blood of elves) and dark oak reinforced with strips of treated bone. A buttspike of black steel allows it to be set firmly against mounted enemies or used as a secondary weapon in its own right. In the hands on any but those with orc blood, it is but a well crafted spear, but in the hands of an orc, it is finely balanced and almost alive with its desire for combat.

FOR MOST, IT IS BUT A SPEAR, THOUGH ADMITTEDLY A SHARP ONE that is difficult to break. But in the hands of an orc, it is a spear +1/ +3 against elves, cowards and prey animals. When used to strike the killing blow against any of the types of creature it gains extra bonuses against, the wielder heals 1 hp for each HD of the slain creature and any orcs within 60' are inspired with bloodlust and gain a +1 bonus to combat damage for the next 1d4 rounds.

THE WIELDER OF THE SPEAR MUST USE IT TO KILL IN COMBAT or sacrifice an intelligent being every three days or find their dreams troubled by increasingly intense dreams of murder, blood and destruction. After three days, the dreams are so powerful that the wielder gains no rest from sleep (nor natural healing) and becomes increasing irritable and prone to violence.

DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...

AN EVIL MAGIC SPEAR FOR A 6TH LEVEL HALF-ORC FIGHTER. THE HALF-ORC FIGHTER WAS SLAIN, BUT HE SAVED HIS FELLOW ADVENTURERS WHO ARE THUS INTENT ON RAISING THE HALF-ORC BACK FROM THE DEAD. THE ORCISH DEITY SEEKS TO CULL THE WEAK. DELIVERING THE MAGICAL SPEAR METAPHORICALLY AS A BEQUEST FROM THE DECEASED HALF-ORC TO THE HALF-ORC RAISED, THE DEITY WISHES TO MANIFEST MALICE TOWARDS THE NON-ORCS (ESPECIALLY THE “ELF”), UNCEASING WARFARE AND SACRIFICES INVOLVING LARGE QUANTITIES OF BLOOD.

THANKS,

M. L.

ELF-CULLER (“EFTMOKRAN” IN OLD ORKEN) BY SEAN HOLLAND

IDI2 ABSURD INVENTIONS TO KILL OR CAPTURE DRAGONS

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DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...

IDI2 ABSURD INVENTIONS TO KILL OR CAPTURE DRAGONS.

THANKS,

S. H.

1 - POWER WORD, KILL DRAGON.

Umbolt Caranthian, a Wizard of the Lineage of Caranthes, became obsessed with the idea of altering the so-called Power Word magics in order to create a spell that would target Dragons specifically. After many years of study and effort, he created the following spell, which when he uttered in the presence of Sorcences, Wyrm of the Well of Androx, resulted in the Wizard's death.

Power Word, Kill Dragon

Level: 5

Components: V

Range: 15'/level

Casting Time: 1 segment (or 1 round*)

Duration: Special

Saving Throw: None

Area of Effect: One creature

Explanation/Description: When Power Word, Kill Dragon is uttered, any dragon of the magic-user's choice will be instantly killed, if it possesses less than 30 hit points. The caster must be facing the creature, and it must be within the caster's range of 15' per level of experience. Note that if the dragon is weakened due to any cause so that its hit points are below the usual maximum, the current number of hit points possessed will be used.

However, the caster, upon utterance of the spell, will also be killed if he possesses less than 30 hit points. The caster will also be killed automatically if the spell is cast at a dragon with greater than 30 hit points.

* If your system doesn't use segments. Your system doesn't use segments? That's lame, dude.

2 - THE AUGUST SCROLL OF DECLARATION.

The City-State of Capitolanus, which prided itself on its divine destiny as savior of the peoples of the Western continent, confronted the dragon Defaultus Maximus by sending a representative of the Senate of that august city to confront the beast. Cruzus Assus demanded, in the name of the Senate and Legates of the People, that the beast negotiate, reading from a very official looking scroll to that effect. Defaultus Maximus flamed Cruzus Assus, and then ate all the virgins in Capitolanus. This being an admittedly small number, the dragon then destroyed all the rest of the city.

The Gods, in their infinite wisdom and mercy, made holy the scroll of declaration used by Cruzus Assus,

which, if read within 20 feet of any dragon (takes 1d6 rounds) causes the Dragon, if not in combat, to fall asleep for 1d12 days, unless a save versus magic at -2 is made successfully. The dragon wakes up if attacked (of course) and most mature dragons have heard of the scroll and its effects.

3 - VALIANT'S TRAP-JAW.

Before he was a knight, the young Valiant created this device in order to deal with a small swamp-dragon that had cornered the young man and his companion in a tree. The trap-jaw is a simple device using two pieces of wood, perhaps a cubit in length, which are tied together on both ends. The middle of the two pieces of wood are then drawn back from each other, which creates an oval shape, and a wedge is inserted in the gap between the two pieces. One end is then tied to a rope, and the contraption is then swung onto the dragon jaw so that the wedge is dislodged by the impact and the two pieces of wood snap the beast's mouth closed.

The trap-jaw may be created with nothing but wood and rope, as well as a couple of hours of work, and at the Referee's discretion may require some kind of successful skill or crafting roll. A successful attack roll must be made to use the device, followed by a successful Dex check, again at the Referee's discretion. The device only works if the trap-jaw is larger than the dragon, so any drake or dragon with more than three hit dice is unaffected.

4 - ESLYN'S PALACE OF VIRGINS

This humble edifice is a log and wattle longhouse, approximately 80' long by 20' wide. There is a large sign on the outside of the structure that reads "PALACE OF VIRGINS". The longhouse is made of extremely fragile building materials such as wattle and daub, with a facade of stronger material such as timber and stone. Long, thick stakes are placed in the structure in a splayed pattern. If the dragon lands on the structure it immediately collapses, and the dragon is impaled by 1d6 spikes for 1d12 damage each. This trap was first used by the village of Esllyn which had suffered numerous attacks by dragons in its past. Unfortunately, after the trap was constructed the village was attacked by the wyrm Vermoxin, who preferred his virgins roasted, and who breathed on the edifice, revealing its true nature before he landed.

5 - NEBLIN'S CATAPULT OF NETS

The Gnomish Engineer, Neblin of Gromsk, designed and oversaw the construction of this device for the Dwarves of the Humbolt Mountains in The Third War of the Three Dragons (the previous two wars proving spectacularly unsuccessful for the Dwarves). The catapult fires a weighted net that opens some 30' feet after being fired. The net has a circumference of 60', and is weighted with iron balls around the edge of the net, the impetus of which causes the net to expand as it flies through the air.

The minimum range of the catapult is 90 yards, and the maximum range is 150 yards, owing to the nature of the missile involved. The whole apparatus weighs approximately 2000 lbs, fires one net every 4 rounds, requires a crew of 6 to operate successfully, as well as a skilled artilleryist. The operator must score a hit vs. AC of 0 (20) or the normal AC of the dragon, whichever is more beneficial to the dragon. If a hit is scored, the dragon receives a save vs. Paralyzation (Reflex DC 15). Otherwise, the dragon is considered to be entangled (may not attack anything other than the net) and falls a number of feet equal to its current speed. If the dragon falls to the ground before it can disentangle itself, it takes standard falling damage. Each round it falls after the first, it receives another chance to save to extract itself from the net.

6 - ARMAND'S TRANSUBSTANTIATION OF DESIRE.

This spell, by the noted illusionist, transforms the appearance and smell of the target into that of a prepubescent girl.

Armand's Transubstantiation of Desire

Level: 4

Components: V, S

Range: Touch

Casting Time: 1 turn

Duration: 1 hour per level of the caster

Saving Throw: Yes

Area of Effect: One creature

Explanation/Description: When Armand's Transubstantiation of Desire is cast, the target transforms into the appearance of a virgin. Note that the target looks, smells, and sounds like a prepubescent girl, but this does not change the appearance of the equipment of the target, who may look like Magical Sword Princess if fully geared up. This may provoke a disbelief save on the part of the dragon, depending on the intelligence of the beast.

Note that if the target is not actually a virgin, a Dragon receives an automatic save within 30' of the target.

7 - THE SCOURGE.

This disease was crafted by the Arch-Devil Geryon, and was offered as a gift to the Patriarch of Ximenes, when

that nation was plagued by Dragonflight. Reportedly, the archbishop was unaware of the origin of the disease, due to the fact that Geryon had tricked a group of hapless adventurers to produce the vial containing the disease as a result of a Quest spell, cast by the Archbishop.

The disease, known as The Scourge, takes 1d4 weeks after exposure to take effect, along with a failed saving throw vs. Poison (Fort DC 15). At this point, the dragon so infected begins to itch uncontrollably, and begins to lose scales from its skin. Each week, for 1d6 weeks, the Dragon's AC degrades by 1. After this point, the dragon begins to grow its scales back, at a rate of 1 AC per month, until the dragon is restored to its original AC.

Unfortunately, The Scourge also effects humans, resulting in a painful sloughing of skin for 1d6 days, ending in death. Again, a successful saving throw vs. Poison (Fort DC 15) negates the effects.

8 - DORNIR'S WONDERFUL DRAGON IN A BOTTLE.

This arcane device, created by the noted mage and collector, Dornir, sucks any dragon of adult size or smaller into its partly extra-dimensional space, simultaneously shrinking it and placing it in a state of suspended animation. The dragon is allowed a save vs. Magic to avoid the effects (Will DC 20). Due to a fundamental flaw in the construction of the device, if the dragon saves successfully, the user of the Bottle must then also save vs. Magic at -2 (Will DC 25), or be sucked into the device himself.

This may be why Dornir disappeared from the scrolls of history after he completed the device, and why Zarothenes - The Wing that is Death - can be still heard, to this very day, cooing over a glass bottle from among his vast horde of treasure.

9 - THE BOOK OF THE WYRM, BY CYRIL THERASOPHONES.

This enchanted book is only partially complete, holding tales of 1d6 famous dragons of the past, as well as their slayers. There is enough room in the book for 1d3 more tales of about the same length.

If one reads the book the night before confronting a Dragon, both the dragon and the reader must make a save vs. magic (Will DC 20). If both fail, then the book acquires a new chapter, telling how the reader confronted and slew the beast, but was laid low during the effort. In this case, both the reader and the Dragon are considered dead, and may not be resurrected.

If only the dragon fails, it receives a -2 to attack and damage vs. the reader. If only the reader fails the save, he receives the same penalty.

IO - THE VINE OF ENTANGLEMENT OF THE SLUMBERING.

If a cutting of this vine, which originates with the Druids of Drakenwald, is planted near the lair of a sleeping dragon, the Referee should determine how long it will be before the beast awakens. Each week after the planting the dragon sleeps, vines slowly grow around the creature, entangling it. When the dragon awakes, it receives a -1 to Attack, Damage and AC for each week the vine has grown around it. Each round after it awakes the dragon may destroy 1d3 points of this effect.

Adventurers must gamble between waiting another week for additional effect, and the chance the Dragon may wake up and shred the vines before the beast is attacked.

Lovar was the first individual to successfully have used the spear against an attacking dragon. He did not survive the attack.

Dragon-Slaying Spear - Damage: 1d12 Requires two hands.

II - THE EBONY CHEST OF DRASCILLES THE ELDER.

This cursed chest (named after the dragon who first owned it - the origin of the item is unknown) is cursed to fascinate those who possess it, inspiring them to gaze longingly within the chest at its contents. Dragons, of course, do this normally, but in the event of a sudden attack the dragon may not be able to tear itself way from the sight of the treasure within for several moments.

There is a flat 50% chance the dragon will be staring into the chest if it possesses the item within its horde. If it does, the dragon must make a successful save vs. Magic (Will DC 20) or be automatically surprised by a group of attackers.

I2 - THE DRAGON-SLAYING SPEAR OF LOVAR THE MAGNIFICENT.

This 16' pike is made from orichalcum, which is light and flexible enough to act as a substitute for Ash or other woods from which the hafts of such weapons are normally made. The blade is shaped like a 13' broad-leaf, and has foot-long cross-pieces placed at two, four and six feet behind the blade. Each cross piece is slightly larger than the one before it. At the base of the pike is a 6' spike, which is used to embed the weapon firmly into the ground

When a man on the ground is attacked by a dragon, sometimes the beast will land on top of its opponent or very near to it. In these cases, the spear is left on the ground, and picked up swiftly when the dragon is in range, and butted against the ground in order to receive the 'charge' of the dragon. If the dragon attacks the wielder, the pike will do double damage on a successful hit. if the dragon lands of the lands of the wielder, the pike will do triple damage. In both cases, the wielder must be able to withstand the fear of the dragon to prepare for the attack, which few are able to do.

BEHOLD READER, THOU HAST DISCOVERED THE GRIMOIRE OF _____

BY ANONYMOUS

Roll d20:

1. BEELZEBOL'S BARDS OF DAMNATION

(blood-spattered, black boar hide, covered in dead flies): It has the power of summoning demons with flaming instruments that play hellishly metal music for d4 hours. (Demons may be persuaded to crowd surf into foes. They murder anyone who makes requests for them to play)

2. SWEET TONGUE AND CHEEKY CHAT

(exotically perfumed, satin tied leather journal) : It contains scandalously slick insults and seductions. A silver thin hand mirror has been used as a bookmark. Person who reads this gains a bonus to their charisma or social interactions. If mirror is gazed in frequently, player will believe they appear prettier than they are)

3. OSMOSIS

(soft blue suede cover with thin rice paper): It has text and graphics that immediately absorb onto a person's skin and become a seemingly-permanent tattoo. (The text tats can be exchanged by a player sleeping on another book; to remove images a blank book or scroll must be used. The instructions for use are inside the book.)

4. DEVOTIONAL CRAFT

(humongous iron tablet covers, a greasy spine of bolts and paper-thin sheets of copper): It contains instruction in three foreign languages on how to build an automaton that will serve you. The carved illustrations appear confusing and out of order. (With a thorough reading and help from a proficient linguist, player discovers the book has everything to make a small magical robot servant)

5. LEVITATION

(dusty worn leather book that is chained to the floor and has a dent of a footprint): This book will begin to float off the ground when unbound and is able to support the weight of an average male barbarian. If the player spends time meditating and reading the book under a tree, they gain the ability to levitate for d6 rounds/day)

6. GROTESQUE HAG HEXES

(stretched skins of various humanoids stitched together): It is heavily illustrated with curses from turning humans into beasts to pustulating illnesses. In order to perform a hex, player must have drops of blood of the enemy and themselves to smear onto the cover. It absorbs and let's out a shrill scream that anyone who hears it must make a

DEAR SANTICORE,

I WOULD FREAKING LOVE A TABLE OF D100 GRIMOIRES AND WHAT THE PCs GET FROM READING THEM.

THANKS,

C. G.

7. PALADIN'S GRACE AND POETRY

(medieval text with ornate illustration of a dragon on the cover and a elaborately decorated pen): This ancient text is filled with sonnets and epic tales of heroic knights. The inner cover has signatures of who it belonged to scratched out. If the player signs the book, player begins to glow and gains a bonus to their strength. If they read aloud from the text, book flickers and transforms into a mighty sword and shield for d6 rounds/poem)

8. SOOTHING NATURE

(giant dried leaves sewn together with thick vines and full of papyrus): This book features flora and fauna that attracts the nearest large insects or plantcreature. Owner of the book gains the ability of friendship with giant bugs and sentient plants. (If turned to the section on gardening, reader who sings aloud the pollination rhymes gains the ability to talk to flowers)

9. HIBERNATION

(book is extremely soft and warm): When opened, reader discovers this contains a baby BearCat curled asleep inside. It is as small as a saucer and gazes up at reader and instantaneously purr growls affectionately. Congratulations, player now is a parent to a rare beast. (If lullabies are read to the BearCat, it gains the ability to speak telepathically to the reader)

10. ASTROLOGICAL NAVIGATION

(plain leather bound book with faded golden astronomy symbols): It appears blank indoors and during the day. At night it glows. (If player opens the book in the night, a golden light the size of a campfire illuminates them and identifies the stars, planets, and any outer planes locations. Reader gains a bonus to navigation and their eyes glow with their favorite galactic image at night.)

11. PLAYFUL ILLUSION AND THE POWER OF IMAGINATION

(glittery book covered in childish doodles): It has the power to grant the reader the ability to perform small, dazzling illusions once per day. If player concentrates for d4 rounds alongside another player, they can create a small feast once per day. If player concentrates with d8 people for d4 rounds, they can create a small tavern once per day.

12. MYTHICAL CREATION

(completely square sturdy text with thin patterned paper, at least a dozen pages appear torn out): It has numerous

BEHOLD READER, THOU HAST DISCOVERED THE GRIMOIRE OF _____ BY ANONYMOUS

instructions on ever other page on how to summon loyal monsters. (Player must tear out a page and fold into desired beast and read an incantation. The mythical beasts survives as long as the origami is protected by the summoner and not naturally killed in combat)

13. THE BIRTH OF DARKNESS

(thin maroon dyed goat skin stretched with occult symbols carved in): Player that reads aloud the Latin and follows the directions to howl will earn themselves a daily power to summon d10 shadow wolves. The first time is painful in which the player vomits up a billowing cloud of shadows with a pack of dark dire wolves. (If all the book is read over, player gains the ability to hide in shadows)

14. PROPHETIC PROGENY

(silver foiled surface and a strange wispy tree of names that changes based on who holds it): This text allows you to summon your descendants or your reincarnation as another being for d12 hours/ day. The summoned progeny will always be the most colorful, quirky of your lineage and view your interactions as an adventurous dream. (It is up to the GM if the same being is summoned repeatedly. Whatever is more fun or interesting to the player)

15. LINGUISTICS

(thick, heavy tomb with small inscriptions in dozens of languages): This text has the power to grant the reader d20 languages if studied thoroughly for a week. (If player is illiterate, they gain ability to decipher d20 ancient symbols and hieroglyphic languages) This book has the ability to talk and translate back if player decides to caress the cover and compliment it. If insulted, the book will curse player for d4 hours to babble rubbish.

16. MONSTROUS VISIONS

(tattered cover with inscriptions that appear to be written by the use of a claw): The pages contain rough sketches of monsters and brief descriptions of their alignment and eating habits. Player gains the ability to see from the perspective of the nearest monster if they focus for d4 rounds. This can be used d4 times/day.

17. STONESHIFTING

(crushed, dirty, rugged book with disintegrating pages and a damp earthy scent): Player gains the power to move stones d12 feet away from them. If used repeatedly, player gradually gains the skill to shapeshift into a rock golem once per week.

If the player wants it as a daily power they will also gain the unnatural curse to consume and solely digest gems or marbled stone for sustenance as a human. They can choose to decrease their power and live a life of safe yet dull role-playing)

18. GROCK

(a weathered cloth book with yellow pages that smells like old damp socks): When opened an cloud of dust fills the air and enters the nostrils of the reader. Player hallucinates and gains flashes of brilliance into understanding how to craft and repair an ancient magical weapon. (The reader will fully comprehend how to craft/repair an additional item when bathing, drifting off, or after a fine meal or moments with a lover. The player must roll a savings throw if they want to resist contemplating in these situations)

19. PHANTASMAGORIA

(an oddly translucent cover with black pages, silvered ink text, and a sulfurous scent): The black pages are full of ghostly tales that change the fictional victims to names of characters in the party. The tales fly out of the book onto the walls and whispers other players names. Reader gains the skill of Intimidation. (If tales are repeated another time, book stretches and thins into a translucent cape and spits out a magic lantern that makes candle smoke dance into shapes of jolly ghosts and devils.

20. WATER SERPENT SORCERY

(a damp water damaged book wrapped in a torn treasure map): It has the daily power to summon water elementals in the shape of snakes by playing a flute. They last d4 rounds on land, d12 rounds on water. (If player allows a water serpent to crawl and wash over them, they gain the ability to breath underwater. If player drinks up a water serpent from within a body of water, they gain the ability to walk on water. If player collaborates with a wizard or druid, they can summon a gigantic canoe made out of cooperative water serpents.)

20 MAGIC CANDLES

BY JERRY MORRISSETTE
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Here's a collection of candles for your campaign, widely varying in power and usefulness. I've avoided a lot of hard mechanics so that they appeal to as many games as possible. The concepts are familiar enough though that a DM should be able to figure out what kind of Success numbers/Saving throws/Difficulty Checks are needed quite easily.

1. CANDLE OF DYING WORDS

Description: A small golden candle with a wick made out of platinum white hair; a strong smell of honey lingers about the wax.

Use: To properly use the candle, it must be lit no farther than a few feet away from a humanoid corpse within a round of its death. A hazy blue smoke soon emanates from the candle and hangs over the body. While the candle magic is working, small glowing wisps and sparkles can be seen in the smoke as it prevents the dead soul from departing the corpse.

The candle works for 2d4 rounds, plus 1 round per point of Charisma bonus the dead had in life. During this time the dead can speak freely with anyone who speaks a language it spoke in life, but it is unable to interact in any other way with the world around it. The corpse's voice is the same as it was in life, with a deep reverberation to it. Once the candle burns out, the corpse immediately falls silent as the soul departs to its destined afterlife. It is not possible to use multiple candles on the same corpse.

2. GOBLIN TALLOW

Description: A small twisted green candle the color of rancid pea soup. It smells like moss and the wick is usually made from leather.

Use: once lit, the candle burns quickly for a full minute. During this time a 3rd level goblin rogue is summoned to fight alongside the one that lit the wick. Capable of understanding common trade tongues, the goblin is a deadly combatant when working with others.

At the end of one minute the goblin shrieks and melts into a puddle of quickly cooling wax. It is possible to extinguish the candle early, and relight the wick another time to use the rest of the summoning. If the candle is extinguished early, the goblin disappears in a puff of acrid smoke, instead of melting.

3. THE DEFIANT FLAME

Description: a tall, thick candle the color of overcast skies, every now and then a small flash of light can be seen inside. The candle smells like impending rain.

DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...
SOME NEAT MAGICAL CANDLES.
THANKS, N. R.

Use: If the candle is lit during intense storm conditions, the effects of the weather will not be felt within 30 feet of the candle, for as long as it burns. Neither rain, snow nor intense wind will be felt, though objects hurled by the wind can still be a danger from outside. The candle must be lit during the conditions that are to be defended against, which can be very difficult to do with just a simple match. The duration of the candle is about 10 hours, and does not have to be used all at once.

4. CANDLE OF OUTER WHISPERS

Description: a neat black candle that stinks of ozone and occasionally bubbles forth oily liquid, even when not lit.

Use: used by a wizard while engaging in deep research. Once lit, the candle allows the wizard to hear whispers from the outer reaches of reality, and the wisest and smartest of wizards are able to plumb the madness they hear for bits and pieces of powerful magical advice. Weather they are researching a new spell, a ritual or just searching for answers to ancient mysteries, the wizard receives a bonus equal to +1 for every point of intelligence and wisdom he has above 10 on any research rolls made while the candle is lit. The candle lasts for 16 hours. After using the candle, the wizard suffers 1d6 temporary damage to both intelligence and wisdom.

Only the wizard that lights the candle can benefit from using it. Anyone else nearby is incapable of hearing the whispered words, and instead they only hear the faint sound of multiple flutes playing random and jarring notes.

5. CORPSE MOLD

Description: a thick candle about the size of a wine bottle, the wax is flesh colored and always warm to the touch.

Use: to use the candle it must be lit, and then the flame used to superficially burn a humanoid. The burn is red and ugly, but does no real damage. The candle is then placed on the forehead of a dead, prone humanoid and allowed to burn down (it takes about 2 hours time) with the wax flowing over the corpse. When the wax is peeled away from the corpse, it will appear exactly like the person burned with the candle flame. This doppelganger effect will last until the superficial burn is healed (either 1d3+2 days or until magical healing of any kind is received).

In the event that the reshaped corpse is resurrected while the candle's magic is still in effect, then the change is permanent, and from that point on the two individuals will always know in what direction the other person is.

6. TRANSLATING CANDLE

Description: a medium candle of the type usually found on a desk or workbench, the candle is found in many colors and smells of old moldy books.

Use: when the candle is lit, a page of script can be held over the flame and it appears to be written in a language understood by the man holding the paper over the flame. In this way entire scrolls and books can be read by someone who does not read the written alphabet on the paper.

The translation effect is apparent to anyone looking at the pages being held over the flame, but as soon as the paper is moved away it is back in the original script. The candle lasts for about 4 hours.

7. THE REPULSIVE FLAME

Description: a green candle with a slightly twisted shape, it smells strongly of holly.

Use: the smoke from this candle is a strong irritant to free-willed undead. What starts as a slight itch eventually becomes an irresistible burning sensation that is almost impossible for the undead to keep from reacting to. The allergic reaction ceases once the undead moves more than 30' away from the candle. The candle lasts for about 4 hours.

8. FORTIFYING CANDLE

Description: this small candle is light brown and smells like steak.

Use: if used to warm a bowl of water for about 15 minutes, the water becomes a thin but tasty and filling broth that is a perfect meal replacement. The candle can be used about 4 times, on up to a large mixing bowl in size.

9. CANDLE OF COLORS

Description: this medium white candle has small flecks of various colors within it if looked at closely. It has no unusual smell.

Use: while burning, the color of the smoke from the candle can be changed just by saying aloud one of the available colors while touching the candle. The available colors are: red, black, green, blue, yellow, orange, violet and white. The smoke rises from the candle in a 20' plume that is visible from some distance.

10. ANIMATOR CANDLE

Description: a small candle the color of dried blood, it smells of putrid meat.

Use: when placed upon the head of a corpse and lit, this candle animates the corpse as either a skeleton or zombie, depending on the physical condition of the body. The candle adheres to the head of the corpse and will not fall off, though it can be extinguished and removed by the person who placed it there. While the candle burns, the undead will follow simple verbal instructions to the best of its ability. The candle burns for a total of 1 hour, which need not be used all at once. There is no limit to how many candle-animated corpses can be controlled at once by the same person.

11. SPIDER WICK

Description: This small candle looks like it was made of wax covering a core of tightly packed spider silk. It is slightly sticky to the touch.

Use: The candle burns very quickly, only lasting two rounds. In that time however, the smoke from the candle transforms into thick webbing wherever it travels. In effect, every 5' square that the candle travels through in those 2 rounds is treated as under the effect of the Web spell. The webbing from the candle lasts for 30 minutes.

12. TASTING FLAME

Description: a large candle crafted in royal purple with gold painted trim.

Use: when placed upon a table and lit, any poisonous food or drink served at the table will glow a sickly green just before it can be ingested. The food or drink item will then animate, slowly moving away from the person who was about to ingest it, and the candle will begin to cry "Murderer, Murderer!" in a booming tenor voice. This is a favored treasure that is highly valued by unpopular nobles.

13. BIRTHDAY CANDLE

Description: a simple white candle and wick with no adornment. If broken open, the candle will emit a small amount of blood.

Use: If this nefarious candle is placed upon a cake or pie, and then blown out by someone on their birthday, that person will immediately age 1 year physically. The lost year of life will be bestowed upon he that baked the pie or cake. The baker will not become any younger; they will just not grow any older at all for the next year. Performing this act once a year will effectively grant immortality.

14. PRESERVING FLAME

Description: this dark red candle has white marbling throughout. It also smells like bacon. Sweet, sweet bacon.

Use: the candle emits a steady stream of thick smoke that smells strongly of mesquite. If a piece of meat roughly the size of a pork chop is held over the smoke for approximately ten minutes, the smoke preserves the meat for up to 6 months before it starts to go bad. Larger meat items require longer time over the smoke. The candle burns for a total of about 3 hours.

15. BASTARD BANE

Description: this slender violet candle gives off a slight smell of lavender when burned.

Use: the magic of this candle prevents impregnation due to any copulation performed within the area affected by the smoke from the flame. The candle burns for 1 hour, and is a favorite amongst royalty wishing to avoid any unwanted heirs.

16. WAX MOLD

Description: this yellow candle looks cheaply made and has a strong copper smell to it.

Use: if the wax from this candle is poured over a key or other small metallic item that has been placed flat on a hard surface, the user can then crack the candle in half, exposing an exact duplicate of the original item. The duplicate item is permanent, and the candle can only be used for a single duplication.

17. WATCHMAN'S CANDLE

Description: this dark blue candle is flecked with small metallic shavings.

Use: if the candle is lit and placed within the mouth of a relatively fresh corpse (dead for no more than 3 hours), the eyes of the corpse are filled with an unearthly yellow glow and an image of what the corpse saw in the last 30 seconds of their life is projected on a nearby surface (within ten feet). The view is that of the dead person, and they may not have necessarily seen what killed them, making the candle useless in directly identifying their killer. After the thirty seconds have passed, the corpse crumbles into ash.

18. TIMELESS FLAMES

Description: a series of six large candles that appear to be made of silver with a red silken wick.

Use: when these six candles are lit and placed in a circle around a humanoid, the humanoid is forced into a deep magical slumber. The candles will not burn out naturally, and the humanoid will remain asleep, suspended in time for as long as the burning candles encircle them. Extinguishing the candles or

moving them out of the circle formation ends the spell immediately. The humanoid requires 1 round for every decade (or part thereof) asleep to fully recover. Each set of candles can only be used one time.

19. COLD CANDLE

Description: this candle appears to be made of clear blue ice, and is very cold to the touch. A small black wick adorns the top and runs through the center of the icicle.

Use: when this candle is lit, it immediately begins to draw heat from the area around it. Within ten minutes an area 20' in diameter reaches 30 degrees and stays at that temperature, regardless of what heat sources are present. Creatures with the "fire" descriptor take 2d4 damage an hour as the heat is pulled from their bodies.

The candle burns very slowly, and will stay lit for up to two weeks if undisturbed.

20. THE NIGHT WATCH

Description: this small candle is a golden metallic color, with a white wick and scarlet painted runes around the outer surface. It smells like sulfur and charcoal.

Use: if the runes around the candle are read aloud (they are in a language no one knows, but all understand), and several drops of blood from the reader are dripped upon the lit wick, a powerful Devil will be summoned forth from the nine hells. For one night (sundown to sunrise), the devil will stand guard over the reader and protect him from all that attempts to him harm. In return the devil takes a little portion of the reader's soul (represented by 2 permanent hit points lost).

The devil is unfathomably evil, but also terribly charismatic and cordial. The bargain is not official until the details are explained by the devil and a contract is signed by the reader. The devil will not be overly upset if the reader has a change of heart; after all, he has the patience of an immortal being and plenty of opportunity to meet this little person again.

A very brave and shrewd person may attempt to haggle more into the deal, but should beware that no creature in all of existence negotiates like a devil in search of a soul. It should also be noted that from that point on, there is a connection between the reader and that devil, no matter how tenuous and faint. It is not unheard of for a candle devil to reappear in a former reader's life again at some point, usually at a time of terrible strife, to try and work another deal out of them.

A LITTLE DRACONIC, A LITTLE DEMONIC

BY JORDAN
JDSMITH1905@YAHOO.COM

DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...
A COUPLE (2-5) DEMONIC OR DRACONIC ITEMS FOR USE AS LOOT
FOR AN OSR DUNGEON CRAWL GAME.
THANKS, C. K.

A LITTLE DRACONIC, A LITTLE DEMONIC BY JORDAN

SIDE A (THE DRACONIC)

CLOAK OF DRAGONKIND (RED)

"Seldom, very seldom, does complete truth belong to any human disclosure; seldom can it happen that something is not a little disguised or a little mistaken."

Emma
Jane Austen

This large flowing cloak ripples with dark red sparkles. The inside is lined with soft treated Dragon gut.

AC: as leather +1
DR 10 vs heat/fire

Special: Dragons will perceive the wearer as being a red dragon of HD equal to the level of the player wearing the cloak. They receive a save vs illusion as casting level of wearer of the cloak +2 levels. Illusion includes smell and sound.

THE SNIFFER

"A large nose is the mark of a witty, courteous, affable, generous and liberal man."

-Cyrano de Bergerac

Fashioned by the Dwarven Blacksmith Bridei Mak Morn, it was originally created for pillaging a local wyrm while it was away on the hunt. Bridei was historically known for having chronic sniffles but in reality it was the Poniard at his side. The Poniard blade is constructed of beautiful reflective steel. The golden handle ends in a giant bulbous nose.

Dmg: Poniard (as dagger) +1
Size: s
Spd: 2

Special: This weapon detects Dragons up to 10 miles away. The nose at the end of the dagger animates like a magic mouth and sniffs louder the closer it comes to a Dragon. It is not possible to turn this ability off and the nose has been known to mistake gold that has been in the possession of a Dragon for quite some time as a Dragon itself.

SIDE B (THE DEMONIC)

DIMENSIONAL HARPOON OF THE SEAFARER

"He know not,
Who lives most easily on land, how I
Have spent my winter on the ice-cold sea,
Wretched and anxious, in the paths of exile,
Lacking dear friends, hung round by icicles,
While hail flew past in showers"

Anonymous. The Seafarer, c.755AD,
translated from Anglo-Saxon by Richard Hamer (1970)

This harpoon appears to be incredibly old but in working order. It will glow under detect magic and feels unnaturally cold to the touch.

Dmg: as harpoon +1
Size: lrg two-handed
Spd: 8

Special: Additional +2 to hit/dmg VS. Demons. On a successful hit this harpoon tethers any demon/or outsider to the current plane of the attacker. Harpoon can also be used to target an escaping Demon and pull them back into our reality/dimension within 1d3 rounds of escape. Because of this property it ignores the effects of blink or etherealness.

THE RING OF EIBON

"From the pieces of the lightly shattered gem,
the disemprisoned demon rose in the form of
a smoky fire, small as a candle-flame at first,
and greatening like the conflagration of
piled fagots."

The Beast of Averroigne
Clark Ashton Smith

An etched silver ring with a dark gem stone. Peering into the gemstone long enough one gains the impression of movement within.

Upon smashing this ring the owner releases a Barbed Devil. They have complete control over the demon for 24 hours after which time it is banished from the material plane for 1 year. Depending on the treatment of the demon it may or may not decide to come back for retribution from its captor.

A GARDEN OF BONES: ARMS AND ARMOR OF THE NEKYIA FEY By Gus L.

DUNGEONOFSIGNS.BLOGSPOT.COM

“All pleasure and joy lies in treading down
the rebel and conquering the enemy, in tearing
him up by the root, in taking
from him all that he has.”

– *Maxim of the Nekyia Fey*

From the cold wastes and stubbled grasses of the Steppes, with the thunder of the bone shod hooves the Nekyia Fey annihilate all who stand before them. The armies of the Fey appear everywhere their enemies are weak, but disappear into the night when outmatched. They attack with great swarms arrows from their bone bows that cut through even the finest steel and their shaman raise the newly dead to shamle forward into the fight again, or summon shadowy spirits to terrify and harry their enemies' flanks. Feared much as a force of nature is, the Nekyia Fey are a nomadic people from the far wastes of the world, coming and going in search of pasture for their herds of sheep, horses and cattle. The Nekyia Fey appear to many outsiders as typical steppe barbarians, but they are far more dangerous than simple horsemen as Nekyia Fey have mastered the art of crafting with the energies of death, making their shamans magic workers of great potency.

Like all peoples of the shadow world, Nekyia Fey suffer when exposed to the bones of the terrestrial world, specifically iron and other hard metals. They work a small amount of copper, gold, and silver, for decorative purposes, but otherwise have no knowledge or use for metallurgy. Instead, the Nekyia have learned to craft their equipment, goods and weapons from the bones and life energies of their herd animals, hunting prey and enemies. Common Nekyia Fey armor is a bone lamellar (often painted or lacquered), strengthened with the spirit of the creature whose bones it is crafted from. Nekyia weapons are likewise crafted from the remains of creatures, and occasionally sentient beings, infused with their spirits to give the normally brittle bone strength and puissant properties. Each Nekyia war arrow contains the soul of a bird to give it swiftness, and every Nekyia tulwar or coat of jazeraint armor binds the spirit of a horse, bear or man.

More impressive than crafted equipment containing bound spirits is armor formed from the magically animated remains of the dead. Entire suits of bone and hide warped and formed by magic to become undead armor, amplifying the strength and speed of the wearer. The greatest of shaman armorers can go beyond the

DEAR Santicore, I would like...
A PEOPLE WHO GROW THEIR OWN ARMOR AND WEAPONS, DETAILS
OF SOME OF THOSE ARMORS AND/OR WEAPONS AND METHODS
WHICH MAY BE EMPLOYED TO GAIN THEIR TRUST AND THEREBY,
THEIR SECRETS.
THANKS,
P. S.



manufacture of material weapons and armor, and forge blades, bows and panoply from raw death energy and bound spirits. These ghost weapons are of great power and usually only worn or wielded by the Khans of the Nekyia Fey, or buried in their haunted kurgans, though a few pieces have survived capture without being destroyed as evil artifacts by more ignorant peoples. The spirits bound and trapped within the skins, furs and bones of Nekyia equipment often impart magical powers beyond the strengthening related to the death forging alone..

SEE TABLE ON NEXT PAGE.

D ₂₀	Source	Weapon	Armor
1	Horse	+1 Individual Initiative	Speed Increased by 10' per round
2	Bear	+1 Damage	+1 HD
3	Hunting Cat	Critical Damage x2	Nightvision 60'
4	Pachyderm	+1 Damage	-1 to All Damage Received
5	Wolf	Reroll Any Natural 1 on Attack	+1 CHR/Track by Smell
6	Falcon or Eagle	+1 Hit	+1 DEX
7	Herd Animal	1 Point AC Bonus in Defensive Stance	Never Surprised
8	Crow	Inflicts Bleeding – 1HP per round	+1 WIS
9	Ape	+1 Hit	Climb as Thief 2 in 6
10	Serpent	Poisons (save or die) on Natural 20	+1 Death & Poison Save
11	Fox	Disarms on Natural 20	2 in 6 Hide in Shadows as Thief
12	Boar	2 Attacks in First Combat Round	+1 CON
13	Yeti	Exploding Damage Die	Immunity to Cold
14	Human	+1 CHR	+1 INT
15	Warrior	Non Fighters Fight as Fighter	+1 HP per HD
16	Lycanthrope	+1 STR	Silver Weapon or Better to Hit
17	Demon	Curses (-1 to Hit) on Strike	Immunity to Normal Missiles
18	Sorcerer	X2 Damage Against Magical Creatures	Magic Turning with Save
19	Dragon	Kills on Natural 20	Immunity to Fire
20	Devil	Save v. Spells or Flee + 1	Immunity to Magic

BOUND SPIRIT EQUIPMENT:

Formed of bones, tusks, teeth, feather and hide, this armor is enchanted with the strength of steel or iron despite being forged from brittle and feeble seeming materials. Even weak shamanic crafters can fashion equipment of this quality and every Nekyia Fey warrior (and all Nekyia Fey are warriors to a degree) will have a sword, bow, quiver of arrows and lamellar, scale or jazeraint armor (of AC 6 to AC 4) of at least this quality. When more talented artisans have crafted this type of equipment the wearer or wielder will gain magical advantages from the spirit within, though this spirit is always that of an animal (1-12 on above table), as human and monstrous spirits are truculent and unwilling to obey all but the strongest shaman. All Spirit Bonded equipment is magical to a degree and effective against many supernatural creatures that ignore normal weapons. For game purposes death forged, bound spirit weapons should be treated as silver weapons for the purpose of striking weapon immune creatures.

excellent protection as well as increasing the Strength of the wearer.

Unliving Armor will give the wearer an AC identical of that to platemail (AC 3) and enhance the wearer's strength to 16.

Animated, Unliving weapons are also more powerful and grant a +1 to hit and damage, beyond whatever bonuses the spirit trapped in the weapon provides. These weapons will also harm creatures immune to non-magical attack. The only negative effect associated with unliving equipment is that it and its wearer may be turned as if they were undead of Hit Dice Equal to the wearer's level. A result of "Destruction" will cause the armor to crumble and release the spirits within.

In addition to crafting suits of undead armor, some shaman are able to directly invoke the powers of death to form suits of undead armor quickly in the field.

UNLIVING EQUIPMENT:

Made with greater art than the simple Bound Spirit Weapons and Armor of the common Nekyia warrior, Unliving equipment is itself undead and animated. Most commonly found in the form of magical armor made from the undead skeletons of several creatures or humans, this armor appears exoskeletal and offers

BONE PANOPLY -LVL 2 MU SPELL.

Casting this spell quickly (1D6 rounds) pulls the animated bones and flesh of nearby corpses apart and forms them into a suit of animated armor. The caster may target any sentient they touch (including themselves) with this spell, and the armor will wrap itself around this target protecting them. The gory

armor will provide an AC of 5, but for each roughly human sized corpse available for the spell beyond the first this AC will improve by one point to a maximum of AC 2 (with four corpses or skeletons). The spell lasts for one day or until the caster's death.

FLESH SACK – LVL 3 MU SPELL.

Using a fresh corpse the caster may form an animated suit of armor from the body. This flesh sack can wrap itself around any willing sentient of a smaller size than the original body, where, in addition to some protection (AC 7), it provides the target with the likeness of the corpse used. The wearer of the Flesh Sack will appear as the person whose body is used did in life and cannot be detected as an imposter by examination, even with magical means, though their behavior, speech and mannerisms will often give them away. The Flesh Sack will last until its wearer decides to shed it or takes more than four points of damage, at which point it will collapse into a pile of revolting rotted slime.

PHANTOM EQUIPMENT:

Forged purely with death magics, Phantom Equipment appears as the glowing shadowy presence of armor or a weapon, and is formed only out of the trapped and shaped souls of the dead. These immensely powerful items are beyond the arts of all but the greatest Nekyia Shaman to create. Phantom Armor provides the protection of full plate armor (AC 2), and protects the wearer from all non-magical attack. Phantom Weapons are likewise extremely deadly, and strike ignoring non-magical armor (AC 9 against humanoid opponents without magical armor). Beyond their innate power and the boons granted by the spirits trapped within Phantom weapons and armor most of these extremely rare items have additional enchantments, and many have very specific curses designed to allow only the "correct" sort of wielder or wearer, typically a Nekyia of the right rank and family.

DIOO FANTASY ALCOHOLIC DRINKS

BY NATHAN RYDER

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+Nathan Ryder on G+

<http://rpg-maths.blogspot.co.uk> (that may change)

DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...

....A RANDOM TABLE WITH A LISTING OF FANTASY BEERS/ WINES/LIQUORS/FROZEN FRU-FRU DRINKS WITH SILLY NAMES AND RIDICULOUS HANGOVER EFFECTS IF YOU IMBIBE TOO MUCH OF SAID BEVERAGE. WOULD LIKE A D24 TABLE (CASE OF BEER SIZE...), BUT WOULD BE HAPPY WITH A D10, D12, D20 SIZED TABLE, AND ECSTATIC WITH A D100 TABLE.

THANKS,

R. F.

I've produced fifty entries on a list, indexed by a d100 roll. These are split up into five groups: Beers and Ciders, Red Wine, White Wine and Rose, Shots and Spirits, Cocktails. There are ten of each.

In most instances I've not included details of just how much is too much for someone to drink, in order to feel the effects. If anyone mixes their drinks though, particularly across the five groups, that would automatically trigger at least one of the hangover effects.

Stay safe adventurers, know your limits, and always have a designated cart handler!

BEERS AND CIDERS

01-02	Stonegut	Dwarf-brewed, thick with a malt and limestone after-taste.	Headache. If the drinker is a dwarf they will feel full and satisfied for d3 days. A member of any other race will have constipation for d4 days.
03-04	Old World	The recipe was found as a footnote on a scroll in a burned out library of a dead civilization. The beer is refreshing but also a little dusty.	If even half a pint is consumed, the drinker will find that everything they say is in a dead language for 4+3d8 hours.
05-06	Gnome Piss	Delicious and light. Marketing says it is made up north according to a family tradition, and given a whimsical name. In reality, a local landlord has twenty-seven gnomes in servitude and forces them to down any and all cheap alcohol that he can find, collecting their (still alcoholic) urine in a trough for bottling. Still, it is genuinely a nice drop.	Throbbing headache above the left eye. Constantly dripping palms makes gripping some items challenging. Also, a very strange taste in the mouth for d8 days...
07-08	Northern Spite	Extremely bitter, frothy and cheap.	For d3 weeks after over-indulging, the drinker will feel the need to drink every evening: save vs poison or unable to recover HP unless drunk into a stupor.
09-10	Ta-Rog's Best	Ta-Rog is one of the most terrible brewers around. His beer has an inconsistent flavour, and it packs a punch the morning after. Cheap though, he doesn't need the money following years of successful adventuring.	A couple of pints of Ta-Rog's Best will give the drinker a full body headache for a day after waking (-2 penalty on all rolls, and everyone around them will be able to tell they are suffering).
11-12	McGrogan's Worst	Brewed by a young amateur in a home brewery. Won Best In Show three years running...	...because of magic. Perfectly safe unless drinker drinks any other alcoholic drink within six hours of drinking it. Then drinker awakes with profound ringing in the ears for 1+d4 days afterwards (-2 on surprise rolls).
13-14	Bitter Talent	An incredibly sharp cider, made from frost apples shipped from the far north where things are strange. Served in heavy stone flagons just because.	Only a little buzzing headache greets the drinker. It burns when they pee for five days afterwards. No – it really burns. At the start of each day, they must make three saves versus magic. Make two of those saves or lose (roll d3): 1. d2 HP. 2. a point of CHA (until end of five days). 3. a point of CON (until end of five days).

15-16	Gentle Amber	Smooth, delicious and tasty. Subtle hoppy flavours.	A price is paid: for every two pints (rounded up) consumed, the drinker must make a save vs poison. Any failures and the drinker has violent diarrhoea for d3 days and loses d2 points of CON. All points are gradually regained after 1+d6 days of recovery.
17-18	Stuart's Particular	Traded from subterranean dwellers, with a fancy label slapped on, this is becoming a popular drink in many adventuring bars. If the clear bottle has been kept in the dark, this is a refreshing and delightful cider (made from dark pears).	If the contents have been exposed to light stronger than candlelight for even five minutes, they will have turned. The morning after, the drinker will find that they see in black and white in regular light, and only in almost perfect darkness will they see in colour. Every five days roll a d20: on a 1, 2 or 3 normal vision will be restored in 1, 2 or 3 days.
19-20	Random Weaver	A cider from a micro-brewery in the west of the city – you've never heard of it – anyway, they use apples, pears and spider eggs to give this refreshing beverage a unique flavour!	The spider eggs hatch during the night, and the mini-arachnids dance under the skin of the drinker threading a tattoo of black web into the top layer. Roll a d6 to see where the designs are concentrated (head, torso, left arm, right arm, left leg, right leg).

RED WINE

21-22	Waldemar '67	A fruity, delightful red grown in the south.	A pleasant feeling of warmth and confidence: the drinker gains an extra +1 for rolls in trying to persuade people or maintain relationships with retainers.
23-24	Waldemar '76	A fruity, delightful red grown in the south. Not to be confused with the '67. Tastes great on the night, but the next day there is hell to pay. Literally.	A demon appears to the drinker as their headache kicks in, demanding payment and verbally threatening them. It follows them around, taunting and demanding. Is it real?
25-26	Cabernet Gormac	Baron Gormac's vineyards produce a rich wine, mellowed by years of battles fought on the same ground. Connoisseurs debate about whether or not the wine tastes "teary".	Causes regular sobbing, with eyes feeling like they are being burned by chopped onions. Every hour for 3d6 days, the drinker must save versus poison or start sobbing for d60 minutes.
27-28	Zahzenzeezed '27	A spiced red with plummy undertones from the Zenzee continent.	Speaking aloud in anything other than iambic pentameter results in crippling head pressure for the drinker – save versus KO or be rendered unconscious for 3d20 minutes. Condition lasts for a day.
29-30	Vin de Pays D'Eath	Described in Algernon's Big Book of Wine as "a nice drop." This was later retracted in the second edition.	Upon waking, magical paralysis hits. The drinker's eyes open and remain open. The drinker appears to be dead, no breath and stiff as a board. Simple healing spells won't work and ESP won't hear thoughts. Regular appearance of life will return 1+d6 days later – hopefully the drinker's friends won't have buried them...
31-32	Castle Viara	A dark crimson fortified wine. Quite rare to find, as it was kept exclusively for the Viara fiefdom.	As well as a pulsing throb behind the eyes, the drinker's brain now interprets hot as cold and vice versa. The wrong end of a torch will still burn, it will just feel like picking up a snowball.
33-34	Black Cellar Reserve	The Black Cellar is the only pub for several hundred miles that has been able to obtain this wine, by trading exclusively with goat herding nomads from the Nenfort Trails.	When the drinker wakes, their head feels funny, fuzzy. Thoughts don't come easy. They lost 1 INT. Looking in a mirror they see that their whole body is covered with thick orange scales. They stand out in a crowd, their CON is a point higher and their bare skin is now like leather. For carrying purposes they are encumbered even when carrying nothing else.

35-36	Aldus Valley Red	Very drinkable. Aldus channelled everything he had learned as a mage into his vineyard, all that he got left in the divorce. He also dabbled in farming.	Every day for a week at dawn the drinker lays an egg (GM decides just how – and where – this happens). Roll d10: 1. A regular hen's egg. 2-3. It cracks and hatches to reveal a snake that tries to bite them. 4-5. The egg contains d6 gold pieces from a faraway country. 6-7. The egg has gone bad. 8-9. The egg is covered in scales, but inside is a regular hen's egg. 10. The egg has a black X that looks painted on and contains 30ml of the God Acid suspended in the yolk.
37-38	Vin Rouge Claude	A wine for those who appreciate good wine, to remind them of why they appreciate good wine.	The drinker's back aches when they wake up. Upon standing they realise that their legs are invisible, disappearing roughly – and with some ickyness – at their hips.
39-40	Grand Sante XX	Expensive, full-bodied and imported. Fashionable to be seen drinking it.	The drinker's face is alternating numb and sore. Their cheeks show tattoo markings that declare them to be a convicted thief in the distant city state of Nevezia.

WHITE WINE AND ROSE

41-42	Hidden Blade	Said to be made by a mad wizard for a long dead regent who wanted to give his bodyguards an edge. The mad wizard took that literally (and made a passable bottle of fizz at the same time).	Bestows a razor sharp tongue on the drinker: the end of the tongue is now sharp enough to cut flesh (about an inch and a half of the tip). Every time the drinker speaks there is a 3% chance that they will cut their mouth (DM's choice of what that might mean). Effects last 7+d6 days.
43-44	32 Daye Month	Only made once every fifteen years during the leap day festivities. Very yellow in colour.	If more than half a bottle is consumed, drinker will sleep for a day afterwards, wake with a debilitating headache and regain 1+d4 HP. Tongue is yellow for 2d12 months.
45-46	Poisoned Pen	A witty, catty bouquet. Clear with slight bubbles.	A pinch behind the eyes of the drinker. For a day afterwards, every time they meet someone new they do not hear the person's name, they hear a humorous version of that person's name, or something based on their appearance.
47-48	Generous Uncle	The only wine produced by Uncle Simeon's Finery. In recent years the quality has gone down a little (ever since he started watering down the wine to increase profits).	Whenever the drinker is in a fight-or-flight situation, save versus magic, or vomit up a bottle's worth of Generous Uncle. If this happens more than twice a day, each successive time will inflict 1HP of damage. Effects last d8 weeks.
49-50	Chateau Bermian	The Bermian Estate is said to be located over an ancient mass grave of pre-humans. Still, they produce a very fine sparkling wine.	The drinker awakes to find that their hands have switched arms in the night.
51-52	Corusco '93	A very good year. Oak-barrelled after an exceptional harvest.	The drinker can now accurately understand the intentions of the first species of animal they see while hungover (persistent headache until animal is seen). Effect lasts until the next solstice. Note that this is not true telepathy. Large groups of the species may provide overwhelming brain dumps of insight.
53-54	Corusco '92	A passable vintage. A lot of rain during the summer really diluted the grapes.	The drinker believes they can now accurately hear the thoughts of the first species of animal seen whilst hungover (persistent headache until animal is seen). Effect lasts until the next solstice. Effect is not real – the drinker cannot actually hear thoughts, these are delusions. Perhaps the drinker can be convinced that they are delusions, but they will still hear the voices.

55-56	Castle Campbell Rose '45	Sure, the '46 or '47 are much better vintages – and no one reports strange side effects or weird hangovers – but who can afford them? The '45 is smooth and fruity.	The drinker's head is fuzzy and their tongue feels half a size too big for their head. For the next 24 hours any lie they tell will be believed as truth, unless it contradicts another lie they already told.
57-58	Carreg Mor	The Carreg tribes have been fermenting this wine for thousands of years, harvesting the grapes from wild vines, crushing them by hand and foot, blowing the glass for the bottles. It's taken a very long process of iteration, but the wine is ready and very passable.	The drinker has a terrible stretching sensation in their left hand when they wake up. They have developed an extra knuckle for every finger on the hand. This may provide an advantage gripping things in some situations, but the change is very noticeable and may raise eyebrows (and questions).
59-60	Denvian Rose	The city of Denv passed into legend many centuries ago. All that remains is the great libraries of the vineyard, where master winemakers would deposit samples and descriptions of processes for making great wines. Denvian Rose is the first resurrected wine of the lost city.	An absolutely pounding headache greets the drinker the morning after the night before. A blood red eye has opened on their forehead, and stares disinterestedly at most of the world. Roll d6. The drinker now sees a reddish-pink aura around: 1. Royalty. 2. Locks that are locked. 3. Immortals. 4. Poison. 5. Cheese. 6. Friendly dogs.

SHOTS AND SPIRITS

61-62	Lover's Courage	Traditional alcoholic herbal remedy, used to inspire pluck. Sweet, but sadly doesn't work all too well.	For one week after drinking, any time the drinker tries to talk to any person who they have any attraction to, they will feel butterflies in their stomach. Save versus magic, or they cough up 2d10 small shiny butterflies which will swarm the other person.
63-64	Superstition	A treacly black fermentation injected into freshly laid eggs. Two days later, cracked and beaten, and served in a shallow bowl. Supposedly a good luck charm.	A pinching sensation between the eyes for 6d8 hours. For all this time, any "bad luck" superstitions will have a real effect on the drinker if encountered.
65-66	Thin Syrup	Distilled from honey, clear in colour and comes out of the bottle with a slow, steady pour.	Not much of a headache, maybe a slight parched feeling and a strange sticky sweat – that attracts 100+d100 regular bees after d6 hours and every d8 hours after that. Sweat is difficult to wash off, but passes naturally after four days.
67-68	Seven-hued Sluglet	Technically a cocktail, but due to the serving size, considered by most to be a shot. Seven slivers of coloured only-just-liquid jelly in a glass. Goes down smoothly. Very few people know what's in it.	Seven suspensions of the same alcohol with coloured dye, the only real difference is the parasite in each sliver, each of a different species. Effect of shot depends on which one survives. When the drinker awakes roll d8: 1. Unable to sleep for 1+d3 days. 2. All body hair falls out. 3. d8 teeth fall out, sprout little legs and scuttle away. 4. Nothing... Until little beetles start pouring out of ears d4 days later. 5. Skin turns to the colour of the sky on a stormy day. Permanent change. 6. Profound halitosis. 7. Slight haemophilia – wounds suffered do extra HP of damage 80% of the time. 8. Roll twice as two parasites survive.
69-70	Better Nature	Blood red with gold and purple sediments that dissolve on the tongue with a sharp aniseed flavour. An acquired taste.	The drinker wakes and feels very stiff around their joints. The sediments in the spirit harden bone, reducing mobility by a DEX point for every three shots consumed (rounded up). They also make someone tougher to hurt: attackers' weapons hit a dice size smaller than normal.

71-72	Last Standing	A green spirit that is overwhelmingly peachy.	A mild pulse between the eyes is the first pain the drinker feels. The second, as they stand, is the wrenching agony as their knees bend freely backwards. If their legs are braced or splinted straight for a week there is a 60% chance that they will recover. Otherwise, they will need to keep their legs straight for another week.
73-74	Dormouse Rum	Extremely strong. Fifty years ago was used as anaesthetic and preserving fluid.	The drinker experiences a persistent pain at the base of the spine for a day and a night afterwards. Every other day for the next month, drinker must save versus magic at noon: if roll fails, within an hour a normal-sized mousetail has sprouted just above their buttocks. Cutting off a tail results in two more growing back on the drinker's forearms.
75-76	Frozen Sun	Chilled peppery shots in reinforced glass cylinders. Difficult to obtain, mainly due to the high cost of the glass containers.	The drinker now has a profound fear of the dark, and will not willingly enter any area without adequate lighting.
77-78	Ettergivende	A dark whiskey that burns as you drink it, but leaves you wanting more.	There is a sparkle in the drinker's eye and in their heart. Whenever they see gold or silver on a surface (but not actively being held by someone or known to be in a container) they must make a save versus magic or feel compelled to take the precious stuff. However, whenever encountering a beggar or street child they must make a save versus magic with a penalty of -2: if they fail the save they will be compelled to give all of their treasure to the poor person. Effects last until they have given away items or coin worth a total of 5000 of the local currency.
79-80	Hungry Tiger	Similar to vodka. A measure is a very small amount, but that does not stop most people from drinking larger quantities. The warning label is written in a script and style that is incoherent until you are drunk.	The drinker is gradually wakened with only a slight buzzing head to the sensation of their fingers and toes clicking. Roll 2d4. This is the number of fingers and toes that have swapped places in the night (an observer would see them wriggling and crawling like worms or insects). Toes go to hands and fingers go to feet. Every night, when the drinker sleeps, one pair swap back to their original positions.

COCKTAILS

81-82	Purple Moon	Served with three straws in a litre goldfish bowl, a combination of four vodkas and three purple flower extracts combine to create a swirling purple sphere of liquid.	If the full cocktail is consumed by one person within the space of two hours, they will immediately fall into a coma for a day and a night. They will wake with eyes that are 20% larger, giving slightly better night vision, and of course their eyes will now be permanently swirling purple clouds. DM's discretion as to whether or not this has any effect on CHA. If the cocktail is not consumed in that time, the drinker will wake the next morning with a disturbed stomach and see the world in shades of purple for 2d4 days.
83-84	Bishop's Tea-cosy	A measure of holy water and two of consecrated wine, plus a secret spirit. Historically served in broken holy water bottles that have been used in exorcisms.	A recurring throbbing at the back of the head every morning for 3d8 days, that only fades for 12+d6 hours after praying to the god whose temple or church was closest at the time of inebriation.

85-86	Six of One	A potent mix of alcohol and herbal poisons, blended slowly and served in six thimble-sized glasses.	The amount of alcohol in the cocktail holds off the awful, but tasty, poisons. All six shots need to be taken. For each shot not consumed, there is a 40% chance that the drinker will lose a point of CON as the poison grips various parts of their anatomy. Each point lost takes d3 days to recover.
87-88	Bony Handshake	Has to be mixed in a graveyard under a full moon. Delivers a feeling of euphoria.	A banging headache is the least of the drinker's worries. On waking one of their hands will be curled into a claw. The effect lasts until the next full moon. 20% chance that it is their favoured hand.
89-90	Dutch Painter	Vibrant dots of colour dance in a swirling glass of beautiful night time.	The drinker wakes the next morning with an intense pain on one side of their head. As they sit up, they realise that they are bleeding – one of their ears is gone and they are deaf. 80% chance that they lose a point of CHA – and 60% chance that they see their ear trying to run away on little legs, looking for a route to run to the Duchess of Ears.
91-92	Warty Rooster	Gravelberries are stirred through vodka, cranberry juice and the yolk of a day old egg. A very, very old recipe.	A slight pressure behind the drinker's eyes. They are now attracted to the person in the party (PC or NPC) with the lowest CHA and are blind to any typical barriers of gender, race or class. They are the apple of their eye, their life, their song, their everything. This attraction will persist until either a severe blow to the head or they propose marriage. If the PC or NPC dies while the drinker suffers from this attraction they will love them forever.
93-94	Horny Old Drunkard	A mix of ice, spirits and apple cider, served in a carved ram's horn.	A crown of 3d4 horns erupts around the drinker's head. Each horn grows half an inch per day. They are the same colour as the player's natural hair colour.
95-96	Impossible Space Thing	Heinrich Brant swears the recipe came to him during a vision of a creature from beyond spacetime. Served in a pitcher with four glasses, three umbrellas and no refunds.	A random sixth level spell is scarred into the brain of the drinker. If cast it effects as if cast by a 15th level magic user and is lost. d4 hours after casting, drinker must save versus magic or be possessed by a non-linear intelligence trying to breaking into our reality (see below). As long as the spell remains in the drinker's head, every night the intelligence tries to take possession of the drinker. Roll d20: on a 1, the spell is lost and the intelligence has lost its window. On a 19 or 20, the intelligence possesses the drinker. The intelligence will puppet them for 3d8 hours, causing mayhem and trouble in the drinker's name. It then realises that ours is a small and crappy reality and withdraws, leaving the drinker to deal with the fallout.
97-98	Really Bloody Mary	Vodka, tomato juice, pig's blood and "salt".	If made with salt, this drink is just a bit gross, but surprisingly tasty. If made with "salt" then every night the drinker must make a save versus magic or feel compelled to drink the blood of a living, thinking person (minimum one litre/two pints). If they do, the thirst is satisfied for another night and they recover d6 HP. If they don't, they lose a point of CON and spend the day with a serious migraine. The correct holy rites will remove this affliction.
99-00	Unknown Quadruped	Taste it. Go on. Taste it. Can you name the four ingredients? The first person to do so drinks for free at the Spiteful Mistress in Wetham for life.	Every night at sunset, the drinker gets a sharp headache that only lasts a moment. Drinker rolls d20: if the result is greater than or equal to their INT they are fine, the headache fades. If less then they shapeshift (which takes two minutes). The resulting form is a quadrupedal beast. They remain intelligent and can even talk after a fashion. The beast is a new thing in the world, unseen before. The drinker will revert back at midnight. Each shapeshifting incident produces a different form. (DMs, be inventive!)

20 DUBIOUS ALCHEMIES

BY JEREMY MURPHY

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1. DISTILLATE OF NACRE-PEARL.

"Acquiring nacre-pearls is not, itself, the challenge. Properly focussed lenses, a cloudless night, and ether of sublimation is sufficient for that task. No, the real difficulty is managing to distill and contain their aetherial ooze, since the stuff is both caustic and mutagenic - oh, and it's invisible, too. But properly prepared, it is useful for all manner of transformative applications. Don't drink it."

Collected Lectures- Johannes Greymark

2. GNOMONIC DIFFERENTIAL ENGINE.

"A twisted little thing of brass and iron and wire, emitting an odd, teeth-grating humming sound. The diggers found it in a lead box underneath the foundation of the Temple of Aspurgal, had one look and took to their heels. We literally had to coax them out of the trees, and it was days before they were willing to start work at the site again. Still, for all the trouble it caused, the thing is dashed useful. So far we've determined that it is capable of calculating dimensional and temporal variances to a much higher degree of accuracy than our previous methods. The nosebleeds are, frankly, a small price to pay, and I'm confident that we're close to figuring out exactly where or when Frobisher ended up."

Letters to Magister Samrich - Calumn Enton - Imperial Expedition to the Barrier Range

3. REFINED CHRALCITE

"The adverse effects of raw chralcite on humanoid anatomy are well-documented. Duerger have used the powdered ore as a poison for several thousand years, as they seem to have more resistance to the uncontrolled bone and tissue growth that normally results from exposure. Through the expenditure of several thousand slaves, we've been able to formulate a process for refining raw chralcite into a purer, more concentrated form. Most of the work is done using golems, but several stages seem to require living creatures - we're not exactly sure why that is."

Operations Summary - Khios Terrvanter - Drow Mining Operations Overseer.

4. PROTOPLASMID OOZE

"Many of the larger oozes, slimes and jellies which can be found in the dungeon or subterranean environment appear to owe their existence to specific

DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...

...A LIST OF ODD, BIZARRE, OTHERWORLDLY, DISTURBING, WEIRD, ESOTERIC, ELDRITCH AND PERHAPS MUNDANE BUT CURIOUS COMPONENTS (CREATURE PARTS, PLANT PARTS, STRANGE MINERALS, OBJECTS CRAFT TO EXTREME SPECIFICATIONS, STRANGE POWDERS, OILS, SALVES, ETC.) FOR CASTING POWERFUL SPELLS, CONDUCTING RITUALS, CREATING MAGICAL ARTIFACTS AND RIPPING OPEN THE FABRIC OF REALITY IN GENERAL.

THANKS,

M. P.

types of underworld "emanations" or "radiations". Exposing living humanoid fetal material to these radiations has generated a variety of interesting results, although it has proven universally fatal to the maternal host. Protoplasmid ooze, particularly, has an alarming degree of sentience, which seems to extend to the entire sample, regardless of how many times it is divided, and the distance between the components. Possible further research into its application in telepathy, clairvoyance and trans-substantiation is required."

Research Journal #126 - Halaster

5. TENDRIL-MOSS

"The presence of Tendril-Moss is considered by many to be one of the best indicators of dimensional "thinning" or Far Realm contamination. Growing in a thick mat which extends outward in circular patterns, it appears in a variety of colors. In all cases, it is composed of thousands of tiny, writhing tendrils or tentacles. The tendrils to attach themselves to whatever comes in contact with them, and the effects seem to vary depending on the size and color of the particular patch. In any case, the effects are rarely beneficial, and occasionally spectacularly fatal. Tendril-moss rarely lives for very long if removed from the area where it grows, but it can be used to considerable effect as a component in spells or potions related to teleportation or planar travel."

Uncommon Alchemies - Verrin Garth

6. WHITE-BONE AMULETS

"Troops returning from the abortive expedition reported taking huge losses from single attackers, unclad save for singular amulets. According to them, the wearers of the amulets could only be killed by total destruction of their bodies, often by magi. We have managed to acquire one of these so-called White-Bone Amulets via our contacts in the Imperial College of Esoteric Studies. It appears to be formed from a single piece of smooth white material, like bone but considerably harder, and twisted into a shape which has been described as "disturbing" by most viewers." Unfinished letter recovered from the ruins of the Consortium compound following the "White-Bone Massacre".

7. TENEBRIAN EYE

"It SEES me. Anywhere I go in the tower. Anywhere in the WORLD. It won't stop staring. I did what the whispers said. I made the crystal sphere. I invited the darkness into it. I sang the songs and fed it fresh eyes. I did what it WANTED. Why won't it stop staring? WHAT DOES IT SEEEEEEEE...."

Transcript of the interrogation of Gorrath Mektar, perpetrator of the Occlusion.

8. MALENTROPIC CUBE

"Entropy is a simple concept. It is the tendency of chaos or noise to increase in any system. Malentropy is a bit trickier. While entropy sometimes SEEMS to be an adversarial force, malentropy actually IS. Fortunately, we have the Malentropic Cube, which allows us to capture the malentropy within a specific area in preparation for a major working, substantially reducing the possibility of catastrophic results. Of course, the malentropy eventually works its way out of the multi-dimensional refraction that the Cube creates. This makes it essential that the cube be disposed of quickly, usually via a short-duration dimensio-temporal rift... What's that? Where does the rift lead? I hardly see how that matters."

Lectures on the Greater Workings - Primarch Eathofel Encardionel

9. GHAXIAN SPAWN

"Ghaxii are most commonly encountered in areas of high necrotic contamination. Whether they are undead or highly corrupted living creatures is unclear, but they often pose a significant hazard to exploration and research of these areas, and are very resistant to standard methods of necromantic control. To mitigate this danger, I have developed a modified rot grub which attaches itself to Ghaxii, rendering them more vulnerable to necromantic manipulation. Further experimentation has proven that the effects of Ghaxian spawn can be extended to both living creatures and most corporeal undead. It does effect something of a time limit, though, as the reproduction rate of Ghaxian spawn is somewhat... alarming."

On the Ghaxii - Mannimarco - King of Worms

10. THAUMATURGIC CHIAROSCURO

"A daub here and a daub there. Light to shadows and shadows to night and so forth... Just a bit on the places that you want to be thinner, and lo, away it goes and through you go. Easy to make, too. Just have to figure out the right people to burn. I mean things. The right things to burn. And the fuel to use, of course. That's important too."

The Shadows Linger - Uhtren's Diary

11. ATROPAL UMBILICUS

"We know from the existence of the Atropal that Deities have a gestational period, for lack of a better term. It follows then that there is some structure that feeds them belief or power or whatever it is that sustains a Deity. This structure could then be manifested and used as a power conduit, at least, metaphorically it could. Of course, in this line of work, metaphorical possibilities are good enough, aren't they?"

Chaz'Rkath - Oneiromancer

12. LICH POWDER

"Consider then, the lich. Impregnated with arcane and necrotic energy. Bursting with power and useful in so many applications. And all you have to do is sweep up the corners of a place that the foul thing has spent time in. Of course, some braver souls like to ah, harvest directly from the source. I prefer to use the repeated application of Thunderwaves, myself, along with a suitably hard surface."

Guignas Hagan - Zulkir of Evocation - shortly before his mysterious disappearance.

13. CHRONOTEMPAL FLUID

"Time, as they say, is fluid. It moves at different speeds during different activities, this much is evident. But the application of time's fluidity to spellcasting is quite difficult. First the time must be separated from the main flow, then condensed into a storable form. This is generally accomplished using very large structures designed to create time-eddies where the Chronotempal fluid slowly forms. The liquid is extremely useful for changing the rate of time flow."

Riddles of the Stone Circles - Taymon Zarth

14. SPHERE SHARDS

"The glory of the crystal spheres are only matched by their cold indifference to all life. Vast, crystalline deserts - lifeless and eternal. Beautiful in a chill way. Only the most vast stellar impacts can damage them, and the damage is repaired quickly. Sometimes, though, it is possible to find tiny fragments of those ancient catastrophes floating in the phlogiston. Used in conjunction with spellcasting, they enhance durability and duration of created items to a large extent. They also hunger for the ancient silence and cold - so keeping them in close proximity can have unhealthy consequences."

The Spheres of Magery - Captain Aemon Tarth

15. GOBLINITE

"Goblinite is a great joke in the halls and galleries of the dwarves. Any useful material created out of trash or reclaimed materials is called such, and we laugh into our beer at the foolishness of our foes. But consider. True goblinite is steel forged from the weapons of the fallen. Soaked in blood and wickedness, then lifted from their dead hands with their dying curses still echoing upon it, to be reformed in fire. There is power there. Power and darkest wickedness both."

Strike the Earth - Rigoth Ishalath of Boatmurdered

16. TERROR-LEAVES

"The plants grow in the deepest reaches of the forest, where light does not pass through the layers of branches, leaves and vines. They coil in the dark, black limbs crawling and spines glistening with the blood of anything unlucky enough to stumble across it. You can grow it if you keep it in perfect blackness, keep it warm and feed it blood. The leaves make a most effective addition to spells of healing and harming, but I advise against keeping it in the same room where you sleep. They can be disturbingly motile on moonless nights."

Lessons - Maberys Darkhallow - Archdruid

17. SLAKE-LARVAE POWDER

"Fat, colorful caterpillars, and remarkable hard to acquire. Properly dried and powdered, they can allow access to powerful visions, including the aetherial and astral planes. The powder is addictive, though, and extended use alerts the parents. Which is by any measure a Very Bad Thing."

Wonders of The Torque - Elrubon Vinchesse

18. ARCANE SPINDLE

"I don't know exactly where it came from. No. I don't. It was just Here one day. Or maybe it was always here and I just noticed it for the first time. It's very useful, though. Takes a spell right apart if you cast it through the lenses, lets you look at all the pieces and see how it's put together. What? How big was it when I first noticed it? About as big as it is now. Well, a bit smaller. Actually quite a bit smaller. Likely it would have been able to fit through the door, at least."

Recollections of Madness - Waugan Jharth

19. HESPERIAN SEEDS

"The mundane appearance belies the precious nature of these little beauties. Seeds, yes. Observe them carefully. See how perfectly symmetrical and identical they are? Precious indeed, for these are the very seeds of an Apple of the Hesperides. Yes, a Golden Apple of Immortality, sadly now devoured. But these beauties remain, and properly prepared, they are essential ingredients for potions to extend life. Limited offer, expires soon. 5000 golden crowns per seed."

The Final Sale of Corvix Relcae

20. DRAGON TEETH

"We worked for weeks, criss-crossing the Dragonspine Mountains, searching for the spot from the the painting. We finally found the valley, then excavated. After 6 days of digging, we found it - the buried flank of a beast of unimaginable size. It took days more to extract a handful of the scales, then to fill the hole back it. We've researched the things extensively, and it seems more and more likely that the legends aren't wrong, exactly, just inaccurate. They aren't Dragon's Teeth, they're scales. And I'm beginning to suspect that it isn't a Dragon, either, but perhaps something older and more terrible indeed."

Letter to Gholad Scurze - Expedition-Master
Tomasz Curse

A GOOD CHRISTIAN'S GUIDE TO THE BODY PARTS OF ABOMINATIONS AND THEIR USAGE

By Pedro!

pedro.salinas@live.ca

If you are reading this, I, Fr. Petrus Salinger, am in God's good graces, free from the toil of the mortal world. If you are reading this, you will probably be living in the aforementioned world. I had made it my life's mission to be the silent sword of the Church and destroy the Devil's Minions that encroach upon humanity's peace. Upon my death, these journals are to be distributed to other members of my profession so that I may continue in my purpose posthumously. This is the third volume of my work recounting the use of substances harvested from the very monsters that try to kill us. May you give life to the flock you protect and deal a swift death to those beings that walk the shadows.

VAMPIRES

BLOOD

-Ingestion. The blood of this accursed creature is fouled by the very sin of his existence and should not be consumed, for that is half of the way the devil creates another of its kind. The vampire would also need to drink of the human's blood to fully consummate the curse. Survivors we had rescued in the middle of this process retained some attributes of the monster for what has been recorded as anywhere from two to eight hours. Feats of speed and acrobatics came easily, healing tremendously quickly, and they could mesmerize people for almost a quarter of an hour provided the victim was not disturbed. They suffered some minor discomfort from entering homes uninvited, the presence of crucifixes, crossing running water, and of course, sunlight. Dealing with one of these half breeds is as simple and yet still as dangerous as dealing with a normal vampire, a wooden stake to the heart or the complete removal of the head with a clove of garlic in his mouth.

-Injections. I have had the acquaintance of an Italian by the name of Diopede who utilized the blood of the vampire in his crusade against evil. I must assure you that this is neither a path you should travel upon nor one you can easily return from. He began with drinking the blood ironically enough but he soon found injecting the blood to be far more potent. He diffused it in pungent essential oils and parfums like rosewater and garlic juice to add fluidity to the clotted samples of blood he collected. He was as quick as lightning and was agile enough that he could run unto the ceiling. He recovered from fatal wounds as quick as the monsters and I had known him to be able to grow a hand back after injecting what would be a deadly amount for anyone else. He

DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...

A TABLE OF VICTORIAN HORROR MONSTER (VAMPIRES, WERE-WOLVES, MUMMIES, WHAT HAVE YOU) HARVESTABLE PARTS, THEIR USES/PREPARATION, AND THEIR SIDE EFFECTS WHEN INGESTED, INJECTED, OR IMPLANTED.

THANKS,

R. L.

was able to sense the vampires he gathered the blood from and any thralls the creatures had under their spell. He could have near complete control over anyone he mesmerized and could continue to do so as long as Diopede continued to inject his concoction. His eyes took a red tinge to them, his palms grew hairy, and his teeth became as sharp as those of a lion. The results lasted half as long as ingesting the blood and, dear lord, the costs were dire. He could no longer enter homes without permission, cross running water without being unconscious, or even hold a crucifix. He had a strange habit of counting small objects spilt to the floor. The return to humanity left him in a near catatonic state for a few hours especially after large doses. I lost contact with Diopede after the Prague incident. I fear the worse and that he's succumb to the power of his unholy elixirs. Who knows who will be hunting whom the next we meet.

-Salve. I have a horrendous scar about the left of my neck that has me wearing scarves to this day. I had received it in a confrontation against a very old vampire named Barrowman while hunting one of his fledgling vampires. In desperation, I had rubbed some of his blood on my wound to try and take advantage of its healing properties. The wound closed but to my dismay, it linked me forever the monster who fled the fight in my stricken condition. What I took as the natural ache of having your throat torn out was, in fact, the ache of longing from my new stolen flesh. The scar sang whenever I was close to Barrowman while pursuing him through Kiev and I felt lesser pangs from every other vampire I had encountered through the years. I never saw Barrowman again but felt his presence again in Paris of all places some 15 years later. My throat is almost always cold.

TEETH

-Implantation. It has been observed that the wounds that are inflicted by the teeth of a vampire unto another seem to heal at a substantially lower pace than the devilish norm. A doctor at Oxford had once conducted an experiment which involved implanting the teeth of a vampire into a dog in hopes of creating some sort of vampire hunting hound. After a short recovery period, he ran some diagnostic tests. It did not seem to be affected by any of the curses that vampire suffered but its bloodlust was insatiable. May be a man could control his urges better but I am glad the doctor did not try. The dog eventually got loose and killed the son of the doctor, who in turn killed the dog and then himself. An ordinary rifle shot worked for the both of them.

-Ammunition: The only righteous way of utilizing substances wrought from vampires. Whether used as rounds for a pistol or broken up into musket shot, the ability of the tooth to negate the vampire's healing capabilities makes it a formidable weapon against them.

WEREWOLVES

BLOOD

-Ingestion: Almost all of my knowledge of werewolves comes from my only trip to Lapland. There I stayed with an elderly Swede named Hellstrom while I conducted my research of the forest women known as the Huldra. He lived in a remote cabin in the northmost region of the country but he appeared to run a fairly popular sort of fantastical apothecary out of his home. I was told by our mutual contact that he was an ally of the cause but to this day I am uncertain. One of the wares Hellstrom tried to sell me incessantly was werewolf blood. He claimed that if consumed, it gave a man an incredible hunger for meat, the rarer the better. He claimed that it prevented women from getting pregnant. Hellstrom claimed a great many things but I had the feeling that he was merely trying to tempt me. On one of the last days there, he told me that it was a great aphrodisiac and gave me a peculiar look. I spent the rest of the trip locked in my room.

-Injection: Before Hellstrom's unwanted sexual advances, I had remembered my old colleague Diopede and inquired about the injection of werewolf's blood. The smile that was usually painted on his face instantly disappeared and was replaced with a look of sheer horror. He told me that injecting the blood would be like receiving a bite from the werewolf himself. He described a man doing so and turning into a monstrously sized wolf. He said there was little or no control to be had, that the man would be ruled by his animalistic instincts. It would only work during full moons, so there was that to be thankful for. I asked of how he knew such things but he grew ever quieter. When I left the following week, I could have sworn I heard howling in the distance.

PELT

There is a page from the journal of a 17th century abbot who is said to have resided on the outskirts of Sligo. The journal entry described a man known to him as Callahan, a hard man with the look of an eagle about him. It goes on to claim that he had slain a werewolf in the defense of a lamb. He had taken the pelt of the wolf and used it as a cloak. The abbot wrote that Callahan walked amongst the wolf's pack without too much suspicion until the moment he drew his axe. This is the only known record of werewolves on the British Isles.

REVENANTS

BLOOD

-Ingestion: There have been a large amount of reports coming from the Congo of men being brought back from the dead to wreak havoc on any European they can catch. They say that these creatures have been raised by witch doctors, that they have demonic strength and suffer no fatigue. Hunters like myself have been sent to deal with these revenants and the witches themselves but deep in the heart of the African jungle, they say it is like pursuing ghosts. A few of my allies have turned mad in their efforts and some have tried to consume the blood and flesh of the dead me. Drinking their blood leaves the hunter in an unconscious state for several hours with no hope of waking them. One hunter tried drinking a near gallon of the extract and appeared to fall dead instantly. His expedition crew only discovered otherwise when he awoke three days later during his own funeral. Of course being dead man's blood, it was the actual benefit of being a deadly poison to vampires.

LIMBS

-Implantation: A man by the name of Sunday lost his arm in a struggle against one of these creatures. According to rumors, he quite literally singlehandedly defeated both the revenant and the witch doctor. He somehow managed to "convince" the witch doctor into replacing the arm he lost with that of the dead man's. He could use the strength of the revenant though his hand did try to strangle him from time to time. Others have tried to replicate his success and some have even succeeded. Even a good number of the successful met with the rot spreading from their stolen limbs and into their body, eventually turning them into walking corpses.

GOLEMS

BLOOD

-Injection: After the unliving has been made into flesh, it creates within in itself a strange black liquid that could only be classified as it's blood. After the infamous works of the Maharal, Prague has been a city afflicted with attempts to create life from nothing. Diopede and I were dispatched there to deal with a quite frequent number of doppelgangers in the area when we stumbled upon Tucker's workshop. Tucker was twisted man, obsessed with the pseudo-science of alchemy and twisting the Holy Scripture to aid him in creating golems. We apprehended him but not before he had convinced Diopede to swallow the murky black water that Tucker had been draining out of what appeared to be a naked dog. As he wiped his mouth, he began to cough and shake. He spit out his teeth and began to shed his flesh and hair. Where Diopede stood was now a young woman in awe of her new form. Tucker went on to explain to Diopede that it would only last for a day and he could transform into anyone he wanted. I managed to get Tucker to swallow some revenants blood but by then it

was too late. I saw the look in Diopede's eyes. I knew he would never be the same.

SEAL

Seal. The Maharal's golem was famously controlled by feeding it instructions on paper but it's a little known fact that it only obeyed instructions with the Maharal's seal. The same can be said of most golems you will encounter. Most golems will not have to swallow its instructions and most will simply have its creator's seal somewhere on their body. Simply placing your hand over said seal will give you control over the soulless automaton but be warned. Golems are often quite literal in following your instructions and once given orders, it is nigh impossible to stop them.

DEVILS

BLOOD

-Ingestion. Devils, bound by the power of god, cannot take foot on the earth but have been known to sneak into the bodies of vulnerable innocents. Exorcism by a high ranking priest is the only way to save the lives of these victims. Unfortunately, most have to be killed to prevent the demon from causing any further harm in this plane. The blood of these victims is said to give the drinker the stealth of a shadow. Nigh invisible, the drinker would become fuelled by rage and cruelty, though the effects only lasted for a few hours. I have thankfully never come into contact with any of these addicts and hopefully never will.

HORNS

-Implantation. In Liepzig, a man named Solomon met with a devil at a crossroads. The devil identified himself as Solace and had long feathered horns growing from his forehead. Solomon had committed a number of terrible acts to bring that devil forth with only pain and desperation to show for it. The man was dying and sought eternal life, and Solace promised him this in exchange for only his name. With the vow leaving his lips, Solomon sprouted his own set of horns and as black wings spread from his back. In shock, the man asked what was happening. Solace replied in Solomon's own voice that it was exactly as he wished. The latter would live forever as a demon and the former, now Solomon, would live out the remainder of his life and return to heaven. When the new Solace looked up, the face he once knew as his own smiled back at him. This is a tale I first heard when visiting the German branch as a warning never to take on the horns of a devil. It is said that the Nachtwachter had exorcized Solace back to hell afterwards. They never clarified which one.

PHANTOMS

BLOOD

-Salve. Ghosts were generally not a problem that hunters had to take care of. Most were benign enough to not require our intervention, and some were even of

benefit to our struggle. It was only the truly malevolent spirits that we dealt with. When a violent ghost haunted a house or a person, they left behind an extremely cold, cloudy fluid which we could only assume was their blood. This ghostblood is truly the only physical evidence we have of the possession after the ghost has been exorcised. Mediums who work for the Church generally use it a salve which they apply to their eyelids and forehead. While closing their eyes, they said that they could see the phantoms walk the earth as if still living. Not only ghosts but demons as well, though they only caught glimpses of these rare intruders in our realm.

POSSESSION

Usage. Before my retirement, I was asked to visit the city of New York by a fellow priest named Ingwood. It was in a small cabin leagues outside of the city that a young girl named Kate Manser lived by herself. Though she was only 8 years old, she was taking care of the farm perfectly fine by herself. When I inquired about her parents, she gestured to the empty space around her and told me that they were there with us and that she helped them with the chores. I was questioning how they went about these chore when a teapot, as if held by some invisible hand, poured a fresh cup for me. With that seemingly answered, I went on to ask why her parents attacked my friends that came to visit her before. She told me that the man had tried to hurt her so her mother hurt the man. Manser seemed happy with her new life so I decided to leave things as they were. The effects of possession are entirely dependent on the relationship between the phantom and its host. There have been cases of increased strength, minor telekinesis, voice changing, pyrokinesis, and countless others. The host themselves do not even need to be possessed. One can merely own a haunted item and if they get along well enough, the spirit may aid the human. These items are particularly rare and often cost an arm and a leg to acquire, as Ingwood had found out the hard way.

WITCHES

EYE

-Implantation. There is a group of women in Lisbon known as the Orbus Clementia. When a hunter hears of a witch in their territory, these are the hunters they send for. The initiation ritual for an agent of the Orbus Clementia is to defeat a witch and take her left eye as her own. This is no small feat by itself, and the dangerous surgery that follows is only a little less deadly. If the candidate survives both obstacles then she is welcomed into the group, regardless of race, age, or status. The eye gives them the ability to read and cast the spells that witches can without giving themselves to the Devil. It is said that eye of a witch can even see the sins n individual has committed, appearing like stains upon the person's soul. Often such sights drive newer agents mad and many wear patches to prevent any unnecessary use. Orbus agents have supposedly been around since the inquisition, when their power to recognize true witches

was at its utmost demand. The only Orbus agent I've met was an older woman named Cuelho. She had taken a look at me and stated that for a hunter I must have lead an extremely boring life.

SPELL BOOK

Usage. A witch's spell book is her most prized possession and most would rather die than let it fall into the wrong hands. Spell books were often distributed sparingly among Orbus agents, but not merely due to lack - the sorcery found in the books would have immensely adverse affects on the users. Presumably this was due to the blasphemous nature of the magic. They caused the reader to grow in age tremendously after every spell cast, and not particularly graceful at that. Young women were turned into witches if they misused their powers and the Orbus Clementia had no mercy for any corrupted heart.

THE FEY

BLOOD

Ingestion. The two most infuriatingly single-minded men I have ever met, probably through no small coincidence, were both magicians. Gilberts and Nathans, both powerful enough to eviscerate me with a glance, met with me every time I was in Hurtfew. We discussed a great many a thing on our drink filled nights spent in the Eternal Twilight Inn; the prospect of an afterlife, the odd nature of rakshasas plaguing southern Persia, our waitress' bosom, matters of grave importance. One of the longest arguments I've seen them have is about fairy blood. Nathans insisted that drinking the blood of a member of the Unseelie Court was bound to bring you a fey that was more likely to give you what you request as long as you were polite enough by their standards. Gilberts argued that drinking the blood of a Seelie fey was much safer and more rewarding in the long run. I once had asked if there was any price for these summonings. They laughed and bought me drink.

WINGS

Implantation. Visiting Gilberts' library is like visiting the Vatican. It is heart wrenchingly beautiful but if you touch any of it inappropriately, you will be struck down by lightning. Nissa is one of the sole reasons for the library looking like it is. She swept, dusted, polished, often all at once. One thing Gilbert was especially thankful for was that she could carry hundreds of pounds of books to their places on the upper shelves. Gilbert assures me it is not because of the nature of the fairy herself but that of her delicate looking wings. He recounted to me of a Golden Age magician, either Pale or Stokesie, who had tricked a faerie out of his wings and could lift anything not securely fastened to the ground. We proceeded to spend the entire day looking for the particular passage that I was assured was entirely pointless and poorly written.

Powder. Nathans had a young wife in Padua that, because of his curse, could not visit. He sent her letters daily describing his never-ending love for her, her rapturous beauty, and the marvelous day that the two would be united. Nerida, Nathans' fey muse, helped him find the necessary words. Bordering on debauchery, their relationship was reciprocal. Nathans entertained her with simple spells, and she allowed him to rub his eyes with the dust from her wings. Nathans claimed they gave him visions of indescribable pleasure and satisfaction. I had the pleasure of observing him more than once as he too his indulgence. The convulsions he went through would have been the furthest thing from beauty I could imagine.

LEVIATHANS

FAT

Burning. The closest to God I have ever felt was in a supposedly abandoned sunken shrine to some forgotten god. I say supposedly because shortly after my guide had gotten me there, I was attacked by a group of thugs. This was during an expedition to the North West of Iceland in search of evidence of the Arc. After taking many a blow from my cane, my turn cloak guide and his cohorts left me to explore the large cavern by myself. At the far end of the vast shrine was a statue carved into one the walls arched pillars. It depicted a whale capable of swallowing a ship whole and instead of fins, a score of squid-like arms! Below it, an altar that was filled with what appeared to be animal fat. I gathered about a pint of it and found my way out. Only after I had exited the cave did I notice the true nature of the shrine. The shrine was in fact the corpse of a whale, monstrous in size and whose sharp teeth were taller than any man. The sight was utterly awe-inspiring and I could not even begin to imagine what of whale still remained trapped in ice. I made a candle of that pint of fat when I returned home. The flame I lit that night lasted for 6 years.

Ingestion. I met that same group of thugs later while in Blackpool visiting my sister and the mangy crew looked at me like they had seen a ghost. They believed I had wondered into the bowels of the whale and had gotten myself eaten. Their leader and my one time guide, a Dane by the name of Holst, offered me a drink and a warm meal so I found it in my heart to forgive them their transgression. Holst began to regale me with their stories of roaming the Atlantic in search of fame and fortune. It was a couple of stories in when I noticed their horrible pet parrot waddling around. The thugs admitted that when they had gotten becalmed out at sea near Cape Town, they had fed the parrot the fat of the leviathan instead of letting it starve. It slowly transformed the bird into a monstrous bird of prey with a jagged beak and incredible long talons. It looked like the birds skeleton had grown too large for its skin. They told me that it could eat anything that it could ingest and that was a fair amount of things. I'm grateful that the idea of eating the fat never struck me back then.

SKIN

Clothing: My nephew's paternal grandfather used to dress in an overcoat made from the skin of a giant squid he killed off the coast of Massachusetts. I believe him completely. I've watched him shrug off an assassin's bullet as easily it does rain but it did not do him much good when he fell into a tiger pit in Hindoostan.

SINNERS

HAND

Burning: The hand of a sinner is more righteous in death than it is in life if transformed into a Hand of Glory. I came across mine in Gradec after watching a thief be hanged. I paid the guards handsomely for the body and gave it a proper burial he did not deserve, without his left hand, of course. Lighting one of the fingers aflame sheds an eerie white light that would only be visible to you, a very handy attribute to have when stalking those who dwell in the dark.

SINS

Consumption: Through an old method of absolution, priests may take the sins of others unto themselves, cleansing the sinners and damning the priest in his place. It is not a common practice in modern times but I found myself doing so while delivering a message to my commodity trader and contact, a man by the name of Peregrex, in Amsterdam. I not only interrupted his relations with a young woman and fellow trader, whose I later learned was Eliza, but also managed to draw the attention of a crowd, though I feel I could hardly be blamed for the latter seeing as they were rutting in the middle of a park. The angry mob did not take to their promiscuity too kindly and hired The Brothers of St. Drogo to assign the young couple their punishment. I managed to settle the mob with the promise that I was in fact a priest and would handle their punishment personally. Before the mob, I ate bread that I placed atop their hearts and drank wine from their cups. Peregrex and Eliza confessed their sin of adultery and I absolved them, taking their sin unto myself. Unexpectedly, I took on Eliza's talent for business and math along with Peregrex's talent for picking locks and creating counterfeit documents. They, of course, retained these skills but were quite surprised at suddenly gaining a sudden colleague in their respective trades. I immediately went to confession and asked for forgiveness before it was too late.

As I write these journals I sit alone in my study remembering those that I had known and left behind after I retired from my life as a hunter. I truly miss all of those who had helped me in my quest to rid the world of darkness, even some of those who would rather have seen me dead. I look back upon their smiling faces, their fearless eyes, and their unwavering dedication to helping those around them. I look back at how they died. I hope to help future generations of hunters in their trials of faith. I hope that, through these works, they can protect those close to them from the grasping claws of death. I hope that now that I have died, I can see my brothers-at-arms once more.

-Fr. Petrus Salinger

THE DECKS OF BOONS AND BANES

BY RICH FRANKS

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THE DECKS OF BOONS AND BANES ARE COMPRISED OF 4 SUITS AND IN SOME CASES 2 CHAOS CARDS. The Suits are represented by a standard poker deck thusly:

LIFE	HEARTS
WEALTH	DIAMONDS
DEATH	SPADE
SHADOWS	CLUBS
CHAOS	JOKER

The Decks Come in 4 varieties:

MINOR: Ace, Two, Three of each of the 4 main suits

MAJOR: Jack, Queen, King of each of the 4 main suits

COMBINED: Major + Minor

ACCURSED: Combined + two Jokers

Before drawing any cards, the player must announce if he is drawing 1, 2, 3, or 4 cards from the deck. Face cards may only be drawn once and are set aside after the effect is implemented (with one exception, see below). Once all cards have been drawn, the deck disappears.

The Cards:

FADE TO BLACK (ACE OF CLUBS):

The character's most important/powerful magic item (for this purpose, count spellbooks as a magic item) begins to fade into shadow. This item will completely fade from existence in 3d6 turns. The only way to reverse the process is to expose the item to sunlight for 1 hour.

CLOAK OF SHADOWS (TWO OF CLUBS):

An effect exactly like the spell Darkness 15' radius manifests on char's head, except the effect is permanent, until dispelled. (Caster level is considered to be 9 for this purpose.)

CREEPING DEATH (THREE OF CLUBS):

The PC is attacked by 1d3 Shadows.

OF DARKNESS AND LIGHT (JACK OF CLUBS):

The PC's Shadow animates and attack the PC. The Animated Shadow has exactly the same characteristics as the PC: AC, Weaponry, Spells, etc., with one important exception: the Animated Shadow and the PC now have exactly onehalf of the PC's maximum hit points (round

DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...

A NEW, CRAZY, DECKO'CARDS MAGIC ITEM, A LA THE _DECK OF MANY THINGS_.

THANKS,

N. M.

down). Each hit from the PC or Shadow not only does damage to the target, but the attacker gains that many hitpoint. When one of them is reduced to zero hitpoints, the Shadow or PC die. Should the Shadow win, it will become a freely thinking NPC/Monster for the DM to employ as seen fit. The Animated Shadow can only hit by magic weapons, and attacks from anything other than the PC have no effect whatsoever on the Animated Shadow.

SHADOWS FROM BEYOND (QUEEN OF CLUBS):

A rift opens, which is a portal to the Ethereal Plane. Use the random table for your game to determine what steps through. If you game does not have such a table, an 8 hitdie elemental (randomly determine type) steps through and attack the PC who drew the card.

WHAT EVIL LURKS? (KING OF CLUBS):

A Minor Demon takes possession of the PC's shadow, though this is not apparent at the time. Later, when the PC is asleep, the Demon will manifest and attack.

MINOR DEMON STATS:

AC: 0, HD: 8, MV: 40'/60', # Atk: 2 (claws),

Dmg/Atk: 2d6/2d6

Specials: Flying, Can see invisible, Darkness 15' radius at will, Charm, etc.. has no effect, 35% Magic Resistance if your system uses it.

ALCHEMY (ACE OF DIAMONDS):

All copper coins character has on his person change to silver.

POUCH OF WEALTH (TWO OF DIAMONDS):

The PC gains a small belt pouch. Once a day, a single coin may be placed in this bag. After one turn, 10 coins of the next lower valued metal will be appear in the pouch along with the original coin. (One Silver piece placed in the pouch will yield 10 Copper, while one Platinum will yield 10 Gold pieces.)

GUARDIAN THIEF (THREE OF DIAMONDS):

The next locked and/or trapped treasure chest the character encounters will automatically unlock and disarm.

PATH TO WEALTH (JACK OF DIAMONDS):

The PC gains a Sigil Ring, Map, and Key. The map leads to a depository in nearest major city, the Sigil Ring identifies the character as heir to a small fortune of a centuries dead aristocrat, and the Key opens the ancient iron chest holding 4d4x1000 GP, 2d4 Pieces of Jewelry, and 3d4 Gems.

QUEEN OF PLENTY (QUEEN OF DIAMONDS):

Char gains 1d3 random magic items.

TWICE BLESSED (KING OF DIAMONDS):

1d4 of the character's magic items double/increase to next level in efficacy (Sword +2 becomes a Sword +4, Potion of Healing becomes Potion of Extra Healing, Wands double charges, Caster level of spells on scrolls doubles, etc...)

UNSTEADY HAND (ACE OF SPADES):

For the next 1d4 combats, the character must roll his/her Dexterity score or under on 1d20 whenever he makes an attack. Failure results in dropping his/her weapon.

SICKNESS OF THE SOUL (TWO OF SPADES):

The PC loses 1d2 hitpoints per level. These lost hitpoints cannot be healed in any normal or magical way, until a remove curse and a number of days equal to the PC's level of complete bedrest are administered.

TARGETED BY DEATH (THREE OF SPADES):

During the Party's next encounter with Undead, the undead creatures will attack the character in preference to other PCs, if possible.

TURNABOUT IS FAIR PLAY (JACK OF SPADES):

During the next combat, the character must make a save vs. Death Magic for each attack (melee, ranged, spell, or device). Failure means the character receives a like amount of damage, in whatever form it takes (stabbing, burning damage from a fireball, etc..)

VITALITY LEECH (QUEEN OF SPADES):

Character loses 1d6 points of Constitution, and any hit point accrued due to a high con. If the new Constitution score indicates a hit point penalty, the character loses the appropriate number of HP per level.

CURSE OF THE LICH (KING OF SPADES):

The PC's body starts to decay, as he/she begins to transform into an undead, lichlike form over the next 4d6 days. Once begun, the process can be delayed by having a Resurrection spell cast upon the afflicted. Doing so "erases" one day of the transformation. The only way to reverse the curse is with a wish, or to complete a service for a goodaligned Diety, usually by arrangement of a goodaligned High Priest. During the transformation, the character cannot heal in any manner. Once the transformation is complete, the character becomes Chaotic Evil in alignment, and the lichdom is permanent.

SHIELD OF THE AGES (ACE OF HEARTS):

The PC receives a +2 AC bonus during his/her next combat.

HALE AND HARDY (TWO OF HEARTS):

The PC receives +2 hitpoints per level for the next 24 hours.

TROLL'S BOON (THREE OF HEARTS):

The PC gains the power of regeneration (+2 HP per round) for the next 24 hours.

CIRCLE OF LIFE (JACK OF HEARTS):

The PC gains a +2 Ring of Protection.

HEALING TOUCH (QUEEN OF HEARTS):

The next attack which deals damage to the character will instead temporarily add the damage to the character's hit point total. The new hit point total can exceed the normal max, but they disappear once the combat ends.

RASPUTIN'S ENVY (KING OF HEARTS):

Character gains 1d4 points of Constitution, to a max of 19. In addition to accruing any levelbased hit point bonuses, the character also gains a +2 to saves vs. poison and death magic.

LESTER THE KILLER CLOWN(JOKER WITH LOGO OR COLORED):

Oh no! You've invoked the wrath of Lester the Killer Clown. Lester has the stats and powers of a Type 4 (in some systems it might be "Higher Order", Class/Type D, etc..you want the one with 11 Hit Dice), but has the appearance of a creepy, obese clown, with grotesque makeup. Upon pulling this card, a strange horseless carriage will appear, and Lester will spring forth, gaining a free attack. Anyone helping fight Lester will be beset with their own copy of Lester, which also springs forth from the horseless carriage, and so on, and so on.....

WHEEL OF FATE(JOKER W/OUT LOGO OR IN BLACK AND WHITE):

Shuffle any cards pulled from the deck (except this one) back in, and draw 2 more cards. This does not count against (or for) your announced number that you planned to pull.

MAGIC ITEMS FOR CREATIVE RE-USE

BY ROBERT SJOBLUM
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DWARVEN BREAKFAST SPOON:

This is a wooden spoon, able to speak audibly. It usually comes with a chipper personality and offers good advice such as "breakfast is the most important meal of the day!" and "an apple a day keeps the doctor away!" It only speaks Dwarven, and thus it sounds pissed off all the time (unless, of course, you know Dwarven, in which case it sounds chipper and energetic).

DOOR BELL:

This is a cracked, old and heavy church bell. It weighs around 2 tons. Upon striking it, the nearest door opens up. A great way to find secret doors. Also a great way to find new friends to play with, since you're basically announcing to the world where you are. Immediately make a 2d6 Encounter roll, on a roll of 1 on either dice an encounter has occurred (roll on appropriate table). There is a chance that it splits in two with each use. After each use roll 2d6, on a result lower than total number of uses it splits.

KNIFE OF WOUNDING:

This knife constantly tells the wielder hurtful things. Stuff like "oh my god, you look fat in those pants" or "what kind of man are you?" and "I bet my sister's kid could do more damage than that with her hands tied behind her back!" and similar things. Jabs at wielder's parents, siblings, significant others -- nothing is beyond it. There is also a lot of passive-aggressive stuff coming from it.

On the plus side it acts as a +1 weapon, and gives immunity to charm and sleep effects.

To come up with jabs easily, the following table can be used (roll 1d6 and 1d8):

AFFLICTION (D6)

- 1 Blind
- 2 Crippled
- 3 Lame
- 4 Retarded
- 5 Ugly
- 6 One-legged

DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...

I WOULD LIKE A RANDOM TABLE OF MAGICAL ITEMS THAT CRY OUT TO BE USED CREATIVELY. HOW MANY ENTRIES IS UP TO YOU. FOR EXAMPLE THE BAG OF HOLDING WOULD BE THE CLASSIC EXAMPLE OF THIS SORT OF THING SINCE EVERY GROUP HAS THEIR OWN STORIES OF ALL THE DIFFERENT USES FOR IT THEY CAME UP WITH.

GENERAL PREFERENCES:

- A WIDE RANGE OF POWER/GP VALUE.
 - MAGIC ITEMS WHOSE INTENDED USE IS WILDLY IMPRACTICAL FOR ADVENTURING BUT THAT CAN BE TURNED TO ADVENTURING USES THROUGH THE APPLICATION OF LOW CUNNING.
 - MAGIC ITEMS THAT INVOLVE LOGISTICAL DIFFICULTIES. FOR EXAMPLE VERY LARGE MAGIC ITEMS THAT ARE HARD TO CART AWAY OR THAT ONLY WORK WHEN MOONLIGHT IS SHINING ON THEM OR WHATEVER.
- BUT DON'T LET THAT CONSTRAIN YOU, HAVE FUN WITH THIS...
THANKS, D. B.

PERSON (D8)

1. Sister
2. Brother
3. Mother
4. Father
5. Child
6. Beggar kid
7. Baker's Son
8. Seamstress's daughter

"My blind sister could do that better than you!"

CANVAS AND PAINT BRUSH: "DREAMSCAPE"

When this set of canvas and paint brush is used in the same room as a sleeping person, what is painted on the canvas will show what the person is dreaming about. However, if another paint brush than the one that belongs to the set is used, what is painted is what the person will dream about.

The canvas is erased when the person wakes up.

MARBLE

This is a small glass marble. It weighs two tons.

CLOAK OF INVISIBILITY AND ORC DETECTION

This rather plain, black cloak makes the wearer invisible. It also glows in the presence of orcs.

PAINTING OF DIRT WALL

This painting, 6'x3', actually shows what's behind whatever surface it is hanging or resting against.

CHAINS OF THE THIEF

This is a set of 4 iron chains and shackles, formerly used to shackle thieves to objects such as walls, ceilings or iron balls. Each chain is 10'/3m long, weighs 25lbs/12kg and is attached to a metal ball.

There is a key that fits all four shackles.

If someone is chained to these chains, one chain for each hand and foot, they become both *Invisible* and *Silent*. In addition to being chained to four metal balls, that is.

ELEPHANT GOLEM

This golem works as a *Horn of Blasting*. It usually stands in the corner. It is also very hard to talk about it, and it never forgets.

LIDDELL'S ERSATZ WORLD

This mirror is a portal to a pocket universe of whatever the mirror itself is reflecting. You can easily reach into the mirror and take things shown in it out into the real world, but the items in the real world will then enter the pocket universe instead. Items removed from the pocket universe are all reversed from the items in the real world in some way: real gold coins are suddenly fake gold coins, a new cloak is suddenly old and frayed, a sharp sword becomes dull.

It does not reverse age in living things, but they can have their alignments reversed -- Chaotic becomes Lawful, Lawful becomes Chaotic.

Certain personality traits might also be reversed; a kind person's mirror image might be nasty and spiteful, a brave warrior becomes a quivering weakling. GM fiat, all the way down.

COUNTERPRODUCTIVE SACK

This sack has an exterior volume thrice that of the things stored inside it. That is, an 8 cubic feet item will make the sack take up 24 cubic feet of space. There is enough space for 10 cubic feet of items in the sack.

SEEDS OF WAR

When planted, these seeds will grow into melee weapons of regular quality. What kind of weapon is random. It takes 100 years for the seeds to grow to a useable weapon, as it's only in the last year that the weapon plant hardens. While they're definitely not metal, the weapons are as sharp and durable as steel.

Bonsai artists pay good money for seeds like this.

WHAT THE HELL KIND OF EXPLORATION PARTY DIED DOWN THERE?

(OR) LOOT IN A BAZAAR
by WILLIAM MCKINNEE
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(Roll 1D8 on the arduous object descriptions below, if you need something special.)

1. KREVICKIAN VACUUM ORBS
The Krevick Under-Hills once provided passage through the largest known subterranean merchant-city, occupied by nomadic Tradesmen and sedentary Albino-Folk. The former residents, both permanent and of frequent visitation, were always known to carry an unwelcoming disposition towards Magic-Users of any kind. This prejudice originated out of the Trader's fears, regarding their (not entirely without cause, mind you) tendency to swindle honest sales-folk out of house and home through the use of magical manipulation.

The item here presented was originally invented as aggressive deterrents against the aforementioned Magicians. They are called The Krevickian Vacuum Orbs (small spheres of polished metal with pressure-sensitive triggers that extend near one inch from their tops. To the trigger's side protrudes a metallic nozzle with a small cone at its tip). They were buried in the earthen floors of the tunnels to be activated, as would an explosive landmine, by unawares and unwelcomed Magicians and only Magicians. The Orb was designed to render a Magic-User inept through the use of a permanently enchanted mechanism (the Nozzle), which produces an vacuum, powerful enough to draw the mystic void into its container (e.g. spells, aura, psionic-power,sanity,etc.).

Though, since their being (almost immediately) outlawed, the now antiquated Vacuum Orbs were made victim to countless modifications and experimental abuses under the hands of crude technicians. Here are a few of them.

DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...
A RANDOM TABLE OF WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY GIZMOS, TRINKETS AND CURIOSITIES DUG OUT OF SOME CRUMMY DUNGEON AND NOW FOR SALE IN THE BAZAAR. PREFERABLY LOW-POWER AND STRANGE ITEMS THAT TAKE A BIT OF CREATIVITY TO FIND A USE FOR.
THANKS, F. H.

(Roll 1D12 to determine the Vacuum Orb's effect)

1	If the device is triggered by a Magic-User, her arcane abilities will take the hit, as two spells (decided at random) are removed from her spell list, and the magical ether is absorbed into the vacuum. The two spells are hereby considered inert for 1D4 days. None Magic-Users are unaffected.
2	A banished Djinni will emanate forth from the nozzle, coughing hysterically in a cloud of once-magical dirt and dust. He grants a 'portion' of a wish (e.g. "I wish for an enchanted great-axe whose handle is bound in the hulled flesh of a Manticore's Chest." Except, when the asthmatic Djinni grants said wish, you might get a random enchantment, a normal great-axe, stripped flesh, or a complete Manticore chest.) He will proceed to insist on following the party throughout their journey, but will not assist with any situation whatsoever.
3	Horrifying and indiscernible sounds emit from the nozzle for a minimal duration of time, but nothing happens.
4	The individual who triggered the orb will be drained of her need or want for the possession of material goods. This would include treasure (gems, gold, relics, etc.), objects of educational value, and/or weapons and armor. This effect excludes the negation of food, water and medicine(s). This loss of drive towards obtaining possessions will last for 1D4 days. Thus, any applicable, aforementioned item will immediately be relegated to another Party Member, and it will always be marked with an apathetically off-putting remark such as, "Here... I mean, I don't really need it. None of us do really, but I'm sure you'll make up reason to see some use in it."
5	All writing in a Magic-User's spell book is now inverted and reversed for 1D6 hours. It will take the individual twice as long to cast a spell if it is performed via an act of silent-reading and/or the spell requires the caster to outspokenly verbalize a word or phrase. If the individual is not a Magic-User, then they simply don't feel like talking much (this fades naturally upon the quality of conversation or if an encounter takes place, the mental state will be forgotten entirely.)
6	Nothing happens, but the strong scent of sulfur now looms within proximity to the party.

7	The voice, belonging to the individual who triggered the orb, is vacuumed away, leaving her speechless. Immediately following this occurrence, the sounds of a pre-battle speech erupt from the orb's nozzle. They are the motivations of a crazed and blood-hungry Warlord. This speech is delivered in the particular vocal tonalities belong to the speechless victim. There is a 10% chance that this will draw a handful of very dangerous creatures towards the Party, considering it to be a challenge, but will otherwise force most beasts back into their lairs or such.
8	The vacuum sucks up the object that triggered it (shoe, boot, sandal, toenail, flesh, etc.).
9	Must be stepped on twice to trigger effect, but if done so... The individual will not be capable of unclenching their fists for 1D6 hours. Any object still present in-hand must remain as such for the duration of time rolled. Any object not present in-hand will most likely fail to be utilized unless gripped by some other means.
10	The vacuum absorbs one's ability to reflect light and color. The individual appears to others in the shape of finely gradated, Chiaroscuro. They are purely light and shade. This effect will last 1D4. It is at the GM's discretion as to whether or not modifiers will be applied.
11	Vacuum begins operating slowly, with a very weak suction power. It will then groan a bit before shutting off completely. Do not step on the Orb's trigger again, doing so will activate the magical blast-damage/effect of a now-defective, antique spell. The spell is to be chosen at random. The damage/effect to be determined by the GM.
12	Vacuum Orb sinks deeper into the earth upon being triggered. The Orb's nozzle continues to suck at an incredible rate and power, without shutting off as it was designed to. The specific spot of terrain belonging to the orb will proceed to dissolve at high acceleration until the ground gives out beneath it. Roll a saving throw versus falling in.

II. ALCHEMICAL GUMBALL SACK(S)

For a good while in their history, the cultures of human-intelligence (though, equally enjoyed by most humanoid races) found trend and pleasantry in the practice of employing Gastronomically-Minded Alchemists with the task of imbuing Gum, obtained from various species of Rubber Tree, with certain functional abilities and effects. This market found itself getting progressively out-of-hand, in terms of what 'kind of use' the Gum was being manufactured to induce in its 'chewers' and, in response to this, the public settled contently upon the popular 'fresh-breath-providing' Gum developed by Halfling Alchemists. Though, it is not uncommon to find a few holding sacks of various experimental Gumballs in the stranger markets. Here are some of

those potentially nefarious Gumball Sacks. Purchase with caution and chew with caution.

(Roll 1D8 in order to discern the Gumball Sack's Type)
Gumball Sack Type:

1	Apple-flavored, yellow balls covered in small bumps that oscillate about wildly.
2	Without distinct flavor, taupe colored Gum changes from a sphere to a cube each hour.
3	Big Blue Ball, may be cut into chunks with a small knife to indulge effectively.
4	Black, Candy-Coated balls with smaller Cherry-flavored Gumballs in the center.
5	Enticingly Pink, the Gumball is filled with a bitter tasting liquid.
6	Grey Gumballs filled with a lizard heart
7	Tiny, brown candied-orbs occupy the interiors of these shimmering silver Gumballs.
8	Intensely sour Gumballs of bright-green, filled with a meaty tasting 'goo' of the same color

(Roll 1D8 to receive the Gumball's Effect)

1	Juices imbibed from chewing the gum will result in the concerned individual experiencing an oddity in their regular bowel movements, for in this case, they will find that they produce no results. That is, shit. Though, they claim to feel the entire process occur. Truth be told, this is because the individual's fecal matter is now being disposed upon another dimensional-planar realm entirely. If they ever manage to find, what will inevitably prove to be, their own large pile of personal waste then it is likely that they might also find the thing that has been growing inside of it. GM's take it from here.
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2	This Gumball will cause the chewer to actively engage in a dissociative identity for 1D10 hours. (Roll 1D6 to determine the identity)	
	1	A clinically depressed but expertly efficient Chariot-Soldier who is in desperate need of her gilded chariot with spiked wheels and her loyal driving dogs.
	2	The Mother or Father of a renowned politician. The individual will believe that they possess great clout in the applicable justice system and will behave accordingly (i.e. with a sense of false-authority). They will also brag incessantly about the accomplishments of their child's accomplishments and rattle off numerous laws and amendments that they would like to see put to paper.
	3	A Pipe-Smoking Fortune Teller with an intense disposition towards nail-biting. The individual will attempt to sell off their fragments of chewed cuticles at high price, claiming that they will grant the buyer divination abilities if digested.
	4	A very young Battle-Born Mage with a mild tooth-ache.
	5	A Scorned and Elderly Priest who belongs to a religious order that is slowly becoming irrelevant. The individual is hereby prone to harassing young adults for their faith in the sciences and will feel the spiritual obligation to pray once per hour. This will not give the individual divine access of any sort.
	6	A Person Who Thinks They Know the Market Value of Everything.
3	This Gumball will cause the chewer to become Geometrically Ambiguous, dimensionally shifty, making it difficult, for those viewing her, to identify the individual and/or focus one's perception of three dimensional distance according to the chewer. This lasts as long as the gum is chewed. Any activity that would otherwise suggest the gum has been removed. This is unless the continuation of the gum chewing is explicitly stated by the PC (e.g. eating dinner means that you spit your gum out). that the gum is still being chewed.	
4	This Gumball causes someone else's voice, residing in a random remote location, to be transmitted through the chewer's mouth. It is thus impossible for the individual to communicate in any relevant manner for 1D10 hours. Anything being said by the chewer, for the effect's duration, will most likely be totally out of context.	

5	This Gumball fills the chewer's mouth with harmless, pink flames.
6	Nothing happens.
7	This Gumball allows for the chewer to acquire the ability to speak an extra language (Random), insofar as the Gum remains in the individual's mouth.
8	This Gumball Sack has been embroidered with the words, "Invisible Seer," and so claims to grant the chewer with the ability to see otherwise invisible creatures. Though, once combat has been engaged with these creatures, the individual may soon realize that they are fighting a solo battle with a phantasm. Though unlikely to occur, the phantasm's allegiance can be won over if the gum-chewing is maintained for three days and nights, a curious thing will occur on the fourth day. The phantasmal creature is granted autonomy within physical reality and functions as an 'animal' companion for all intents and purposes. This occurs without the hallucination losing any of its unperceivable, psychedelic form and may present itself to 1D4 enemies per day (upon the chewer's command) and manifest itself to the opponent in the same fashion that it appears to the chewer. Attacks and abilities depend upon the creature represented. You can spit out the Gum now.

III. HERTZ DISCUS-GRENADE

All Engineers and Alchemists (regardless of their sub-specific practices) get bored. This object is a result of this listless condition. To the eye, it is a small metal disc that has been fitted with a brown-leather covering. There is an attached, two-inch cylinder protruding from below the disc and the leather covering. This cylinder houses a mechanism that will produce a frequency from between 5-9 Hertz, which is almost inaudible to the Human ear (and this device's effect only works on those with average hearing.)

To activate the object, one must throw the discus at great velocity into some form of metal surface or item. The vibration that occurs upon impact will trigger the Hertz Grenade, emitting the aforementioned frequencies within a radius as provided by the GM. Any individual of average hearing, within this radius, must make a Saving Throw versus incontinence. A fail will result in the individual defecating themselves as a physiological response to the frequency. This will render the venter confused and/or distracted for the duration of one round. Penalties to Dexterity Checks thereafter should be applied at the GM's discretion.

IV. THE MINIMALIST'S FLASK

This flask was made with the use of mirrored glass and is designed to include four different chambers, so as to carry four individuated liquids, potions, poisons, etc, which might otherwise prove volatile if exposed to one another. As a matter of ornamental detail, an obsidian

tortoise has been affixed to the flask's front and can be viewed carrying a golden vase. Within the vase are four flowers. The vessel itself is in the shape of a slender mead bottle, widened at the base and elegantly tapered at the top.

The cap is sealed via an air-tight locking mechanism that can be clamped down with ease. Just below the cap are four metal switches, designating as to which chamber is currently opened for use. Each ornamental flower, being carried by the relief-tortoise, refers to one of the chambers. If a chamber is opened, the correlative flower will become further illuminated according to its own specific gem-color (Red/Blue/Yellow/Green). Be careful that you remember as to what is in each chamber.

V. THE SKELETAL COUNTER

Developed during a period of extensive research in the Gravity Fields, The Skeletal Counter is a long-antiquated device once employed for its ability to vaguely measure the amount of Radiation in any given area. It is composed of six skeletal arms that are jointed with flexible, metal hinges. The shoulder bones are attached to a steel obelisk, heavily oxidized, that stands roughly three feet in height.

The base of the obelisk is supported by rolling casters or finely polished metal orbs inset into glided holders. These casters line the entirety of the base's four sides. Affixed to top of the obelisk's pyramid is a merged skull once belonging (and perhaps still) to Dwarven conjoined twins. At a point in the back of the skull, where the differing heads are fuse there will be a slit/puncture just large enough for a common dagger.

If a dagger is fully inserted into this opening, the device will begin to automate and it will express this function through the extending of its skeletal arms, which all appear to have six fingers. The arms will eventually find themselves in a mechanical sort of rhythm.

Once this activity has ceased, the number of boney digits that are held up by each arms will indicate the level of radiation now present within a three-hundred foot radius of the device. This is determined on a 1D6 roll, with a one representing a radiation-free proximal location while a six represents almost immediate radiation poisoning.

VI. ENERJI DOME

This helm is constructed from five aluminum bands. Each band is smaller than the other and is progressively stacked atop its larger counterpart so as to form a radially-terraced pyramid. The aluminum has been painted red. The Enerji Domes were, in the near past, the preferred head-wear of Psionic practitioners dedicated to the field of 'Recirculation'. They were known to hole up in a single residence and surround themselves with the Arts, spending their time in self-reflexive thought in regards to how the Media was affecting them.

By wearing the Enerji Domes and contemplating for innumerable quantities of time, the Recirculators claimed that they could increase their psychic energy.

If a PC decides to wear this helm and proceed to isolate their mind from others and replace human companionship for meditations on Art, by and large, nothing will be gained in terms of psychic ability. Yet, it should be said, that the PC has in such a case gained beneficial exposure to the artistic endeavors of her current location. Citizens who reside in major cities will commonly compliment the helm on its design alone.

VII. MAGNO-GRAPPLERS

Designed specifically to assist those work in the business of mining Magnetic-Ore veins (they enable them to climb a mine's inner walls). As a safety precaution, the large, circular magnets embedded in a dark-brown tanned leather palm, the gloves were positioned in negative reaction to one another so as to repel the possibility of a miner getting accidentally caught, unable to release her hands.

So, if a PC decides to use the gloves for the purpose of immobilizing a weapon in battle, it will become immediately obvious that only one glove may stick to an object at any given time. Though, they are still quite capable of scaling underground walls, rich with magnetic-ore veins.

VIII. KINETIC WINGS

What lays before you are a pair of mechanical wings (seven foot span), an exceptional artifice by all measure. The extensions are composed of long, thin strips of silver and copper. These have been meticulously overlaid onto one another in a very well-conceived design. Each strip can be seen to have engravings, nearly impossible to catch on first glass, which depict an unending sea-voyage. It looks peaceful.

The wings move in a kinetic fashion (gently flowing) by means of tiny, hidden mechanisms. The merchant swears to its capabilities of flight and proceeds to tell stories that she's heard regarding the near-relic's mythology. It is, in fact, not capable of putting man into flight, but is rather meant to function as a symbol of great public authority, which is only to be worn on a specific holiday in a country that is very far away from where it now resides.

NOTABLE ARTIFACTS IN THE FIRST DRAGON'S HOARD

BY ANDREAS FOLKESTEN

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DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...

A LIST OF ARTIFACTS IN THE TREASURE HOARD OF THE
OLDEST/FIRST DRAGON IN THE WORLD.

CANNOT CONTAIN ANYTHING MADE WITH CONTEMPORARY
SPELLCRAFT OR METALWORK!

THANKS,

L. B.

1	Approximately 10,000 small seashells once used as currency.
2	Hunter's Aid. A throwing spear. It will get stuck in any target it hits. Only the thrower can remove it.
3	Gatherer's Aid. An intricately carved wand with an uncut gem at one end. When the gem is touched, the wand will point to the nearest edible plant. Catastrophic overload if used near large scale agriculture.
4	Phylactery of the First Lich. Jammed after many uses - dragon thinks it is just a pretty amulet. A magic user could unjam it to resurrect the lich once more.
5	Detailed map of a now sunken continent, inscribed on a clay tablet.
6	Urn with ground sabertooth tiger teeth. They grant strength and ferocity. Prized by potion brewers.
7	Sacrificial dagger sacred to long forgotten bloodthirsty god. If the dagger slays a hundred mortals, this god will live again.
8	The secret of fire. Nowadays copied all over the world, but the original can still be worth a lot of money to the right collector.
9	Suit of crystal armor made by ancient, highly advanced civilization. Gives great protection from normal weapons, is average against crystal weapons.
10	Petrified tyrannosaur, in striking pose.
11	Spellbook inscribed on several heavy stone slabs. Contains many spells forgotten by contemporary magic users, such as Chariot of Fire, Eye for an Eye, Extinction Event, etc.
12	Tectonic Amulet. Allows wearer to sense and control movement of continents. Cannot speed them up, however; the process takes millennia. Dragon wears it around claw, uses it to enact long-running scheme.
13	Huge and beautifully cut gem. Throughout history, it has been sacred to three different major religions, all of which now consider it a mythical object.
14	Ancient vampire sealed into golden sarcophagus. Extremely thirsty.

15	Bottle of primordial soup. If spilled on the ground, will spontaneously give rise to an entirely new form of life.
16	Block of permafrost from the last ice age. Only dragonfire can melt it. Once turned into water, it will stay liquid until the temperature drops below zero and then permanently freeze again.
17	Ancient book written in archaic language. If translated, turns out to be biography of brilliant but insane magic user. The looks of the subject are well described, and are suspiciously similar to those of the ruler of a nearby city.
18	Crystal sword. Slices right through metal and leather armor, is stopped as normal by crystal armor.
19	Scroll of Resetting. Allows a single person or small group to travel through time to moment when scroll was written, a few million years ago. A magic user could copy it. A copy will, of course, take you to the moment the copy was written.
20	Crudely shaped round stone disk about two feet across, with hole through centre. The world's first wheel. Dragon considers it the world's first coin, and prizes it above all other treasures.

NOTABLE ARTIFACTS IN THE FIRST DRAGON'S HOARD BY ANDREAS FOLKESTEN

WHAT DID THE OCEAN BARF UP THIS TIME?

BY CHRIS G

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<http://DeathAndAxes.blogspot.com>

DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...

A D100 TABLE WITH RANDOM ITEMS THAT OCCASIONALLY WASH UP ALONG A STRETCH OF SHORELINE THAT IS INFAMOUS FOR SHIPWRECKS, RESTLESS SOULS OF THE DROWNED AND AQUATIC GHOUL ATTACKS.

THANKS,

J. M.

1	A boot. You rolled a damn 1, what did you expect?
2	An ornate, yet completely seamless, metal box that the player characters couldn't open even if they had access to a nuclear blowtorch. The good thing about it is that the WORST villain in your campaign is willing to forgive all past wrongs, and pay the PC's handsomely in exchange for the box. Gee, I wonder what's inside it?
3	A beautiful, wheezing mermaid who's hopelessly tangled in a fishing net, and slowly suffocating to death. Oh, and she's also a chaotic-evil, human-hating, high-level magic-user who will regain full access to her spells as soon as she's back in the water, so good luck with that.
4	A treasure chest full of a non-gamebreaking amount of loot just lying about all "la-dee-da." One or more of the coins/gems/state secrets/etc. inside of it is haunted as a mother, though. Roll a d6 for each PC who touches a part of the treasure. A result of 1 means that they have a new ghost "friend" until randomquestcruelty is completed. Multiple ones means multiple funs!
5	The first mate of a ship that's currently wrecked on a nearby reef. He's grateful for any PC help, and offers to lead them to the riches on his former vessel before someone else can lay claim to them. Of course, he's actually a murderous fuck who killed everyone aboard, and he doesn't plan on sharing anything with the PC's once they've helped him recover what he wants.
6	A hundred billion bottles washed up on the shore. Watch your feet, bitch.
7	A trail made of large, flat stones which extends out into the ocean past the horizon. They lead to the Far Lands, and only appear once every seven years.
8	A bloated corpse lying face down in the sand with a reasonably valuable weapon on it. He doesn't need it anymore, though. His maw full of razor-sharp shark teeth is all he needs to gnaw the faces off of unsuspecting travellers.
9	A famous painting, rolled up and stored in a waterproof cylinder. Many interested parties, both legitimate, as well as legitimate bastards, would like to get their hands on it.

10	The diary of a time traveller. MOST of the entries are all boring like, "Breakfast was instructive. Must get used to chewing food instead of absorbilating it", but there are occasionally useful bits of info. Roll a d10 every time a PC spends an hour reading the journal. Treat a result of 10 like the PC has read the same information that they could have gleaned with a successful casting of one of the following spells: 1.) Identify --on something cool in their possession, or that they'll run across in the near future-- 2.) Clairaudience 3.) Clairvoyance 4.) Foresight 5.) Know Alignment --of a being or object the reader has already come into contact with-- 6.) Locate Object.
11	Hallucination-inducing kelp. Y'know, the good stuff. Any PC who ingests/touches/smokes it gets to go on an "adventure" in their own psyche. I guess you could let 'em roll a save or whatever. Locals in the know might pay a decent price for the stuff.
12	An incredibly rich and powerful noble who is suffering from total amnesia.
13	A severed human foot with a VERY distinctive toe-ring (or anklet, or whatever) still attached to it.
14	A giant egg. It hatches in d100 hours. Roll on your favorite "All-Of-The-Things" table to determine what's inside it.
15	An astonishingly ripped rowing-slave. Well, a former rowing-slave, unless his former masters catch up with him...
16	A barrel of highly flammable oil.
17	One of the PC's siblings, alive or dead. Your call.
18	A lifeboat. Has a false bottom that's secretly lined with glistening abalone and exotic pelts. And you thought secret door checks were just for dungeons.
19	A mysteriously undamaged and fully functional grand piano.
20	A full-blown Ghost Ship. Like if One-Eyed Willie and his crew had the balls to fight their way out of hell to ratchet up the action at their old place of business.
21	A super-creepy and ridiculously ornate masthead. It looks like Satan fucked a meth-addicted Valkyrie, and this thing is what popped out. A hidden compartment in one of the left breasts contains the crown jewels of a foreign land.

WHAT DID THE OCEAN BARF UP THIS TIME? BY CHRIS G

22	A wine cask emblazoned with the label of a well-respected vineyard. The contents are actually vinegary swill, but no one's going to know that until AFTER the sale, right?	42	A massive tidal wave that would surely destroy the nearest town/caravan of strippers/city... if the wave weren't mysteriously frozen in time. The wave isn't moving, for now. What stopped it, and for how long?
23	A tiny, wooden chest. Inside is a mutton, lettuce and tomato sandwich. The mutton is, surprisingly, still nice and lean.	43	Medieval Michael Phelps, outswimming a shark for shits and giggles.
24	A huge, bioluminescent jellyfish, full of ghosts and venom.	44	Refugees from the nearest war-torn land in your game. You do have a war going on somewhere in your game, right?
25	Aqua-Stirges!	45	An aquatic ghoul, desperately making for land, despite being chained to another aquatic ghoul, and another, and so on all the way down to the anchor the last one is chained to at the bottom of the sea. Rubes.
26	A marooned group of pirate philosophers. They seek enlightenment, and booty.	46	Some poor schmoe who's cursed to count every grain of sand on that beach. You didn't step on the pile he was just working on, did you?
27	Poltergeist plus a huge, rusty anchor and plenty of splintered wood. Go!	47	Remember the Sirens from the Odyssey? Looks like someone finally gave them a lift off of that island.
28	Bizarrely colored people in search of their queen.	48	A floating flower, from which springs a tiny deity with a major case of "small man" syndrome. He's all, "What are you lookin' at, mortals?" I'm picturing him with a minuscule cigar stub and a scruffy five o'clock shadow, but you should run with what works for you.
29	Murder victim, PC's implicated. Anyone dumb enough to actually touch the body is immediately arrested by nearby investigators. Time to Scooby it up, and find the real killer. Or, y'know, just a good, old-fashioned jailbreak.	49	It's not so much that the waves washed something up, as it is that the ocean has turned into a raging inferno. Is the water on fire, or has the water itself become fire? *shrug* I just write the tables; implementation is your problem.
30	A vehicle from another world. Came through a portal that's located deep under the water nearby.	50	Thousands of blackbirds, uncharacteristic for this area, are standing eerily stock-still along the shoreline, almost daring anyone to come near the water.
31	Debris and some radio equipment from a 20th century luxury ship. It doesn't matter where or when your game is set. Seems like that strange, metal box is talking, too.	51	It's just a fucking seagull... Or IS it? Yeah, it's just a damn seagull.
32	A chest full of dried rations.	52	A jet-ski! Full tank of gas, too.
33	A genie in a bottle. That always works out well.	53	It turns out that this whole "haunted beach" thing is just a big illusion. Who would go to that kind of trouble, and what are they trying to hide?
34	Driftwood.	54	A pleasure-barge making landfall to unleash its boorish and inebriated passengers on a shore excursion in your neck of the woods. On the bright side, you might be able to catch the tail end of an orgyfeast if you hop aboard.
35	An ornery, giant clam. It has a perfect, massive pearl inside of it, but doesn't seem to be forthcoming.	55	Garbage. Tons of it. It seems that the kingdom/country/Republican across the way is dumping their junk into your pristine waters.
36	Squid-puke.	56	Just like, really a lot of chalk. Maybe a container ship full of chalk wrecked nearby, or maybe it's some kind of art installation? Either way, free chalk.
37	Formal invitations to a raging kegger at Poseidon's palace.		
38	A magnificent Nereid who desperately desires to make contact with a randomly determined PC due to nebulous motivations. You should totally have John Paul White's cover of "Can't Get it Out of My Head" playing in the background.		
39	A giant sea-snail with a jaunty outlook on life, and an entire other world inside its shell.		
40	A five-pound block of Ambergris. Perfumers will pay a handsome sum for this chunk of whale-poop. Pretty much just looks like a weird, lightweight rock.		
41	BLOOD! As far as the eye can see, an ocean of blood...		

57	Moldy rope, and plenty of it.	80	Three ladies stirring a bubbling cauldron. One of them's young and hot, but the other two are pretty "meh."
58	Barnacle-covered remnants of a pier from somewheresville.	81	A big, addictive Air-Bubble. Once inside it, a character can move at their normal speed on or under the water, and breathe normally, but there's a cumulative 1% chance every hour that they'll become addicted to the sensation, and never leave the ocean. They know this is coming; they can feel it. If the PC succumbs to the bubble's charms, I guess they just become a very interesting NPC.
59	An invading military force. Could be a full armada, could be a saucy little expeditionary crew. Whatever's clever.	82	A totally bitchin' dog. Super hardcore, and clearly a good swimmer.
60	You know those seashells that sound like the ocean when you hold them up to your ear? This one sounds exactly like whatever's currently being said at that shadowy, private table in your local tavern. Go figure.	83	Wooden shoes.
61	An immortal, all-seeing tortoise oracle. Doesn't matter how wise it is though, because you know the PC's are just gonna try to kill it, or use it as a mount.	84	The world's chilliest sea serpent. Imagine your favorite stoner sunning themselves on a rock.
62	A baby. No, not an orc baby, just the regular kind.	85	An overweight selkie with something to prove.
63	A barrel of ale! Huzzah!	86	A randomly determined PC's favorite bag/backpack. Wait, what?! How did that get there? Did someone snag their shit?!
64	A lodestone.	87	A crystal ball. It's not magical or anything. Just a lovely tchotchke.
65	The BEST pebble ever for skipping across the top of the water. Seriously, this bad boy is sleek.	88	It's a sea cucumber. If you touch it, save vs. magic or swap minds with the sea cucumber. That's right, you just unleashed the soul of a sea cucumber in the body of a wizard, or, like, a hulking barbarian or something. What the hell would THAT be like? Oh, yeah, and you're a big ole water-caterpillar-thing now.
66	The Atlantean/Lemurean ambassador. Try to channel Namor.	89	A cute, li'l baby seal. Awwwww!
67	A fishing net.	90	A tricorne hat.
68	A sea-demon. You'd think it would go all monster-attack, but nah. Smooth, sophisticated stealer of souls. With gills. Who smells like tuna. Okay, it sounds bad on paper, but he makes it work.	91	Cloak of the Manta Ray! Fuck yeah!!!
69	Two lovers having sexy time in the ocean-foam.	92	A half-buried metric fuck-ton of rum. Also, some pirates currently in the process of burying it.
70	Two drunken assholes beating the tar out of each other in the ocean-foam.	93	A randomly determined PC's greatest flaw, embodied in physical form. Don't know your characters well enough to decide what that is? Laaaaaaaaame GM. Lame.
71	Yeah, it's a wizard's tower. A frickin' floating wizard's tower.	94	A boat oar.
72	A trident.	95	A burial at sea that the waves objected to.
73	A bard's gear. So, it's basically useless crap. Keep right on walking.	96	A viking-ish raiding party, and they look pretty pumped! Locking up the valuables and hiding your daughters isn't gonna cut it this time. The smart move would be to get waaaaaaay the hell out of Dodge.
74	The manifest of a famous ship that went missing twenty years ago, and a set of footprints leading away from it. It looks brand-spanking new...		
75	A box of imported chocolates. Go ahead, treat yourself.		
76	A Sea-Chariot meant to be pulled by: 1.) A school of swordfish 2.) Dolphins 3.) Electric eels 4.) A giant seahorse.		
77	An orange. That's sure to come in handy at sea.		
78	A talking, beached whale. His name's Alistair, and he's soooooo embarrassed by this faux pas.		
79	Incandescent sea-slime that will continue glowing in a 20-foot radius as long as it's kept in seawater.		

97	A LoveBomb: It's disguised as an incredibly powerful weapon capable of utmost destruction, and no warmonger could possibly resist its charms. It can sense the approach of sentient beings, and will detonate as soon as there are 3 or more of them near it. Everyone within 30 feet of the device must make a save vs. magic when it goes off. Success means that they're just -1 to any attempt to harm others for the next hour due to a marginally increased respect for life. Failure results in them becoming completely enamored of the first person they lay eyes on after the blast. ("Charm Person" or something similar.) The charm effect is permanent, unless someone removes the curse, or the person they're infatuated with tries to murderize them. Make love, not war, man												
98	A truly world-shattering horror. Not Cthulhu, because let's be a little more original here. If you can't think of anything, just go with a twenty-story, snake-headed demon whose secret motivation is to enact the most twisted possible interpretations of Burl Ives' songs. Whatever it is, it's totally above the PC's paygrade though, so taking it on by themselves would equal a quick TPK. Spotting it, and escaping with their lives is the best they can hope for during the initial encounter. If they want to get out ahead of this one, they're going to need to pull out all the stops. They'll need to Machiavelli together an ingenious plan, and schmooze as many monarchs/archmages/etc. as possible into helping them either defeat this thing, or turn it into their pet.												
99	An advanced, floating city that has run aground. They should have made that left turn at Albuquerque.												
100	A message in a bottle: Roll a d6 <table> <tr> <td>1</td><td>A letter from some dude trapped on a desert island, with rough directions on how to get there.</td></tr> <tr> <td>2</td><td>A blood-spattered letter from the future version of one of the PC's that warns the group of treachery from within their own ranks. The handwriting is a perfect match, and any magic or science used to identify the blood will confirm that it belongs to the PC in question.</td></tr> <tr> <td>3</td><td>A love letter written years ago by a soldier for a now-middle-agey NPC woman who the PC's have actually met before. Should they take it upon themselves to reunite the old lovebirds, they'll be pleasantly surprised to find out that Romeo is a wealthy and generous general now.</td></tr> <tr> <td>4</td><td>A desperate plea for help, and/or offer of wealth to anyone who can save the main NPC from that adventure you've been wanting to run, but couldn't seem to get the players interested in.</td></tr> <tr> <td>5</td><td>The deed to that creepy, dilapidated castle on yon barren, remote island. Legally sound, and might net you a title, but I smell a megadungeon under that sonofabitch.</td></tr> <tr> <td>6</td><td>A treasure map which leads to the Island of the Kooky Kabuki Girls. Genre be damned!</td></tr> </table>	1	A letter from some dude trapped on a desert island, with rough directions on how to get there.	2	A blood-spattered letter from the future version of one of the PC's that warns the group of treachery from within their own ranks. The handwriting is a perfect match, and any magic or science used to identify the blood will confirm that it belongs to the PC in question.	3	A love letter written years ago by a soldier for a now-middle-agey NPC woman who the PC's have actually met before. Should they take it upon themselves to reunite the old lovebirds, they'll be pleasantly surprised to find out that Romeo is a wealthy and generous general now.	4	A desperate plea for help, and/or offer of wealth to anyone who can save the main NPC from that adventure you've been wanting to run, but couldn't seem to get the players interested in.	5	The deed to that creepy, dilapidated castle on yon barren, remote island. Legally sound, and might net you a title, but I smell a megadungeon under that sonofabitch.	6	A treasure map which leads to the Island of the Kooky Kabuki Girls. Genre be damned!
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TRANSHUMAN FASHIONS

By BEN DJARUM

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DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...

ECLIPSE PHASE CHARACTER ART - A SIMPLE SKETCH IS FINE,
BUT I'M REALLY AFTER PEOPLE'S IDEAS OF WHAT TRANSHUMAN
FASHION COULD LOOK LIKE TO PLAY WITH.

THANKS,

A. S.

TRANSHUMAN FASHIONS By BEN DJARUM

transhuman





STANDARD HYPERCORP GEAR (L - R) JOVIAN PISTOLS - MICROSTEEL FLEX UNDERSHIRT - CRAVIT ARMOR - MARTIAN FIELD JACKET - BREATHING MASKS - HIP HOLSTER - JOVIAN HUSTLER COAT - BOOTLEG MARTIAN ARTIFACTS - VACUUM SUIT : LEGGINGS, TUNIC, CONTROL GLOVE, UTILITY BELT, VACUUM HOOD. - BOOTS - SHOES · LEGGINGS - HIP POUCH - TRANSTHERMAL SEER COAT

ALTERED IMAGE GEAR & EQUIPMENT - ASSORTED HELMETS, FACE MASKS, GOGGLES, AND FLEX SUITS. TACTICAL ARMOR, TALBOT SCOPES, MACHETE, TANZI SPIKES, PACKS, RED CAVE HAIR PISTOL AND GRAPPLING HOOKS.



ALTERED STATE MASKS, HELMETS, AND BODY GRAFT SUITS



FEAR AND LOATHING IN A 10MM ROUND

BY MAXIM GOLUBCHIK

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Through-out the ages philosophers have often asked, what lies at the core of mankind? What makes him act the way he does? And how can we access this root cause, this wellspring of self, and truly channel it?

The answers are nothing, aliens, and this gun, respectively.

If you look deep enough, you will learn that there is no such thing as a primal human self. We are all hollow vessels, worn like masks by strange, faceless things from before time. What you experience as "emotion" is simply your possession by one of these beings. A change in your emotion signals a transition from one host to another.

Professor Zimmerly Troff knew this. He wanted the demons out of his head. So he snuck back into the university's engineering department (after they kicked him out, kicked him out, the nerve of some people) and he built the gun. He's holding it to his head right now. He's also standing in his (former) office, drool leaking from the corner of his mouth, while a cool breeze is coming from the smashed window behind him. Faint screams ride the wind from three stories below.

If you point the gun at your head and pull the trigger, determine what emotion you're feeling and consult the following table. You will never feel that emotion again.

This thing comes crawling from your head:

1. Serenity:	10d10 yellow beetles [1 HP, 14 AC, -2 to hit, 1 damage bite]. Their soft yellow shells are shaped like random two-dimensional polygons. Stomping or using a flyswatter lowers their AC to 4. At the end of every turn, anyone who was bitten makes a DC 15 CHA save (with a -1 for every bite); failure means the target is content with being bitten, and ceases fighting the beetles.
2. Joy:	The white shadow of a spider [4 HD, 10 AC, +4 to hit, 1d8 bite]. Casting a shadow upon it deals 1d6 damage, while nothing else hurts it. Being bitten causes the target such extreme pleasure that they cannot feel pain; roll all damage dealt at the end of combat.

DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...

A RANDOM ENCOUNTER SET FOR CONFRONTATIONS WITH THE PRIMAL SELF (A CHARACTER'S, YOURS, GOD'S, WHATEVER).

THANKS,

A.

3. Ecstasy:	D30 scintillating gem-butterflies [1 HP, 16 AC]. Getting touched by their wings feels like taking a couple shots of heroin; make a DC 25 WIS save or be paralyzed by the endorphin rush for 1d6 turns.
4. Acceptance:	D10 floating eyes made from jade [1 HD, 6 AC]. They tend to follow people around, and occasionally blink. If attacked in front of an NPC they will react as if you just stabbed a cat with a spoon and demand an explanation. "Woah woah woah man! They're just eyes, what the hell are you doing?!"
5. Trust:	A sandstone statue of a man [3 HD, 8 AC]. The features have been worn smooth; it has no face and its limbs end in nubs. It wears a tweed jacket and brown corduroy pants. It slowly wanders, scraping it's nubs against the ground and making a soft moaning sound, and onlookers make a DC 20 CHA check or join it in a kind of conga line, trusting it to lead the way. If attacked, these hangers on will defend the statue.
6. Admiration:	A grey granite statue of the target [5 HD, 0 AC, +6 to hit, 1d8 bite]. It's missing it's right arm and it's screaming, with teeth made of broken glass. Onlookers are struck by the statue's beauty. If they fail a DC 20 INT check they try to emulate it by cutting off their arms and replacing their teeth with broken glass. The statue is motionless when someone is looking, but if unobserved it can move silently. It always sneak attacks.
7. Apprehension:	A torso with six limbs, all made out of knives [7 HD, 17 AC, +2 to hit, 1d6 knife-punch]. If a limb is struck it will scatter knives everywhere. These blades are dull and rusty, but the fear of stabbing themselves will give a combatant a cumulative -1 to all rolls for every consecutive round in combat.

8. Fear:	A floating 5' by 5' square sheet of mirror-smooth steel [5 HD, 8 AC, +1 to hit, 1d8 side slice]. As a piece of steel, only attacks that would actually destroy metal will damage it. The edges are razor sharp and the disc will spin and try to cut you. Your reflection in the disc appears to be cut into pieces and missing its eyes. Make a DC 25 WIS check or be forced to avert your eyes from the hideous sight.
9. Terror:	A boiling puddle of molten metal [10 HD, 5 AC, +5 to hit, 1d6 T-1000 style metal stab + 1d4 fire damage]. Incredibly dense and unharmed by just about anything. When it appears, roll 1d100; after this many rounds it will cool and harden. Anyone cut cannot stop screaming for the next 1d10 minutes.
10. Distraction:	An invisible child [1 HD, 14 AC]. It is constantly giggling, giving everyone who hears it -3 to all actions (except for trying to harm it, which only gets a -1). Catching and touching the "child" reveals it's features to be decidedly non-humanoid.
11. Surprise:	An invisible man [2 HD, 14 AC, +5 to hit, 1d6 claws]. Every 1d4 rounds he will shout like a random NPC, usually either an insult or a plea for help. His mimicry is perfect, and the GM should not announce it as such. He always has surprise and sneak attacks when striking, whatever that means in your system.
12. Amazement:	D20 invisible marching band players [2 HD, 16 AC, +2 to hit, 1d4 instrument whack]. The band's instruments are scalding hot and feel like they are made of stone, but only 1d6 band members will attack on any given turn. Anyone who fails a DC 25 CHA check is left dumbfounded and speechless until the band stops playing. Put on 'The Thunderer' (or just about anything else by John Sousa) and let only characters who passed their checks take their turn until the song ends. Then put on a new song and make everyone take the check again.
13. Pensiveness:	A blue sheet, apparently fluttering in the wind [3 HD, 8 AC, +5 to hit, 1d4 strangle]. Walking around the sheet determines that it doesn't actually have any edges, despite appearing to be a flat piece of cloth. Everyone fighting it remembers previous, painful battles, and loses one hitpoint per turn, up to a maximum of how many hitpoints they lost in their last fight.
14. Sadness:	About ten gallons of blue liquid [5 HD, 16 AC, +7 to hit, 1d4 drown]. It moves of its own volition, acting like a cross between a ferrofluid and pouring water. Since it's a liquid just smacking it isn't going to do anything. Two turn after it starts drowning you, it does the puffer-fish and punches a hundred holes in your throat for 2d20 damage. Anyone within ten feet must make a DC 20 CHA save or start crying. It is attracted to tears.
15. Grief:	A long twenty foot long blue silk scarf [2 HD, 14 AC, +8 to hit, 1d8 strangle]. It moves like a hyperactive snake on wind currents. After it attacks it will retreat, and after 1d10 turns of hiding it will attack the PC's best friend. It always gain sneak attack.
16. Boredom:	D1000 skinned mice [1 HP, AC 14]. Stomping or using a flyswatter lowers their AC to 4. The mice skitter and swarm. If they hit a character, they latch on and start slowly fusing with the target's skin. Each mouse 5 mice fused like this increase the damage taken from all sources by 1. Removing such a fused flesh nub takes 10 minutes with a knife and is painless, but a character can't be bothered to remove more the their WISDOM score of them every day, since it's just too boring.
17. Disgust:	A skinned stag [4 HD, AC 10, +2 to hit, 1d8 charge, 1d6 kick]. All its joints bend backwards and it has two heads, the second growing out of its ass. Looking at it necessitates making a DC 20 WIS save, or you spend the next two rounds vomiting everywhere, giving you a -4 to all actions. After you finish vomiting this is reduced to a -2 until you can get cleaned up.

Loathing: 18.	A skinned roc [10 HD, AC 8, +8 to hit, 1d10 talons]. Instead of a beak it has the face of a random party member. Anyone who fails to make a DC 27 INT check hates and fears that party member, and refuses to help them in any way for the duration of the battle.
Annoyance: 19.	A black skeleton [3 HD, 10 AC, +3 to hit, 1d6 fire]. It burns with an invisible flame, dealing one point of damage to anyone and anything within 10 feet. If it hits you in melee, you must make a DC 25 WIS save or be so angry that you are unable to retreat.
20. Anger:	1d8 black burned hands [1 HP, 13 AC, +5 to hit, 1d4 strangle]. You can see the bones sticking out of the charred flesh. They completely control the strangled character, unless the make a DC 25 CHA save.
21. Rage:	A hooded figure of black flame [9 HD, AC 9, +9 to hit, 1d6 fire]. It stands almost ten feet tall. The fires it starts can't be put out until it dies. When you attack it, the same attack made of flame emerges from its torso and strikes you.
22. Interest:	1d20 floating 1'x1' LED displays [1 HP, AC 11]. They show clips of children's television subtitled with lewd and obscene orange text. Every time you attack, make a WIS save: failure means you attack one of the floating screens instead since you were trying to read the subtitles.
Anticipation: 23.	A long empty bandage in the shape of a man, covered in orange text [2 HD, AC 15, +2 to hit]. It unwinds and rewinds constantly, making its position unpredictable. Anyone trying to hit it has a 3-6 chance of simply anticipating it in the wrong place and missing completely. It doesn't attack, but on a successful hit entangles and steals a single random item.
Vigilance: 24.	The lettering on some nearby text turns orange and completely jumbled up [2 HD]. If stabbed or harmed the letters go back to normal and some other nearby text jumbles, and the creature loses a single hit point. As you can imagine, it gravitates towards libraries, where finding it is a bitch. Any character who's seen it must make a DC 20 WIS save every turn or immediately go hunting for it, abandoning their previous activity.

NOTE: numbers added in case one wants to randomly roll an emotion on the chart - Ed.

D100 SHIPPING CONTAINERS

BY ERIK JENSEN

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DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...

"I'D LIKE KNOW WHAT'S IN ALL THOSE SHIPPING CONTAINERS ON THEIR WAY TO THE JOVIAN MOONS OR SITTING ON THE DOCKS OF NEO-TOKYO. SOMETHING SUITABLE FOR A NON-MAGICAL HARD SCI-FI CYBERPUNK/TRANSHUMAN SETTING, PLEASE!"

THANKS, M. N.

D100 SHIPPING CONTAINERS BY ERIK JENSEN

d100	contents 1	contents 2	name 1	name 2	name 3
1	tritium	carbon chips	Eco-	-dyne	Labs
2	forklift	allotropic samples	Geo-	-sys	Industries
3	kegs of beer	magnetocapacitors	Necro-	-ian	Enterprises
4	produce	Bogdanov resistors	Cryo-	-lab	Syndicate
5	propane cylinders	nutrient sustenance paste	Gene-	-mix	Company
6	boxes of pasta	alien illegals	Bio-	-trope	Global
7	vegetable oil	liquid nitrogen	Solar-	-synth	International
8	feminine products	knockoff rifles	Arachno-	-con	LLC
9	hydraulic parts	riot gear	Anti-	-mic	Galactic
10	artificial sweetener	massive butterfly collection	Inter-	-maya	Corporation
11	sublimated petrochemicals	transgenic horses	Cathar-		Systems
12	plastic leather	xeno-vaccines	Con-	-fusion	Engineering
13	maraging steel	holy relics	Encephalo-	-plex	Partners
14	"red mercury"	nerve gas	Haemo-	-vex	Firm
15	artificial fur	uplifted slave-workers	Eta-	-lect	,Inc.
16	cybernetic limbs	stolen art	Hiero-	-phone	Construction
17	polyester socks	police hovercar	Pyro-	-clave	Holding Company
18	textiles	heavily-protected micro-singularity	Gastro-	-bus	Mercantile
19	hot sauce	rebreathers	Crypto-	-verse	Capital
20	batteries	panacea pills	Agro-	-tect	Investments
21	small-arms ammunition	suits of power armor	Vibro-	-pundit	Bank
22	big-screen telemonitors	A.I. graveyard	Contra-	-tile	Amalgamated
23	cocaine	dangerously savvy cryptologic A.I.	Exo-	-dact	Diversified
24	synthetic meat	anti-radiation suits	Panzer-	-arch	Cooperative
25	paper towels	bomb disposal robots, tracked	Signo-	-prom	Communal
26	insulated canisters of pseudomilk	unameliorated semiliquid helium	Grammo-	-trade	Pan-Galactic
27	frozen sides of beef	angry, frothing monkeys	Archaeo-	-flux	Transnational
28	cubes of neoplastic	illegal clone parts	Alpha-	-font	Interests
29	fine china	labor mech-frame	Con-	-ability	Brokers
30	robot dogs	trove of seemingly-useless data mined from social media	Gaz-	-scape	Unlimited
31	bottles of liquor	Feynman dampeners	Ex-	-oil	Megacorp
32	firearms	bottled lightning	Hemi-	-chem	Multinational
33	medical skeletons	pre-cataclysmic media and pop culture trifles	Mega-	-bio	Transplanetary
34	prophylactics	pocket vacuum detectors	Zero-	-o	Technologies

35	airplane parts	hermetically-sealed cans of tapioca pudding	Chrono-	-co	Investiture
36	canisters of cookie dough	unprogrammed nanites	Petro-	-soft	Association
37	cans of paint	technogoggles	Centi-	-tor	Guild
38	synthrubber tires	dangerous (alien) criminal in cryostasis	Omega-	-core	Royal
39	personality matrices	canned hydrogen	Trans-	-space	Energy
40	toys	an entire quantum alchemical laboratory	Para-	-hex	Group
41	exotic animals of dubious legality	asteroid core samples	Luna-	-chrome	Agency
42	soap	quantum buffers	Beta-	-bras	Electronics
43	black tea	antibiotics	Tri-	-mart	Atomic
44	millet	glowsticks, all colors	Hypno-	-lux	Beyond
45	coffee beans	Heisenberg compensators	Sino-	-oid	Petroleum
46	planks of synthetic wood	yottabyte drives	Mili-	-motive	Telecommunications
47	real ivory	partially-disassembled Sokal engines	Carni-	-tech	Cybernetics
48	resin	fusion rods	Pharma-	-grid	Health
49	soy cubes	counterflux capacitors	Argo-	-law	Alternatives
50	small timepieces	canned argon	Gamma-	-atsu	General
51	depleted uranium	subspace routers	Cyber-	-precise	Oceanic
52	flavored popcorn	brand new androids	Under-	-ize	Entertainment
53	cigarettes	primitive pottery destined for a museum	Ros-	-afrique	Space
54	brown rice	suspiciously empty	Franco-	-market	Motors
55	instrumentation	spacecraft parts	Infra-	-ineering	Dynamics
56	legal pharmaceuticals, mixed	cryopreserved heads of famous people	Delta-	-fex	Transport
57	blood samples	xenofossils	Jovi-	-stone	Bionic
58	spent nuclear fuel	terraforming protomatter	Aram-	-sant	Orbital
59	circuitboards	fashionable-this-year chimeric pets	Peri-	-mach	Chemical
60	sex dolls and toys	plasma conduits	Flexi-	-mark	Mining
61	pirated holovids	rods of proto-scrith	Apo-	-gen	& Co.
62	cosmetics	artificial stem cell lines	Sub-	-ex	& Sons
63	fashionable clothing	armored vehicle	Hexa-	-pole	Pharmaceuticals
64	radio parts	reverse-polarity interferotrons	Zeta-	-zon	Consumer Goods
65	Halloween costumes, assorted	innumerable vanity-press publications	Albo-	-gene	Mineral
66	personal data devices	offworld pornography	Abs-	-al	Communications
67	precious metals	a perfectly functional jump drive, disassembled	Ultra-	-mech	Aerospace
68	frozen human corpses	illicit pink lasers	Ultima-	-droid	Defence

69	unworked semiprecious stones	solar reflectors	Sexa-	-ovo	Manufacturing
70	opium	mini navigational computers	Hydro-	-bot	Factories
71	microwave transmitters	anti-Euclidean-reflective paint for starship hulls	Juxta-	-graph	Zaibatsu
72	lucite boxes full of spiders	disruptor rifles	Accu-	-lys	Export
73	video game systems	zero-grav bikes	Ether-	-chron	Imports
74	motorbikes	bodies of mystery-plague victims	Kudo-	-vox	Terran
75	polarized goggles	hoverboards	Leo-	-ment	Western
76	squid crackers	personal submarine	Lumi-	-morphic	Eastern
77	cans of pizza sauce	eggs of some strange xeno-creature	Aero-	-phyll	Northern
78	cryopreserved limbs	empty stasis chambers	Magna-	-logy	Southern
79	sports equipment	scientific microtools	Cthoni-	-tops	Insured
80	knockoff bluejeans	jet packs	Picto-	-struct	Analysis
81	virulent disease samples	man-portable turboencabulators	Gyno-	-cost	Vulnerabilities
82	oxygen tanks	quasi-matter batteries	Vacu-	-oxy	Multiphasic
83	car parts	old, busted androids	Terra-	-nomy	Metropolitan
84	powdered water	a massive supercomputer	Amphi-	-polis	Limited
85	artificial Christmas trees	hypodermic charges, varied	Octo-	-nym	Australasian
86	illegally-trafficked persons	energy cylinders	Xanthi-	-vor	Multinational
87	kevlar vests	large, sensitive gravometric anomaly detector	Bathy-	-lingua	Pacific
88	software	EVA packs	Meteoro-	-colour	Transcorporated
89	umbrellas	alien fruit	Anthropo-	-mad	United
90	tools	local-scale weather-control machine	Nona-	-lor	Atlantic
91	sugary breakfast cereals	oxygen candles	Zygo-	-ify	Intercontinental
92	a fully-furnished apartment	ununseptium dust	Simu-	-lide	Cosmopolitan
93	undergarments	large drum of coronal mass	Seget-	-log	Temporal
94	chimeric sheep	illegal alien beverage	Quinti-	-cross	Confederated
95	paramilitary uniforms	mass driver parts	Tetra-	-treme	Universal
96	metal scrap	preserved gametes, unlabeled	Noo-	-myth	Ecumenical
97	cheaply-made flat-pack furniture	nuclear waste	Nauti-	-tude	PanAmerican
98	animal fodder	seashells	Zoo-	-port	Imperial
99	peanuts	scrip from a moribund nation	Deka-	-vibe	Integrated
100	small consumer electronics	lunar rock	Xipho-	-sonic	Multiversal

D66 ZOMBIE APOCALYPSE RANDOM CONTENTS, BUILDINGS & ENCOUNTERS

By BRETT

NOTIFYBW@GMAIL.COM

(it can be used as a normal d66 table with waiting back-up entries, or as a d100 table ignoring anything over 66.)

Roll	Contents
01	Weapons Cache: 3 axes, Compound Bow/Arrows, 2 x .357 Magnum/Ammo
02	Pile of Corpses: 2 Males (Asian, Caucasian), 1 Female (Asian), they've been partially eaten, \$75 on them.
03	Snacks!: Box of Snickers bars, 6 x 12oz. cans of Coke, Instant Coffee Packs
04	Destroyed Living Room: Shredded Couch, 2 burnt chairs, dead Labrador dog
05	Child's bedroom: Canopy Bed, Dresser, large dollhouse, child zombie (Female, Age: 9, hiding behind large dollhouse)
06	Room full of old Rock N' Roll records: Elvis, Beatles, Johnny Cash, etc. - There is a record player in the room. If used, it shorts and starts a fire.
07	Pawn Shop (Minor): Amidst endless junk useful items include a portable TV, a pair of handcuffs and the refrigerator in the back has enough food to feed 3 people for a week. Zombies nearby notice anyone entering the building and surround it within 5 minutes. The roof is the only way out.
08	File Room: This room is full of filing cabinets. Additionally there is a fax/copy machine that has gone haywire and is endlessly copying.
09	Network Closet: A bunch of IT gear in a rack. Switches, firewalls, patch panels, etc. There's also a spool of about 100' of CAT5 network cable.
10	Kid's Playroom: A bunch of stuffed animals, a table with a junior chemistry set and a chalkboard with various colors of chalk.
11	Creepy Bathroom: An office bathroom with multiple stalls, lights flicker on/off as building power is unstable. Sewage has backed up and is on the floor. A "clang, clang, clang" can be heard from somewhere.
12	Architect's Office: A well-furnished office apparently untouched by the carnage. There are a variety of computers (No Internet) and draft boards which have the blueprints for a variety of building around town.

DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...

I WOULD LIKE A D66 TABLE OF RANDOM BUILDING / ROOM CONTENTS FOUND IN OUR MODERN WORLD BUT 6 MONTHS AFTER A ZOMBIE APOCALYPSE. IM NOT REALLY PICKY, JUST WHATEVER YOU THINK MIGHT BE IN A ROOM, PARTICULAR ZOMBIES, SCENES OR ITEMS. I DON'T NEED ANY STATS OR RULES OR ANYTHINGS.

THANKS,

P. R.

13	Waiting Room: A medical waiting room. There is a man sitting on the couch. Is he dead, undead, sleeping or a hallucination?
14	Tool Shed: A riding lawnmower, shovel, garden hoe, rakes, a mechanics toolset (sockets/wrenches), chainsaw, bags of lawn fertilizer and oil and gas cans.
15	Fatman's Apartment: An apartment, first step in makes a board creak and Gordo the Super Fat Zombie charges out of the bedroom. He has a popcorn bucket on his head and a shirt that says "Butter!".
16	Veterinarian: A normal pet hospital including a full complement of pharmacological supplies in a locked cabinet (Antibiotics, ketamine, alcohol swabs, etc.)
17	Convenience Store: A copious supply of common convenience store items minus anything refrigerated as the power has been cut and everything's melting (makes the floor a bit slippery).
18	Burned Out: Whatever this once was is now just a smoldering, crumbling husk of its former function.
19	Immediate Assault: This door is closed. Immediately on the other side is a male zombie. He was trying to get out but can't operate a door. Whoever opens this door will be face to face with him.
20	Survivor!: Another apocalypse survivor is in here. His name is Brett but he has been bitten. He is friendly to anyone whom isn't a zombie but will hide his wound. He is armed w/ a handgun and just wants to get to safety.
21	Coffee Shop: A local coffee shop. It looks like it's been ransacked, not by zombies but by other survivors.
22	Strip Club: The torn apart remains of several female dancers are strewn about and rotting. The rot smell is very overpowering and may make any who enter nauseated and sick.
23	Game Store: A tabletop gaming store. Many RPGs, miniatures, and war games. A table setup in the front looks to be the game "Last Night on Earth." Tommy, the geek zombie is trapped in the can (bathroom) in the back.
24	Batteries: This is one of those stores that has batteries for almost anything. In addition there is \$72 in the cash register.

25	Worthless: This door is locked. It can't be picked, the only way to open it is to bust it down. The room on other side is empty but there is a visible trapdoor in the floor.	39	Auto Shop: A small auto repair center. A variety of tools, a few cars on lifts, etc. There are keys on the key rack to a pickup truck that will start in the back lot. Unfortunately it's surrounded by zombies. The only way to get to it is to be sneaky.
26	Barbershop: A run of the mill old school barbershop. 3 chairs, a few sinks....somebody left some 1940s show tunes playing on the radio.	40	Pile of Corpses: Zombie dining event. Arms, legs, half eaten torsos. The maggots are now moving in.
27	Horde: There are 10 zombies standing in this room. They are hungry and will aggressively pursue.	41	Gym: An indoor gym. Mostly as expected but the indoor pool is completely red due to the slaughter that took place here. A few zombies lurk fully submerged in the pool and may reach out and grab the leg of anyone whom gets too close to the pool edge.
28	Pool Hall: An upscale pool hall. Several tables, a small bar, pool cue sticks on the wall. Smells like a French hooker or something.	42	Survivor!: Another apocalypse survivor is in here. His name is Jim, he is a doctor and can treat the wounded quite proficiently. He has barricaded the door but is open to negotiation if he thinks he will be protected.
29	The Dying Man: Lester sits here in a chair. He is old, he's been attacked by zombies and he's dying. It is obvious there is no saving him. He offers what he has to other survivors: Keys to his Jaguar, a pantry of food and he has a .20ga shotgun and 10 shells.	43	Payday Loans: Home of a local loan shark. Very sparsely furnished but the safe in the back room is open. There's \$666 dollars in cash in the safe. Weird huh?
30	Outdoor Center: A variety of basic camping supplies (tents, lanterns, air mattresses, etc.) Marv, the undead store clerk, is hanging out in a random tent.	44	Guitar Shop: A basic guitar shop with a Goth metal vibe. Coal Chamber, Type O Negative, etc. Some very nice guitars on the back wall.
31	Pharmacy: Your local Walgreen's or CVS etc. A full assortment of meds. Opening the narcotics cabinet triggers an audible alarm.	45	Pawn Shop (Major): Amidst endless junk useful items include 2 shotguns/ammo, a working CB, a first aid kit, a generator, short range walkie talkies and 2 machetes. Russ & Otis, the now undead proprietors are still in the store....somewhere. NOTE: Russ & Otis should be fast and tough.
32	Internet Café: This place still has power and one the stations is on and has Internet access. Unfortunately there are 3 zombies wandering around.	46	Bookstore: An old, locally owned bookstore. It seems to specialize in hard to find books and smells musty. Interestingly there are a couple of "How to Survive A Zombie Apocalypse" survival books.
33	Liquor Store: Small store, good selection of microbrew beers and single malt scotches.	47	Military Surplus Store: A full service military surplus store. Almost anything you could imagine for outdoor survival can be found here. No weapons but there are 2 pairs of night vision goggles in good working order.
34	MacGyver's Room: Contains a tent, a rooster and a moldy block of cheese along with plans for a homemade bomb.	48	Dog Kennel: A dog boarding facility. No pets to be found except Wompus, a Brittany (spaniel type dog) whom is starving but friendly. It's obvious he wants to be freed and if so he has very good tracking skills and will growl if danger is around the corner.
35	Burned Out: Whatever this once was is now just a smoldering, crumbling husk of its former function.	49	Dance Studio: A two story abode, behind the door are 6 or 7 zombies...dancing. More like the "brain-dead shuffle" than actual dancing. There a variety of costumes (mostly ladies) and a few balance bars lying about.
36	Gas Leak: This is a printing business storefront. A radio was left playing smooth jazz on the desk. There is a strange, sulfurous odor. If anyone turns off the radio it shorts, sparks and ignites the gas in the room.		
37	Mexican Restaurant: Aptly titled "Jalapeño Express". If anyone examines the black bean dip vat in the serving line there is a severed head in it. Yummy!		
38	Freaked Out Paul: Paul is hiding out in this room, he's armed and he's locked the door. Paul won't answer or speak but the minute someone fiddles with the door Paul starts unloading. He can't be reasoned with, he's lost his mind and to him everyone is a zombie. Paul has two handguns (.40 S&W + 50 rounds) and \$100.		

50	Cleaning Supplies: A room full of cleaning supplies. Rags, mop/bucket, glass cleaner, furniture polish, floor wax, etc.
51	Computer Store: A variety of desktops and laptops on display plus miscellaneous peripherals. Internet is working here; time to update your Facebook status to "Still Alive".
52	Tattoo Parlor: Looks to be the home of a first class ink slinger. Very high quality work and samples shown on the wall. Shop is called "Needleskins". There is a sawed off shotgun under the front counter.
53	Bicycle Shop: Shimano, Diamondback, Mongoose and 4 very athletic looking zombies wandering about.
54	New Age Store: Several racks of new age / renaissance style clothing, a few bookshelves on everything from Wicca to Astrological Geomancy. Of particular note the Nag Champa incense seems to mask the odor of the living from the dead (go figure).
55	Burned Out: Whatever this once was is now just a smoldering, crumbling husk of its former function.
56	Pizza Joint: Welcome to Tony's! Home of da largest pepperoni pizza! Come on in, have a seat. Pay no attention to the chef in the back...he's dead...undead!
57	Twinkie Storeroom: That's right...Twinkies. A lot of them. Enjoy.
58	Construction Office: This is a foreman's office. Construction diagrams and paperwork are scattered on a desk. Useful items include a couple of hard hats, heavy jackets and boots. There is also a small toolbox. It's locked and has 2 sticks of dynamite inside (was used for blasting rock at the nearby construction site).
59	Weapons Cache: 2 x 12ga. Shotguns (60 shells), 1 x .223 Remington Rifle (20 rounds), 3 x large bowie knives
60	Under Construction: This room is under construction. Painting supplies, ladders and scaffolding are the only things here.
61	Horde: There are 7 zombies standing in this room. They are hungry and will aggressively pursue.
62	Spatula City: Offering only the finest selection of spatulas! A kitchen goods store.
63	Fireworks Cache: An assortment of fireworks is in wooden crates.

64	Backdraft: A small fire has started in this room and the hallway beyond. If the door is opened a backdraft will occur and whoever has opened the door will be hit with a fireball. There is a bit of smoke seeping out at the bottom of the door to this room as clue that there is danger. The door-knob is also hot.
65	TV Studio: A local TV studio newsroom. All the equipment appears to be working and broadcast capable if you know how to run it.
66	Zombie Trap Room: Someone attempted to make this room into a zombie trap. At the bottom of the door threshold is a small wire. If not noticed and tripped it sounds an audible alarm. There is a pile of rotting meat (steaks, hamburger) in the middle of the room. The trap designer was stupid apparently.

19TH & EARLY 20TH CENTURY TREASURE

BY CHRIS LAWSON
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DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...
A LIST OF 19TH OR EARLY 20TH CENTURY TREASURE ITEMS FOR
1ST - 3RD LEVEL PLAY. THAT IS VALUED BETWEEN 50 - 500GP.
THANKS,
G. L.

19TH & EARLY 20TH CENTURY TREASURE BY CHRIS LAWSON

1	An original sheet of music missing from the middle of a famous composer's opus. Composer has been unable to remember what was on the sheet, and the Duke is expecting him to play at the end of the week.
2	Original communist manifesto written by unnamed author. Desired by jaded aristocrats as object of amusement.
3	Prototype lightbulb. Works really well for 10 seconds.
4	Scientific paper on the principal of electromagnetic induction.
5	Cipher for the latest criminal language, "Braille".
6	Experimental, but non-functioning, car engine.
7	Cigarette trading card signed by champion pugilist.
8	List of "Feelings" written by highly regarded romanticist poet. Contains several feelings not yet experienced by the illiterate.
9	Blurry sepia photograph of nation's most wanted criminal, presumed dead, yet holding yesterday's newspaper.
10	Commemorative collectable coin celebrating the end of slavery.
11	Brass and pewter liquor set, decorated as a black slave carrying a barrel of liquor on his back, each hand appearing to hold a rope that acts as a tray supporting 4 shot glasses each.
12	Opera glasses made of mother-of-pearl, brass trim.
13	Domino set with pieces, all finely carved from bone.
14	Fine set of Chinese Imari.
15	Watch stand with silver moon statue set on top.
16	Ivory tray with hand-carved floral decoration.
17	Ivory taltalus.
18	Sturdy wooden camera box.
19	Gilded snuff box in the shape of a horn.
20	Steel folding dirk with decorative bone handle.

THINGS FOUND IN THE ABANDONED ASYLUM

BY DYSON LOGOS

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<http://rpgcharacters.wordpress.com>

DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...
A D12 OR MORE LIST OF "THINGS" YOU'D FIND IN AN OLD
ABANDONED ASYLUM/HOSPITAL.
THANKS, A. F.

1	Cracked brown leather straps with locking buckles
2	Brown leather straps, chewed through
3	Rusty and bloody metal medical gag designed to hold the mouth open
4	Tight insane scrawls in a made-up language (roll d6) 1 - covering the floor of the room 2 - covering d4 walls of the room 3 - covering the lower d6+6 inches of each wall 4 - covering the back of the door 5 - covering the ceiling 6 - in d4 tight 18-inch circles
5	Collection of creepy letters from a patient to a staff member (d6) 1 - one-way obsessive love affair 2 - detailed descriptions of how the patient will kill and eat the staff member 3 - romantic letters with details of past trysts 4 - fetishistic erotica about the staff member's equipment 5 - begging for release 6 - roll again twice
6	Small wooden box full of dead insects
7	A mysterious ring of keys
8	Rusty iron manacles
9	A finger, strangely mummified
10	A map of the asylum, including several secret rooms that don't exist
11	Map to a shallow grave just outside the grounds
12	Psychoactive mold that produces auditory hallucinations in it's victims
13	Trepanning kit
14	A knife covered in flakes of dried blood, wrapped in old paper that describes how this is the only weapon that can slay the dark saint
15	Hand-scrawled book bound with locks of human hair titled De Vermis Mysteriis
16	A whiff of ammonia, and something darker...
17	A shank made of scrap metal and bits of cloth
18	Human bite marks (d4) 1 - on the furniture 2 - on the doorknob 3 - on the walls 4 - on a body

19	Painting on the wall and floor looks like the shadow of something disturbing
20	Spiders, lots of spiders
21	Old and bloodied instructions for using the trepanning kit
22	A stained straightjacket (d4) 1 - bloodstained 2 - urine stains 3 - mildew stains 4 - cooking sauce
23	Broken glass vials
24	Vials of dried blood
25	A scrap of paper with "I've hidden the goods in this very space" scrawled on it
26	A pair of cracked and rotted leather gloves
27	A posture collar and head restraint
28	Chastity belt (female chastity device) (d3) 1 - still has a pelvic bone in it 2 - blood-encrusted 3 - adorned with terrifying spiky bits
29	Chastity cage (male chastity device) (d4) 1 - of inordinate size 2 - covered in scrapes and bite marks from rodents 3 - with a dessicated piece of flesh within it 4 - pristine condition in a glass case
30	Vial of hemlock juice (d3) 1 - dried up 2 - still sealed 3 - sealed but tainted

SUPER SCIENCE MAGIC ITEMS AND THE MAD GENIUSES WHO CREATED THEM

BY JAMES AULDS

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20 gadgets and 4 inventors to mix and match as you like. i tried to go with a pulp/ retro sci fi feel on them but they would work also as found artifacts in a game of suitable gonzone, most have charges or durations, some are just wacky, all of them with an airship would be a awesome loot find for the criminally bent type or a clockwork dragon

ROLL 1d20, find the number below.

DOKTOR CLAUDIA VON HELMER was a brilliant research scientist with the 4th core munition battalion of the emperors own lions and developed many gadgets that were tested in the field during military and exploration service. She led a failed coup against the emperor in the winter of sorrows and was rumored to have been put to death by jellyfish and her research declared outlaw and destroyed. what remains are classified as artifacts at this time

1	V-67 wing suit The V-67 "Vulture" wing-suit was designed for high altitude ingress into hostile areas. It is composed of a bone white bag stamped with the words V-67 experimental, inside is a black and rust colored silk suit, head covering with goggles, with wings attached to the arms and feet. there is a 457 page manual on its operation that tells you how to "fly" with it by jumping off of high areas and "gliding" on the thermals. advanced skills needed to operate without extreme danger. allows limited flight with running start and no armor.
2	Bettys Bouncing Bivouac Developed as an emergency escape mechanism and temporary shelter, this 100lb red 3 foot round plastic ball expands to 16 feet round when a cord is pulled, a zippered and sealed hatch allows up to 8 people to sit inside in molded rubber chairs and see outside through the walls. it is opaque from the outside and has internal stabilizers, lighting control and temperature control. It is a one use item and can be punctured by projectiles or blades. also included inside is limited fancy rations including champagne, caviar, chocolate bars and several books of Empire poetry.

DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...
"A RANDOM TABLE OF SUPER-SCIENCE "MAGIC" ITEMS AND THE
MAD GENIUSES THAT DESIGNED THEM.
THANKS, E. H.

3	emergency sentry sl-2 This 20 lb canister has numerous warning labels about danger and timers and a key hole. an attached (perhaps) key turned in the hole will start it transforming into a automatic defence sentry attacking anything in a 50 foot radius, it takes 5 minutes to transform and is equipped with tear gas and colored smoke launcher, mini machine gun id3 blast, infravision recorder, flashing red lights and loudspeaker playing loud Empire Opera. it has no movement but sits on an expanded tripod guarding an area silently until its batteries deplete (a long time) it also has several anti tampering devices and a small parachute.
4	auto-scribe, field duty, wired control This looks like a heavy metal book with a wire coming out attached to a head set, 10 lbs, what it does is transcribe the headset wearers thoughts, visions, smells, life signs into a thermal written work inside the metal pages of the book. these are a one use item because if the book is opened (seals and screws) it will stop recording the headset wearers thoughts and form a permanent thermal printed journal of what has happened. it can be reset but will wipe clean any writings. tampering might cause electric shock
5	Mag-no Shield an arm mounted trapezoidal shield 10lbs covered in a dense ceramic with impeded coil on the outside in the shape of a Empirical Jesters Head. There is a thumb switch that when activated will magnetize the outside of the shield for a short burst (5sec) that will pull and grab any metal and magnetizable object up to 5 lbs, daggers, arrows, small swords and the such. It was developed and given to troops stationed in areas with primitive metal weapons. must be recharged daily through a power cord and has been known to cause adverse effects to compass readings

(cont on next page)

SUPER SCIENCE MAGIC ITEMS AND THE MAD GENIUSES WHO CREATED THEM BY JAMES AULDS

PROFFESOR JACOBIOUS CORWIN was a criminal mastermind and inventore in the City-Under and is rumored to have been responsible for some of the greatest heists of the century. His gang of explorer-thieves hold their technology dear, and will go to all means to recover lost pieces of his legacy.

6	ray ring A small finger ring with a round stone setting that twists like a dial. when activated by a small hidden lever on the side it emits a short range blast ray in a 15 foot wide by 5 foot deep arc. these were developed as one shot hidden weapons for spies and criminals and once fired will not be removable until recharged which involves draining 1d4 random stats a day by 1d4 points for two consecutive days. these are temporary stat loses which will be regained when the ring is removed. the dial sets the type of ray at GM's discretion, but it always has at least 3 types. it must be worn to be fired and is blast effect area short range.
7	eye band A three inch metal head band with rotating and spinning gems (glass) inside that when worn allow the wearer 360 vision, in low light or darkness they glow with a faint purple light. The wearer also can "see" bodily fluids even if dried of humanoids. wearing it for more than a few minutes will cause vertigo, nausea, and dizziness until the wearer has adapted (several weeks)
8	spray rope A fire extinguisher shaped device that will dispense almost 250 feet of almost unbreakable rope like substance. the rope is sticky for easy climbing but will dissipate into powder in 12d12 hours depending on humidity. when the trigger is release it neatly cuts the rope at the dispenser. the rope is also highly flammable as the container is also under pressure and highly explosive if punctured.
9	translator pill a one inch purple translucent pill filled with small metal shavings. once ingested it allows the swallower to understand and speak and language listened to or read for 1d4 days. during this time the character can only communicate in the learned language and has no recollection of it after the effects wear off.

10	NightStalkers multi-belt A metal girdle with several sealed metal pouches. if a pouch is turned to the front and activated a tool will appear and operate. functions are lockpick drill, throwing star chamber (three) , glitter smoke bomb(one use), climbing harness attachment (no rope) , glass cutter, pepper spray (one use) flashing signal beacon, inflatable life preserver (one use) caltrop dispenser (two uses) and one injection of frenzy #5 which will activate if wearer reaches 0 hp and allow them to continue fighting for 1d12 rounds before they go into a stabilizing coma. note all items are attached to belt with exception of throwing stars , caltrops and life preserver.
----	--

AL-BLUGLIUM JONES-KIEV is a well known traveler and explorer know for collecting maps and artifacts from several places in the time stream. His last known whereabouts were the Peak of Desolation on the great southern continent. many patents for his various devices are disputed among the the Tinker Guilds as violations of IP law in several jurisdictions

11	stasis bomb Developed for studying specimens in the wild this failed experimental grenade like object of blue glass with a timing dial will harmlessly burst forth a stasis field causing all living things inside to freeze in place for 2d6 minutes, burst are 20 feet. working on a time spacial hyper theory, they will have no memory of anything while in stasis and can not be harmed as they are there but not there, they can be neither moved or restrained but non living objects they hold or wear may be removed
12	pursuit-wheel, offroad Developed for big game hunting in the sordid wastes these look like a large caged wheel 15 feet round and 6 feet wide have two seats and an internal stabilizer and gyroscope that work as fast transportation for a driver and passenger. both are required to wear helmets with visors that steer the vehicle wheel and adjust speed. payload 875 pounds and speeds up to 85 miles and hour. they are self charging while moving but sometimes hampered by terrain. a 1,350 page operators and repair manual is located in a compartment under the main seat.

13	transporter camera a tube with lenses set on a tripod connected by pulsing hoses to a large metal box. designed for transport of large scale supplies and men from one area to another, it has two buttons on it. the box has 6 compartments each with a light either red for full or green for empty. it functions as a camera teleporter that will scramble the atoms of any movable objects living or not in its view, roughly a 10 by 10 area and transport them to the box, pushing the other button rematerializes them unharmed. the whole unit weighs about 100 lbs. for fun sometimes time stream demons are already in the box :)	16	area atomizer This small device looks like a 4 spouted tea kettle, liquids can be poured in the top and an internal atomizer will condense and then vaporize any liquid causing it to form a cloud in a 5 foot area. anything from poison to potions can be poured in and will be amplified to affect anyone in that 5 foot area, hoses can be attached for individual servings. there is a % chance that potions might be diluted or increased due to viscosity and it is not a lingering effect but rather a quick poof of atomized liquid and quickly dissipates
14	whistling meanies arm launcher This looks like a giant chrome fist drilled with about 40 small holes in the knuckles, you place your hand inside and strap it on there is a large lever on top that your other hand can pull. once every 5 mins after you pull the lever for d6 times before needing a recharge, 2d20 tiny ball of light come screaming out of the holes, causing a whistling in the air and trialing a smoke cloud. they are hard to aim as they all come out at the same time and kinda fly around in spirals toward the target. each must be rolled to hit separately and do one point of damage and have a chance of catching things on fire on contact. it is quite the lightshow . 7lbs, complicated to reload	17	transparent mesh armor Standard issue to the Monks of the Silent Morase, this mesh vest is composed of transparent crystal links and functions as normal chainmaile against most weapons. if hit with energy weapons or attacks, such as fire, plasma, electricity, cold, shadow or the like it protects as platemail and absorbs 1d6 damage, it does have a chance of breaking if it absorbs more than its protection in damage and can not be repaired. it is said to be vat grown in the swamps of the eastern marche
15	x1-345 remote viewing set This device consists of two parts, a eyeless hood that goes over your head with knobby projections all over the outside, it will shrink or stretch to fit and a propeller driven rocket shaped device that is fired out of a tube mounted at 45 degrees on a steel plate 25lbs whole set. the rocket is mind controlled and fairly silent and has a range of 25 miles. it is controlled by the wearer of the hood, who can see what it sees during flight. flight time is 1d6 x10 minutes. while the hood is on the "viewer" can do nothing else and can not hear or see his surroundings	18	Bio-Bugs These mechanical bugs come in a metal crate the size of a breadbox and contain 2d12 bugs that are functioning, they will swarm out of the box if opened and drill into the nearest humanoid causing a feeling of euphoria and well being. each humanoid so infected will be able to know telepathically the well being of others infected by bugs of the same swarm such as health levels and emotions. upon death of the bugs 12 to 48 hours later, they will release eggs inside the human host that will only hatch upon death of the host
		19	sonic shield In the form of a ceramic bracer on the arm with a pulsing red button, this device will emit loud thundering sound waves if activated that will turn normal missiles that are approaching, arrows, daggers, pumpkins and the such. it is a passive device until it detects the incoming missiles, it will not deflect anything faster than sound and only has a 75 percent chance of deflecting. the sound emitted will deafen anyone within 10 feet not also wearing a bracer and can cause rockslides and avalanches
		20	liquid suit. this is a stoppered and sealed gallon bucket, if the contents are poured over a humanoid they will be able to freely act and swim in any non harmful liquid as the the contents form a sheen around them. this includes water breathing, effects last one hour but can be destroyed by sonic or fire damage. while encased in the suit , wearer will leave wet foot and hand prints and can breath normal air

CONRAD THE BOLD was the son of a traveling tinsmith and money changer who grew up with a sociopathic bent on the norm, his inventions are sought by the macabre collector and underground museum world wide. some say he still operates a hidden factory and research lab in the swamps of the eastern marche

DRUNK GNOLLS
(ILLUSTATIONS THROUGHOUT
THIS SECTION)
By JACK HARPER
JACKHARPER13@GMAIL.COM

DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...
AN ADULT-BEVERAGE-DRINKING GNOLL. MAYHAPS THIS GNOLL
IS DRESSED IN A MANNER UNFIT FOR TRADITIONAL GNOLL-
FILLED SETTINGS!
THANKS, J. K.

DRUNK GNOLLS ILLU I By JACK HARPER



SHIFTY/SPURIOUS/WEIRD ENTERPRISE GENERATOR

BY NOAH STEVENS

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Wherever laws, rules, and standards propagate wildly or become lax, therein fortunes can be generated. A simple transaction or bright idea can lead to a lifetime of wealth or endless reparations and penance in the lowest circles of Abaddon.

DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...
A "WEIRD BUSINESS VENTURES" TABLE. PREFERABLY
MULTIPLE-ROLL, MIXED-ELEMENTS TYPE DEALIO.
THANKS,
J. H.

Choose or roll 1 or more qualities from Column A, as many as needed for Column B, and again for Column C. An optional time-frame may be applied from Group D2. Pay no attention to the Bonus Column – it is leaked DLC and may contain serious bugs. If a result is nonsensical, try it anyway or roll again as needed. The judge may make a secret check to determine the profitability or loss of such a scam/legitimate business, and whatever entities or organizations may take notice.

D20	Column A: Nature of the Market	Column B: Nature of the Enterprise	Column C: (Im)Material Basis	Column D2: Time Frame?	Bonus Column (use caution)
1	Legal	Sale	Bridges	Retroactive	Dragons
2	Illegal	Purchase	Souls	Seasonal	Dark Elves
3	Suspect	Trade	Thoughts	Weekly	Krakens
4	Official	Speculative	Dreams	Monthly	Liches
5	Licensed	Investment	Wishes	Lunar Cycle	Unseelies
6	Charity	Distributed Risk	Bones	Archaeological	Unicorns
7	Not-For-Profit	Insured	Grave Goods	Paleontological	Lost Cities
8	Crowd-sourced	Protective Against	Pelts/Hides	Annual	Youth Potions
9	Regulated	Data Modeling	Rare/Common Ore	Yearly	Aliens
10	Deregulated	Research	Refined Metal	Holiday – major race	Old Ones
11	Black-Market	Design	Blueprints	Holiday – minor race	Great Old Ones
12	Gray-Market	Public Relations	Rights	Holiday – ancient/dead culture	Cthulhu Himself
13	Knock-Off	Politics (honest/otherwise)	Bodies (Dead)	Next migration of	The King of Elfland
14	Bootleg	Influential Access	Bodies (Living)	Before the death of	Serpent Men
15	Post-market	Fabrication	Organs	Contingent upon election of	Banthas
16	Bartered	Outright Fabrication	Official Documents	Conditional upon outcome of local sporting event	The New World
17	Inter-dimensional	Falsification	Meteors	Death of the Last	Camelot
18	Sanity-Blasting	Forgery/Counterfeit	Wavelengths	Return of the Old Ones	Oz/Carcosa
19	Innocence-Wrecking	Delivery	Roll Again	Resurrection of	Ys
20	Volunteer	Harvesting	Choose 2	When the Prophet Returns	Zeta Reticuli

WHO IS ON THIS PASSING PIRATE SHIP AND WHAT WERE THEY JUST UP TO?

BY PATRICK DAVISON

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DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...

A TABLE (OR TABLES) THAT DETERMINES WHO THE CAPTAIN AND CREW OF A PASSING PIRATE SHIP ARE, AND WHAT THEY WERE UP TO BEFORE THEY WERE ENCOUNTERED.

THANKS,

C. L.

(roll 2d10 to find out)

	THE CAPTAIN	THE CREW
1	The Dread Harkonnor: a staggeringly large woman who wields a massive hammer in one hand and carries a loaded cannon under her other arm. She is always ready for a fight, but never leaves the deck of her own ship (too large to risk ropes or planks). She takes cruel pleasure in eating those she captures on the high seas. Any lucky enough to survive her attack are kept alive until they are cooked and fed to Harkonnor. Usually stew, occasionally steaks. Just now: she and her crew have just captured two local fisherman. They are locked in the brig awaiting Harkonnor's next meal, but this doesn't mean she won't try and attack whomever she comes across.	A beleaguered crew of 15: the members of this crew have all been on the open seas for far longer than they can remember, they are old (for pirates) and all sport various manner of deformities and missing limbs. Peg legs, hook hands, eye patches, if it can be lost, at least one of these sailors has lost it. Despite their age and various states of mutilation, however, these pirates are nonetheless experienced and cruel. They are competent sailors and solid fighters.
2	Grim Tobey Custodio: Tobey fancies himself irresistibly attractive, and takes extended shore leaves to attend society parties and woo eligible (or non-eligible) women and men alike. He keeps his crew well groomed and civil. Tobey will not admit to piracy and takes affront if such is suggested. Just now: he is on his way to port, having just robbed an official treasure ship, and is loaded down with goods. He and his crew will hail any nearby ships and offer to sell these freshly procured goods (mostly ornamental furniture, though some expensive weapons).	A myriad crew of 45: this crew is not only professional sailors and ne'er-do-wells but also their families. Spouses and children make up more than half of the 45 crew members, and the ship is often a riotous babble of different languages (the sailors and their families having been collected from the furthest reaches of the world). The dedicated sailors will be the first to fight, but if challenged the children won't hesitate to help. Should their families be threatened, individual loyalties are likely to surface.
3	Olalessa of Wyns: She inherited her boat from her mother, who raised her on the high seas. A natural sailor, Olalessa sees all men as inherently inferior. She and her crew will attack any passing ship, will steal all the cargo they can, will subdue any males aboard, but Olalessa will have any females captured thrown overboard to die. Just now: she and her crew have been at sea for too long a spell. They are short on supplies, and headed for their home base—a small and remote island.	A curious crew of 5: the group aboard this ship are new to the trade of piracy. Previously an adventuring party of some note, they have forsaken their terrestrial search for gold and conquest for the sea following a debacle with an aging statesman in a nearby coastal city. They are not the most competent sailors, and handle their ship only adequately, but they are skilled in combat, and have access to magical weapons, spells, and otherwise rare equipment.
4	Tharion "The Good" Loughman: Completely bald, and clad in loose orange robes, he still holds to his decades old promise of pacifism. He and his crew will attempt to board passing ships, but will go to great lengths to not kill anyone. They use bludgeons, ropes, nets and other non-lethal weapons. They will always steal all the valuables they can, but leave the plundered crew with just enough supplies to make it to the nearest shore. If one of his crew mistakenly (or purposefully) kills anyone, Tharion flies into a rage, and leaves the offender tied up on the victims' ship. Just now: he has just left a freshly plundered ship (just visible on the horizon), though this won't stop him from trying for more.	A damned crew of 9: these sailors are not real sailors at all. They are corporeal shades animated by a magical tome possessed by the captain. Each page in this tome can bring such a shade into being, by having the description of the shade written in the blood of a freshly sacrificed child. If the page become illegible for any reason, the shade dissipates. There are 10 pages in this magical volume, and the captain has left the last blank. The 9 shades have been conjured in three sets of triplets: with red, blue, and silver skin respectively. The red triplets are tall and quick, able fighters. The blue triplets are stout and long-armed, natural sailors. The silver triplets speak every language and can heal the other soldiers.

5	Mad Mada Gerig: She considers herself more a political revolutionary than a pirate. Though, this doesn't stop her from stealing or killing. Just now: she and her crew have just finished preparing a load of fake cargo—barrels of grain with weapons hidden inside. She means to smuggle them into a nearby heavily fortified port town, and will stop any passing independent ship in order to propose a bargain: take payment to sneak the barrels of weapons into the port (Mada's own ship isn't welcome there). If refused, Mada will insist the boat not dock for fear of being reported.	A motley crew of 12: this band of sailors has been brought together by the promise of gold alone. Each carries his/her own equipment and armaments, and will compete with the others for spoils. Vicious fighters, these pirates can nonetheless be bought out, should the prospect of force become too daunting. If slain or captured, the sleeping quarters of each holds a lockbox filled with considerable currency.
6	Gordie: The size of his adam's apple is matched only by the size of his nose. Gordie is a morose fellow who speaks slowly, but moves with surprising quickness. Just now: he and his crew have just suffered a terrible defeat at the hands of another local pirate (roll again to find out who!) and their ship is now in tatters. Gordie's only priority is to commandeer the nearest passing ship. He and his crew will not kill unnecessarily, but instead will leave the survivors on their own crippled and partially water-logged ship.	A imposing crew of 8: this group has taken to the seas only to flee the gladiatorial arena at which they were all previously imprisoned. They are terrible sailors to a one, barely able to keep their vessel afloat. However, they are terribly effective fighters, trained for years in order to excel at bloodsports. Each of this crew can easily take on multiple opponents at once. Terrified of being returned to bondage, these 8 will not hesitate to do whatever necessary to stay free.
7	The Prelider: Wrapped in strips of cloth and bandages, wearing gloves, hat, and goggles, none have seen the Prelider's face. He/she communicates to the crew through written notes and a pidgin sign-language. The Prelider sails on every boat he/she can, and always kills everyone aboard. Supplies and riches are looted, and the victim's boat is torched. Just now: smoke rises from the horizon, where the last ship thus sacked burns and sinks slowly into the sea.	An eerie crew of 13: none of these sailors speak. Whether through injury or choice is unclear, but none of them ever make a sound. Each has a tattoo on the back of the neck—the numbers 1 through 13 in a dark purple. In combat they will attack quickly, and then appear to retreat, luring any unwise enough to follow back to their heavily booby-trapped ship. The corridors of which are even more dangerous than the crew themselves.
8	Gusta Greenwood Bates: Gusta is in it for the thrill. Too young for true captain-hood, he goads his crew into ramming other ships, not aiming to plunder or murder, but simply to destroy. He takes incredible pleasure in outrunning other ships, sailing were none other dare, and he never turns down a bet. He is brash and an excellent fighter. He has lost his left eye, and two fingers on his right hand. He is covered in tattoos and curses at every opportunity. Just now: he and his crew have been gambling and drinking and are drunk beyond measure.	A professional crew of 20: these sailors are just that: sailors. Having perfected their craft in more above-board ventures—military vessels, merchant ships—they sail better than almost any other. They can make a slow ship sprint, and a fast ship seem to fly. They can outmaneuver 2 ships at once, and weather the worst storm. They are, however, less competent in hand to hand combat, and will always seek to use the maneuvers of their ship to grant them the largest advantage, and will not refuse to flee if overpowered.
9	Nyden Da'lar: She is always serious and allows no margin of error from her crew. Just now: She has just sailed from a faraway kingdom where she has been tasked with kidnapping a person of interest (secret prince? merchant's daughter? fleeing criminal?). She stops and investigates every passing ship. She and her crew will board hostilely, but will not kill indiscriminantly (this person must be taken alive). Should she find who she's looking for, she will cripple the victims' ship, and speed to her destination, the person-thus-saught-after tied up in the brig.	An unsteady crew of 24: these sailors are divided. While 8 of the bucaniers are unflaggingly loyal to the captain, the other 16 have begun to be swayed by one of their own and begun to plot a mutiny. If the situation arises during an encounter, Enoch the Grey will call those loyal to him to strike at the captain and those loyal, planning to commandeer the ship in total. If Enoch takes control he is most likely to leave any other ships alone, as he is most intent on taking those loyal to him back to their homeland.
10	Giegan of The Vast: stands near to 7 feet tall with a long shock of white beard. He carries a huge conch horn strapped to his chest. Just now: He and his band are on their way back to their home base (a secret cave off the coast) but are so-far empty handed. They will attempt to extort goods from whatever ship that passes and if threatened or refused, Giegan will blow the conch and summon a great tentacled sea beast known as Karathorak to attack the offending ship. Karathorak obeys the will of anyone who blows the conch, and will attack without mercy until dead or ordered away.	An unlikely crew of 10: in addition to these 10 pirates (all of whom are quite experienced) this vessel also holds a young girl named Ghio. Unknown to any of the crew, Ghio is actually the real power behind the ship. She is a much older woman, cursed to reside in the body of a young girl, who uses her complete psychic control over the captain to lead the crew. In spite of whatever the captain tells the crew are their goals, Ghio actually is using them to search for a remedy to her curse—and unknown object which she believes someone will be smuggling by ship.

DRUNK GNOLLS
(ILLUSTRATIONS THROUGHOUT
THIS SECTION)
By JACK HARPER
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DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...
AN ADULT-BEVERAGE-DRINKING GNOLL. MAYHAPS THIS GNOLL
IS DRESSED IN A MANNER UNFIT FOR TRADITIONAL GNOLL-
FILLED SETTINGS!
THANKS,
J. K.

DRUNK GNOLLS ILL0 2 By JACK HARPER



HENCHMAN EVENTS, DEVELOPMENTS, PLOT HOOKS, AND PROBLEMS

BY ALEC SEMICOGNITO
([HTTP://MYOSR.BLOGSPOT.COM/](http://myosr.blogspot.com/))

HOW TO USE THESE TABLES

However you want! They can define actual role-playing personalities, generate subplots, present interesting complications, or just add color to an adventure. But whatever you use them for, I've designed them to be used in succession over the career of a henchman. At the beginning of each session, roll once for each henchman in the party on the appropriate table, as follows:

Henchman's first adventure: NEW HENCHMAN table

Henchman is Level 1-3: alignment table (CHAOTIC, NEUTRAL, LAWFUL)

Henchman is Level 4+: class table (CLERIC ETC., THIEF ETC., FIGHTER ETC., MAGIC-USER ETC.)

Fit the result into the natural flow of game events at an appropriate point. (Some results will specify a time point, such as "after the first combat," but do what feels best.) These results can't really be repeated with a given group of players, so re-roll if it's something they've already seen.

Notes:

I've assumed a D&D-esque system but have left things loose enough that it should be easy to adapt these tables to your particular circumstances while playing. I've used the word "master" for the PC to whom a henchman is attached — it's a bit strong, but no much better word occurred to me while writing. I limited the alignment tables to the chaos-law axis because I felt good and evil henchman deeds were just not as interesting or "human."

Note on the first table - These results are meant to reflect the henchman learning to fit into the party, possibly unsure what he thinks of his new situation, possibly lacking confidence in his abilities, possibly overdoing things a bit. They don't have to be seen as permanent character traits — the guy may settle down after his first outing.

If you don't want your PCs to have to deal with breaking in new guys, skip this table for your new guys and use the alignment or class tables instead (depending on henchman level).

DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...
SOME NICE RANDOM TABLE(S) FOR HENCHMEN EVENTS.
STUFF LIKE HENCHMEN A OF PLAYER B HAD A ARGUMENT WITH
HENCHMEN C, OR HENCHMEN B DID SOME (THIEFY/MAGY/
FIGHTERY) THING WITH HENCHMEN D AND SO ON.
SOMETHING NICE FOR EITHER IN BETWEEN SESSIONS OR AS
RANDOM EVENTS ON THE ROAD. SOMETHING THAT GIVES THE
NUMEROUS FOLLOWERS SOME COLOUR.
THANKS, F. H.

NEW HENCHMAN (first adventure)

1	Afraid to do anything he's not specifically told to do, no matter how obvious it is. In combat, another party member has to be paying attention to him and to give him clear orders, or he will fight only when attacked.
2	Usually complains about problems but never offers solutions
3	Usually wants to go first and is very "can do"
4	Usually wants to go last and is extremely cautious
5	Nervous and on edge: harder to surprise, easier to panic
6	Doesn't get it: messes up the first order he's given from simple confusion and cluelessness
7	Takes everything literally, doesn't hear sarcasm or irony, will believe practically anything he hears. Ripe for teasing and pranks by senior henchmen.
8	Will nurse a grudge against anyone who corrects him or speaks harshly to him
9	Will strive to please anyone who corrects him or speaks harshly to him
10	Immediately after first combat of the adventure, will start arguing that his share of treasure should be increased
11	Will make a big show of not wanting as much treasure as he's owed, but if this is actually accepted will be shocked, sulk, and then ask for the rest of his fair share
12	Totally competent, pays attention, makes things easier for everyone

CHAOTIC HENCHMAN (Level 1-3)

1	Starts favoring another PC — the one with the highest charisma — over his own master. During any discussions or debates, no matter how important or how petty, the henchman will take the other PC's side in public over his master's, whether the other PC wants his support or not.
2	Will disobey (to some degree) the second and fifth orders he is given during the adventure, simply to do things his own way.

3	Keeps trying to instigate conflict between two random party members other than his master. Attempts may be effective or far too obvious to succeed, depending on relative intelligence, wisdom, and charisma scores.
4	Feeling even more whimsical than usual. Will suggest leaving party decisions to chance (flipping a copper piece, rolling a die, traveling in the direction of the next bird that flies by, etc.). Will want to gamble for shares when dividing treasure.
5	Impulsive: just really wants to do battle today. At the first ambiguous situation where an encounter may be hostile or peaceful, the henchman will attack unless somehow prevented/kept under control.
6	Temporary quirk: really thinks the party needs more light. Tries to carry two lit torches, insists that everyone should have their own torch, tries to invent a better torch, loudly wishes he had a lantern instead, etc. (If this roll is repeated, substitute a new obsession, such as being really quiet, having enough arrows, etc.)
7	Temporary quirk: develops a private crush on a random party member. Will act jilted by any opposition or criticism from that person and correspondingly swoony at any praise from that person. After this session, will completely forget the crush.
8	Feeling cantankerous: will need to vent at his master after the battle the first time he is wounded or suffers some other setback. Will seem very angry but is actually just letting off steam and will feel 100% better if allowed to finish.

NEUTRAL HENCHMAN (Level 1-3)

1	Forms genuine friendship with a henchman of another PC in the party. Role-play this out in any situations involving both PCs. If there is no other henchman, he will befriend a PC other than his master.
2	Wants to map everything on this journey, but has little skill for it and includes areas that aren't important. His mapping will slow party travel by 40% until he is ordered to stop mapping. Actually relying on his maps later has a 15% chance of getting the party lost, unless they have a ranger-type with them.
3	Likes luxury items and will prefer luxurious clothes, silverware, furs, jewelry, etc. to other forms of treasure. Could even be manipulated into accepting a share of lesser value if it includes such goods.
4	Feeling mildly anti-chaotic today. Will be openly annoyed by the antics of chaotic party members and somewhat antagonistic toward them.

5	Feeling mildly anti-lawful today. Will be openly annoyed by the rigidity of lawful party members and somewhat antagonistic toward them.
6	Stubbornly, vocally neutral today. Will want to tone down any actions that are distinctly lawful or chaotic, always arguing for a milder course of action. Frustratingly vanilla.
7	Has some natural talent for conciliation and negotiation. Will help reduce friction created by another result on these tables for another henchman (or whatever may come up during play if there is no other henchman); role-play it out.
8	Very disinterested for a member of an adventuring party, undermining team spirit. Other henchmen face their first morale roll at -1 thanks to this henchman's disengagement.

LAWFUL HENCHMAN (Level 1-3)

1	Suspicious that another party henchman is disloyal or otherwise untrustworthy. Will view nearly any action by that henchman as confirming his suspicions or else as an attempt to mask that henchman's true, untrustworthy nature.
2	Gives pompous, unsolicited advice to neutral characters, who are basically fine people but lack discipline and self-control and could benefit from his lecturing them
3	Blames himself for the first significant thing that goes wrong (the death/wounding of a party member, a successful enemy ambush, failure to gain an objective, getting involuntarily sidetracked). May need a pep talk or a swift kick in the ass to pull himself together.
4	His loyalty and team play influence any neutral henchmen in the party to be just a little more like him today. They roll +1 on a single morale check that the lawful henchman has already passed. (PCs are not affected by this.)
5	Extremely prompt in obeying orders today. Once a non-combat order is given, the henchman will begin obeying it before it can be retracted by the player. Whether he also finishes before he is stopped depends on how long the action takes (DM's discretion). If no retraction is made, the henchman will finish the task quickly, in only 75% of the time it would normally take him.
6	Less flexible thinker than usual today. Will obey orders only to the letter and will not adapt them to fit changing circumstances (within reason). Will refuse to join in any efforts without his master's explicit OK (again, within reason — if his master has been kidnapped, for instance, the henchman won't wait for his orders).

7	Subtly racist (species-ist, whatever) toward another party member. Assumes that person doesn't understand plans, is cowardly, is brutish, is lazy, whatever stereotypes seem appropriate. Not blatant contempt, but clear and persistent and quite likely to build into a problem. Will reverse his opinion and feel bad about it if the other person aids him in some particular way during the session.
8	Extra strong sense of duty today. Eager to run more risks than usual for his master (nothing suicidal, but dangerous is just fine). DM's discretion how risky is too risky.

CLERIC/DRUID/PRIEST/PALADIN ETC. (Level 4+)

1	Becomes fixated on converting a party member to his own deity, choosing a party member with similar alignment
2	Becomes fixated on converting a party member to his own deity, choosing a party member of significantly different alignment
3	Is tempted toward the religion (and alignment) of a higher-charisma party member, jeopardizing his priestly powers
4	Sees what he insists is an omen, though the rest of the party is pretty sure it's just an ordinary event (DM's discretion as to who is right, if anyone)
5	Inspired by some event to take a religious oath that may inconvenience the party (e.g., will not use a shield, trusting his deity for protection; will not kill prisoners; will not take prisoners; will not pray for new spells without defeating at least one enemy in the deity's name)
6	Deeply worried over the possibility that after death his master will not reach the afterlife promised by his deity; constantly trying to bless, pray, counsel, etc. against this possibility
7	Has minor guardian spirit taking an interest in him for this adventure only. The spirit will intervene once, to allow a re-roll of the first roll to negatively affect the henchman. (If the re-roll has a worse result, go back to the first result.)
8	BONDED BY FAITH — Cares so deeply about the party that his deity will double the effect of his first healing spell cast on a party member

THIEF/ROGUE/SPECIALIST ETC. (Level 4+)

1	Becomes disgruntled over division of the last batch of treasure, complains and sulks
2	Becomes disgruntled over division of the last batch of treasure, rebalances by stealing from other party member
3	Becomes disgruntled over division of the last batch of treasure, rebalances by stealing from own master

4	Attempts to steal item from party member as a prank, giving item back at end of adventure if not caught
5	Begins (possibly one-sided) feud with another party thief over which of them is more daring and skillful
6	Sneaks away from party at first opportunity to steal last major treasure that was seen but not taken
7	Becomes temporarily remorseful over life of crime, bothers party cleric with moral questions; may accept penance
8	EYES PEELED — Really wants to steal something special on this outing and is very alert for an opportunity. The first item he steals is worth double the value it would have had without this table.

FIGHTER ETC. (Level 4+)

1	Can't stop thinking and talking about the castle he will build when he's a famous Lord
2	Suddenly inspired to give his weapon a name, which he then proclaims loudly, ostentatiously, and often ("Behold!"). If the weapon already has a name, he changes it. This result can be repeated as often as rolled.
3	Doesn't really believe that party magic-user can't just enchant his weapon on the spot, so he keeps asking, getting a little more peevish each time
4	Veteran in his own mind. Adopts paternal attitude toward a lower-level fighter, regaling them with stories of his prowess and experience, offering to show them moves, etc. If there is no lower-level fighter, adopts this attitude toward a non-fighter.
5	Overestimates his own abilities and doesn't obey right away the first time he receives orders to show caution. Will attack or refuse to flee unless somehow coerced or brought back into line (e.g., stern orders with a charisma check for the PC).
6	Just flat-out brave. His first failed morale check is turned into a success.
7	Thinks his main role should be as bodyguard to his master and will concentrate on protecting him against physical attacks, perhaps to the detriment of party goals.
8	IN THE ZONE — Like any athlete, this fighter sometimes has moments where everything just comes together and works. His third attack after the start of the adventure automatically hits and does maximum damage. (If the monster can't be hurt by his weapon, it isn't, and after the combat he's upset that such a great attack didn't work and keeps reliving it in his mind. "Did you see me?!")

MAGIC-USER ETC. (Level 4+)

1	Becomes paranoid that other party magic-users want to steal his spell book
2	Wants a spell that another party magic-user has and he does not. Will try repeatedly to gain this spell by trade, wheedling, service, theft, or otherwise.
3	Lacks confidence that he can reliably control a particular spell (choose randomly from his spell book) and is hesitant to memorize or cast it
4	Becomes deeply afraid if at any point he runs out of combat spells. Will hide in the center of the party, urge that the party flee to safety until he can re-memorize spells, balk at entering scary-looking places, etc.
5	Fixates on the first magic item found that's usable by magic-users and demands to own it. May agree to forgo other rewards for it; may throw tantrums, make threats, etc. Role-play it out.
6	Has gotten the idea that magic-users are superior to other people and is haughty and dismissive when dealing with party members from other classes. If master is not a magic-user, becomes insubordinate.
7	Absent-mindedly begins casting another randomly chosen spell instead of the first one he tries to cast, realizing his mistake after the first few words. Can decide either to cast the wrong spell or to abort casting, requiring him to save versus spells to avoid losing that spell until he re-memorizes it.
8	COSMIC INSIGHT — The magic-user's equivalent of being IN THE ZONE (see fighter table). The third spell the henchman casts in the adventure will have twice its normal effect in some positive way (damage, duration, level of creature summoned, whatever, at the DM's discretion). If an enemy must save against the spell, it does so at a substantial penalty (-4).

DRUNK GNOLLS
(ILLUSTRATIONS THROUGHOUT
THIS SECTION)
By JACK HARPER
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DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...
AN ADULT-BEVERAGE-DRINKING GNOLL. MAYHAPS THIS GNOLL
IS DRESSED IN A MANNER UNFIT FOR TRADITIONAL GNOLL-
FILLED SETTINGS!
THANKS,
J. K.

DRUNK GNOLLS ILLUO 3 By JACK HARPER



EACH OF TEN THOUSAND ORCS

By Ash Haji
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Personalise your humanoid! Roll d100 for equipment and again for qualifier.

Example:

"You see three brigands!"

Rolling 05 and 55: "the orc on the left is wearing blue wristbands..."

75 and 92: "the human in the middle is accompanied by a shabby cat..."

10 and 68: "and the goblin on his right is carrying a cracked horn."

Occasionally the combinations may seem absurd - a jewelled spider, say, or frilly kneepads - so feel free to re-roll, or use your imagination to extrapolate why this odd combination has come about.

"The bandit leader has a weird-looking emerald tarantula crawling on his shoulder, and you notice he has bound the princess's frilly handkerchief around a wound on his knee."

is wearing:	1	ancient	1	bandage
	2	bizarre	2	bandana
	3	black	3	bandolier
	4	bloody	4	bangle
	5	blue	5	belt
	6	broken	6	boots
	7	brown	7	bracelet
	8	chequered	8	brooch
	9	coarse	9	cap
	10	cracked	10	chain
	11	crude	11	cloak
	12	decorated	12	clogs
	13	defective	13	coat
	14	defiled	14	collar
	15	dented	15	cowl
	16	dirty	16	cravat
	17	dishevelled	17	crown
	18	dusty	18	earring
	19	enamelled	19	eyepatch
	20	encrusted	20	feathers
	21	faded	21	furs
	22	festive	22	gauntlets

DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...

A RANDOM MONSTER EQUIPMENT TABLE THAT PROVIDES FLAVOUR (NOT, IN GENERAL, MECHANICS) TO THE HORDES OF ENEMIES PLAYERS WILL MOW DOWN, SO THAT I DON'T HAVE TO SAY "THESE ARE ALL ORCS IN CHAIN MAIL WITH AXES". I.E. 1: THIS MONSTER HAS A COOL HOOP EARRING. 2: THIS MONSTER HAS A CRUTCH. ETC. FOR THE SAKE OF CONSISTENCY WE CAN PROBABLY LIMIT IT TO HUMANOIDS.

D200 WOULD BE GOOD, D1000 WOULD BE AMAZING.

THANKS, H.

	23	filthy	23	girdle
	24	foul	24	gloves
	25	frilly	25	hat
	26	furry	26	helm
	27	gaudy	27	helmet
	28	gigantic	28	hood
	29	gleaming	29	hook
	30	glittering	30	jacket
	31	glowing	31	jerkin
	32	golden	32	kilt
	33	greasy	33	kneepads
	34	green	34	locket
	35	grey	35	mantle
	36	grimy	36	mask
	37	grubby	37	medal
	38	gruesome	38	necklace
	39	hissing	39	nose-ring
	40	ill-fitting	40	poncho
	41	incomplete	41	ring
	42	indecent	42	robe
	43	infested	43	sandals
	44	inscribed	44	sash
	45	jewelled	45	scarf
	46	makeshift	46	shoes
	47	mangy	47	shoulder pads
	48	mismatched	48	skullcap
	49	mouldering	49	torc
	50	mucky	50	trousers
	51	muddy	51	vambrace
	52	multicoloured	52	veil
	53	nasty	53	wig
	54	odd-shaped	54	wooden leg
	55	oily	55	wristbands
is carrying:	56	orange	56	amulet
	57	ornamented	57	backpack

	58	patched	58	bag
	59	peculiar	59	bagpipes
	60	perfumed	60	box
	61	polished	61	bucket
	62	poorly-repaired	62	cage
	63	psychedelic	63	cane
	64	purple	64	coil of rope
	65	ragged	65	crutch
	66	rancid	66	drum
	67	red	67	flute
	68	ridiculous	68	horn
	69	ripped	69	jug
	70	rough	70	pole
	71	rude	71	pot
	72	rune-en-scribed	72	pouch
	73	rusty	73	purse
	74	savage	74	sack
	75	shabby	75	shovel
	76	showy	76	shrunk head
	77	silver	77	skull
	78	skull-decorated	78	spade
	79	slimy	79	staff
	80	smelly	80	walking stick
	81	soggy	81	waterskin
	82	spattered	82	whip
	83	spotted	83	wineskin
is displaying:	84	squalid	84	beard
	85	squeaking	85	dreadlocks
	86	stained	86	Mohican
	87	sticky	87	moustaches
	88	stinking	88	scar
	89	stolen	89	shaven head
	90	symbolic	90	tattoo
	91	tacky	91	warpaint
is accompanied by:	92	unkempt	92	cat

	93	untidy	93	fleas
	94	unusually large	94	flies
	95	unusually small	95	lizard
	96	unwashed	96	maggots
	97	vibrating	97	mongrel
	98	white	98	parrot
	99	yellow	99	snake
	100	dilapidated	100	spider

A SHORT TRAVELOGUE INTO THE GRAND DUCHY,

WITH INSIGHTS TO THE WAY OF LIVING AND THE ATTITUDES OF IT'S DENIZENS

BY CHRISTIAN STURKE
AKA RORSCHACHHAMSTER

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As written by
Eregros of Hausenburg
Speaker of the Western Parliament,
Member of the Order of Tremendous Trouble,
Sage of the Seven Mountains,
and Destroyer of the Beast of Barr

Ok, here is the demand I, as humble servant of powers higher than my mediocre self, was elevated to being allowed to fulfill:

„An interesting grand duchy. The political unit next door from the characters in my world is kind of formless at the moment, and I'd like an interesting attribute to differentiate it from the home base of the players. Strange religion, odd base to the economy, strange political organization - just something to make it stand out.“

May the Gods let their merciful gaze rest upon you, my dearest reader,

1	and prevent you from ever having the necessity to travel to the Grand Duchy, for I myself have seen things, and, even worse, experienced the gruesome touch of said things in this dreaded, godless, forsaken place, so you may be spared from these horrid practical research in person.
2	and let you see the riches and spoils of the lost coinage and rare magic, that I came to uncover in the Grand Duchy, that makes of every fat merchant of my own humble country a peasant in comparison, and made a man of no wordly worries from your even more humble author.
3	and let your own eyes see the treasures of arcane knowledge, that are taken for granted by the practitioners in this magical Grand Duchy, as a ressource to be taken by the interested, almost free and without repercussion.
4	and may of the multitude of divine beings the one, that is worshipped in the Grand Duchy, the Golden Boar, the Ebony Tusk have it's wrathful rage diverted elsewhere, at this land is his godly domain, and he jealously protects it from everything he deems a danger to his status as supreme being here.

When I first entered this place, I was pleasantly surprised by the view of rolling green hills and

DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...
AN INTERESTING GRAND DUCHY. THE POLITICAL UNIT NEXT DOOR FROM THE CHARACTERS IN MY WORLD IS KIND OF FORMLESS AT THE MOMENT, AND I'D LIKE AN INTERESTING ATTRIBUTE TO DIFFERENTIATE IT FROM THE HOME BASE OF THE PLAYERS. STRANGE RELIGION, ODD BASE TO THE ECONOMY, STRANGE POLITICAL ORGANIZATION - JUST SOMETHING TO MAKE IT SEND OUT.
THANKS,
J. B.

light-flooded woods stretching into the horizon. The passage into the Grand Duchy was made by one of the old roads crossing the border, remnants of a better and more civilized time under the cold, calculating gaze of the Overlords from Uz. In fact, if it wasn't for the ruins and vestiges of this splendid and most elevated aera of wisdom and sagedom,

1	I haven't dared to venture into this cesspool of sins and blasphemies, all the more in contrast to it's ancient history.
2	there where no signs of the ancient treasures and luxuries, that are buried just a few feet under the soil of this blessed land and are there to be taken from the bold and adventurous.
3	one would wonder how the rather simple clad and minded people of this country came into posession of such rare and insightful magics as are shown in everyday conduct in stark contrast to the seemingly wordly society.
4	heathenly as it was, there wouldn't be signs of any worship besides the Ebony Tusk, aside from a few ill-maintained roadside shrines to gods of travel and illicit behaviour, mostly erected by travellers from outside the Grand Duchy, that frequently are demolished, and rightly so, by frenzied „stiff-bristled“, as the rural clergy is commonly and affectionably called by their loving flock.

One of the mayor sights to behold are the Bitten Towers, a vulgar expression used by the

1	degenerate
2	fat and lazy
3	knowledgeable
4	elevated

people in the Grand Duchies capital of Ergentown, the old Turribi Admorsi. So called since ancient times for their strange appearance of having a top of tilted crenelated battlements, always lower on the southside than on the opposite, northern wall. Your servicable author, me myself, took quite a few excursion into these

1	vestiges of a better, more elevated time, only to realize once again, that these places of erstwhile greatness had been desecrated by unknown rites of unhallowed blasphemy and unsacred conduct, as evidenced by the bones and intestines of sacrificed animals and, even more gruesome to behold, sentient species – once even those of a human child!
2	money boxes out of ancient stones, as, even though the most seemed to have been picked clear long ago, there where at least one secret compartment, one secret cellar, and sometimes even several secret dungeon levels under them, that where filled with treasure; as mundane as copper bars in goat pelt, and as otherwordly as relicts and artifacts from other dimensions. I still have a golden, artificially engraved dagger of fire enshroudment I found in the very first one I explored.
3	meeting places of the communities, that have grown around them, places of learning, and open spell exchange, without the irritable diplomacy between powerfull spellcasters in our, perspectively uncivilized, parts of the world. I myself, and I'm a bit anxious to admit this, out of fear, that my fellow colleagues may think of me as a cheap spellmonger, traded a simple Lesser Sign of Sealing* against Flamsterd's Curtain of the Violet Conflagration*, and the rotund, friendly fellow I dealt with was afterwards eager to trade even more high circle spells against mere cantrips. Such is the abundance of spells and knowledge in the Grand Duchy!
4	Re-dedicated, erstwhile places of heathen gods, that now truly show the might of the Golden Boar in the Grand Duchy, as everyone of them has a statue to his likeness placed in the antechamber. Here the grateful and devout people of the Grand Duchy hold their weekly divine service, as well as they will come together and attend on every and each of the 53 holidays, that are sacred to the Ebon Tusk: Slab-morning, New Year, Truffleday, Snoutmencing, the Three Holy Days of the Wallow, and all the other, minor ones.

Allmost all the communities of the Grand Duchy are gathered around these old towers,

1	Showing the depraved nature of this condemned place of demonologists and worse, huddling in the shadowy proximity of these dark and doomed buildings, that betray in their fallen state of blasphemous conduct their glorious past so much more, as a new temple dedicated to the outer terrors of profanities, that are worshipped here nowadays all but openly, ever could.
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2	And still there are many riches to find, as even the more adventurously inclined in between the youth of the Grand Duchy seem to inherit a supernatural fear of these buildings. All the more ripe for the plundering, I say, for those who stand above such idle superstitions, like your humble servant, the author of these verses.
3	Showing the great importance these friendly and benign people place on the knowledge and the learning of the fundamental truths in their lives. They gather here, as often as more wordly obligations allow, to talk, dicuss and argue about all the philosophical questions mankind has found no answers to, but never will one raise their voice in a heated argument or resolve, as ashamed I am to admit, as it is customary in our own university and order, ever to threaten bodily harm to their opponent. Such friendly folk this is!
4	testament to their deepfelt religious faith into the ever bristled porcine being that is the Golden Boar, which the people of the Grand Duchy raised rightfully to prominence above all the false gods of old, that are so wrongly still held in veneration here in my own home!

I had to leave in a hurry, not surprisingly,

1	fearing for my life after several close encounters with the horrible guarding beings of the towers. Oh, would that I could forget these horrible eyes filled with, no, existing out of sheer hatred towards the living, swimming in a pool of impenetrable darkness... but when the wretched people of the places I came to the first time where obviously warned from my unwanted curiosity by some unfathomable, arcane means, I knew I had to flee fast to more civilized and secure lands, as lacking from both seen from the inside these may seem.
2	as our forages in these ancient places where not so easy to hide even from the lazy eyes of the dull constables of the Grand Duchy, and as I and my compatriots had enough spoils to live the rest of our lives in luxury beyond imaginativeness, we returned to our starting point, that we never used to call home, but now, changed in status and wealth, it surely began to feel like it.
3	longing in my heart for the solitude of my own study to process all the knowledge, all the ideas, and last but not least, all the spells I had learned, eager to change into a better being, shaped by the example of a perfect society, and full of willingness to return as fast as I could. Alas, there are pressing duties beyond my own whims, and so I still yearn for the day I can return to the glorius Grand Duchy, to learn, what I couldn't learn the first time, and to learn anew, what I have, imperfect being that I am, forgotten in the meantimes.

4	to call out to my unenlightened people, teaching them about the glory of thruthfulness that the Golden Boar is and let them wallow in his wisdom, so their undying souls may be saved from the slaughterhouse, that is the life in sin of not knowing the commandements of his Holy Boarishness, the Ebon Tusk. Praise to his Golden Bristles! Oink!
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Written down in the second month of the tainted moth, year of the drunken sprite, by
Eregros of Hausenburg

*Spell names taken from „Dying-Earth-Spells-for-D-D“ by Aaron Kesher (<https://dl.dropboxusercontent.com/u/7913463/102667796-Dying-Earth-Spells-for-D-D.pdf>)

I will end this short

1	warning
2	tourist guide
3	seminar paper
4	holy sermon

with an idealized sketch and plan of a bitten tower, so you can imagine how one of these

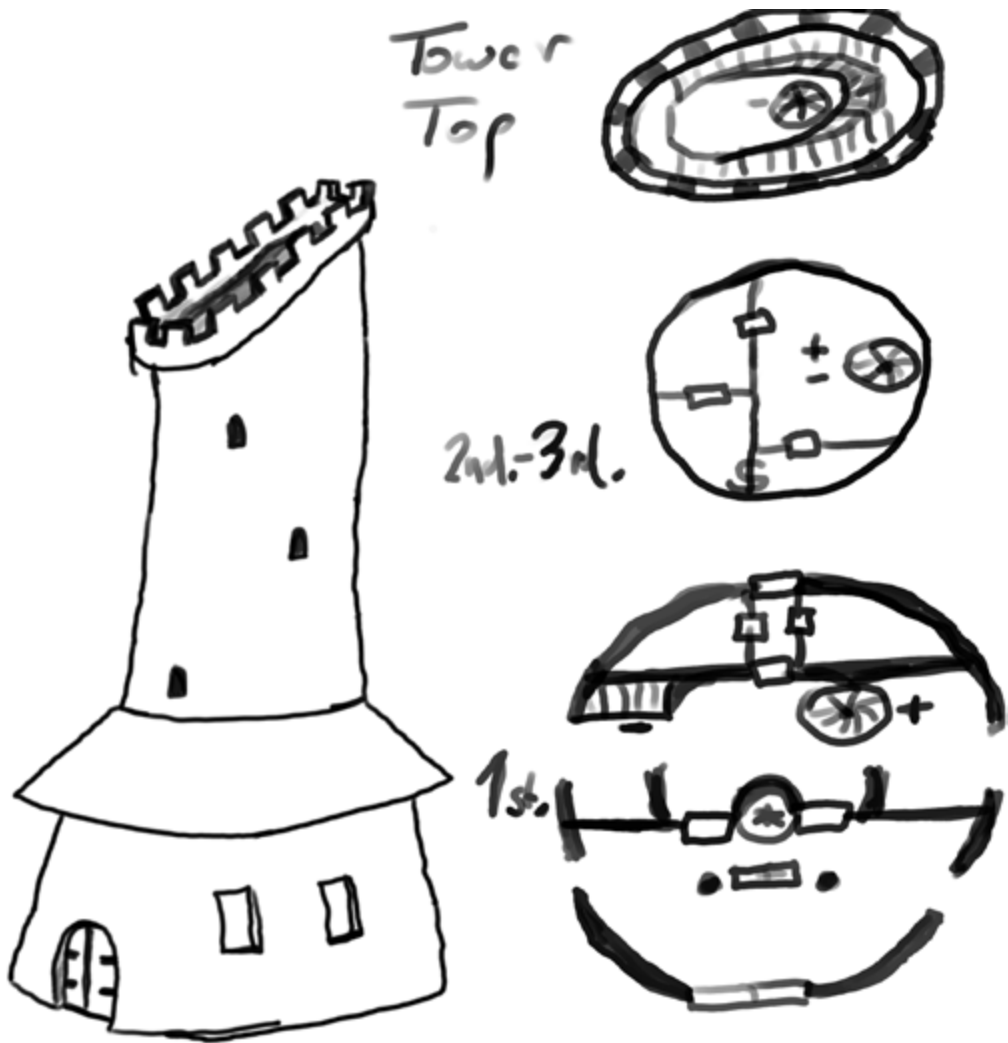
1	desecrated
2	treasure filled
3	educational
4	sacred

buildings looks from the outside as well as the inside.

There are several ways how to use this short text:

- 1.) Choose one of the numbers and take this tower, Grand Duchy and the description that correspondes to it.
- 2.) Roll randomly a d4...
- 3.) If you want to make this text the really strange work of a madman roll a d4 every time there is a table in it.
- 4.) Give this slightly magical scroll to the party. Choose for every player/character the text, that most likely leads to him/her to go into that direction, and give every player, that reads the scroll, the „fitting“ text as a handout. Ideally as a last thought at the end of a session, so that the players never realize that they are travelling into the Grand Duchy for totally different reasons...

Hope you can use this, happy whatever you are feasting for. ;)



DRUNK GNOLLS
(ILLUSTRATIONS THROUGHOUT
THIS SECTION)
By JACK HARPER
JACKHARPER13@GMAIL.COM

DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...
AN ADULT-BEVERAGE-DRINKING GNOLL. MAYHAPS THIS GNOLL
IS DRESSED IN A MANNER UNFIT FOR TRADITIONAL GNOLL-
FILLED SETTINGS!
THANKS,
J. K.

DRUNK GNOLLS ILLU 4 By JACK HARPER



FAMINE, FIRE, AND SWORD: UNUSUAL TROOPS FOR THE ARMIES OF WEIRD FANTASY NATIONS

BY DAVE BOSHKO

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When you are in need of an especially bizarre military unit, simply roll a d20 once for each table and combine the results into a single military unit. For less outlandish military units, roll on only one or two of the tables. After getting your results, try to come up with an explanation about why such a strange unit exists. Good luck!

Table 1: Background
Who are these guys anyway?

1	Wild men drunk on tarrasque blood.
2	Gollish bards. Their giggling is most unnerving.
3	Kobolds that were spawned by the sleeping mind of a dragon. Each kobold is something that the dragon has forgotten.
4	Dwarves that wear robes and iron masks so that sunlight will never fall on their skin.
5	Lizard men that ride gorgonopsids (pre-dinosaur reptiles). Adult humans cannot hear their high-pitched speech but children can.
6	A company of knights that refuses to ride horses and instead employs various alternative mounts.
7	Halfling ostrich cavalry. They make excellent foragers.
8	A slave phalanx whose feet are chained together to prevent them from breaking formation.
9	Gnomes who are able to levitate up to 20 feet in the air. They use barge poles to skim along the ground.
10	A Witch Clan. Choose a spell at random (on a d10, 1-4 is a random first level spell, 5-7 is a second level spell, 8-9 is a second level spell and 10 is a fourth level spell). All members of this inbred clan can cast this spell at will.
11	Elves that ride deer and wear antler headdresses. They obsessively seek out loopholes in their employment contracts and orders.
12	Men of the woods who wear no clothes but instead wrap themselves in their own hair.
13	The half-dragon offspring of an especially broad-minded dragon.
14	Iron golems that remain loyal to a dead empire.
15	Slug men that leave behind an incredibly slippery slime trail.
16	Obese giants that only eat sentient beings.

DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...
A D20 TABLE WITH UNUSUAL TROOPS FOR THE ARMIES OF WEIRD FANTASY NATIONS. MONSTERS, MAGES, SPECIALISTS, WHAT HAVE YOU.
THANKS,
A. F.

17	A priest accompanied by a band of collared slaves that echo the priest's prayers and lend them greater potency.
18	A swarm of grey jellies that are the sentient snot that oozes from the nose of an ancient idol.
19	Orcs that do painful things and duel people "to the pain" to prove how tough they are.
20	Kind and gracious snake men who do not understand all of the objections to their funerary practices.

Table 1: Specialty
How are these guys going to kill you?

1	The unit carries the haunted bones of its dead with it.
2	Members of this unit can project their spirits in the form of animals. Their own bodies are unconscious while they do this.
3	The unit is accompanied by siege engines pulled by albino cave lizards. They shoot giant nets, barrels of caltrops, liquid darkness, etc.
4	This unit has trained several hairless mole bears that tunnel under battlefields and erupt in the midst of enemy formations.
5	This unit's commander owns an instant fortress: a magic item can change from a small metal box to a fortress on command. It is remarkably non-Euclidean, squamous and rugose.
6	Several members of this unit have had their brains removed and grafted to the heads of dinosaurs, which affords them some measure of control over these great beasts.
7	This unit posses a stew pot that cooks corpses into savory and obedient zombies.
8	The unit carries a 400-foot didgeridoo. Its sound is most potent.
9	These troops carry portable ballistas and are effective snipers even at extreme ranges.
10	This unit is especially well-trained and accompanied by 1d4 mages. They avoid fair fights at all costs and are proficient at exploiting the weaknesses of their foes in clever ways.
11	This unit possesses a rich war chest that it uses to bribe enemies.
12	This unit has enslaved several illusionists who are kept drugged to make them more docile.

13	This unit has trained a large number of parrots as messengers, spies and bombardiers.
14	Due to recent budget cuts, a magical university sold most of its underclassmen into the army. All of these disgruntled former students are capable of cantrips but not much else.
15	This unit includes a team of skilled surgeons who are on the lookout for spare parts.
16	This unit includes a battery of halfling-guided rockets.
17	The members of this unit operate out of an exceptionally large portable hole.
18	This unit carries with it a large supply of seeds of a variety of plants that have hallucinogenic pollen, grasping vines, giant bee-attracting nectar, projectile thorns, etc.
19	This unit's pyromancers have created a cache of rings of fire resistance that allow it to employ such tactics as lighting everyone on fire before charging the enemy.
20	This unit is based out of a cloud fortress that is propelled by an imprisoned air elemental.

Table 3: Quirks
What's weird about these guys?

1	The unit marches on the White Road, a vast mobile undead construct created from the dust of the bones of the slain.
2	This unit has contracted an incurable disease that is slowly killing them. They are utterly fearless and highly contagious.
3	Members of this unit refuse to do anything but pray during their religion's frequent holidays.
4	Each night a fresh finger has to be thrown in the stew pot.
5	This unit does not actually exist but is instead the dreams of a comatose mage made flesh.
6	This unit is accompanied by a swarm of monkeys that eat its garbage etc. They shriek loudly at any strangers that approach.
7	Unnath the Unborn's current avatar is a fetus borne by a member of this unit. This demi-god often performs miracles that warp the surrounding terrain.
8	All of the armor worn by this unit is made out of human fingernails.
9	The members of this unit have sworn to not return home until each one has killed someone. When this oath is fulfilled they will desert and attempt to return home immediately.

10	The unit is accompanied by a herd of giant ground sloths that serve both as a source of milk and as ambulatory terrain.
11	The members of this unit are sharp merchants who will seek to barter for your soul, first born child, etc. at every opportunity.
12	All new recruits must be the reincarnations of past members, so this unit wanders the world searching out their reborn brethren.
13	All members of this unit are the magical clones of an ancient hero. However, the copies of the copies of the copies of this hero have degraded somewhat.
14	This unit recently ran into a mad wizard who is fond of Polymorph Other, leaving it unusually rich in species diversity.
15	All appearances to the contrary, this unit is made up of alien psionic parasites that feed off of conflict and strife.
16	This unit has been mentally enthralled by hyper-intelligent stirges that feed on cerebral fluid.
17	The quartermaster of this unit is a doppelganger who has been adding slimy doppelganger seeds to the unit's rum supplies.
18	After meticulous personal grooming, the members of this unit always go naked into battle.
19	The hopes, dreams and fears of the members of this unit sometimes come to life as they sleep.
20	This unit is a city militia that is locked in pedantic discussion about town politics.

LANGUAGE QUIRKS

BY DAVID WEAVER

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It's a d8 table, because d8's don't get the mad love they deserve.

1	This language has no truth standards. Yes, No, True, False - These terms have no bearing on reality. Perhaps the language speaker is totally unaware of empiricism. Perhaps they come from an arch-postmodernist culture. Perhaps they are solipsists.
2	Hyper-sibilance - the language can only be truly spoken by a people with terrible (and deliberately self-inflicted) deformities of the mouth cavity. A kind of chosen shibboleth.
3	Kinetic language - These folks only communicate through body movements. Play charades with your PCs. Map appropriate word meanings to actions - for example: in a martial culture, 'Hello' might be indicated through a clenched fist, and entire conversations could be conducted through mock battles.
4	Language as currency: This culture's leaders are the ones with most communicative power, and hence most money. Little tokens representing different verb-noun combinations are traded for goods and services. The catch is that all communication is done with these tokens, hence the proletariat are prevented from fomenting revolution, as tokens representing abstract concepts are restricted from them. Use fridge-magnets or some such.
5	Language as magic: (AKA hacking the universe). This language causes stuff to happen. Like a mystical version of C++. Wishing something were so, in this language causes it to happen. Multiple contradictory utterances either cause this language to stall with no effect, or cause odd feedback loops. There is some pattern of logic to this language, illogical utterances will prove painful and attempts to divide by zero might prove fatal for the speaker (save vs magic).
6	Ideogrammatical language: communication entirely through drawing. Like 3, except there's a definite grammatical pattern object > subject > verb - every ideogram is made of three sub-images that follow this sequence. Speakers will be baffled by anything that breaks this pattern.
7	Domain-based language: This society has multiple interlaced languages, for warfare, politics, love, economics. Communication is through venn-diagram, depending on the language domains used. Complex theories look like blooming flowers, filled with ideas, or fractal snail shells, interlocking.

DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...

I WOULD LIKE A TABLE FULL OF ODD LANGUAGES WITH TRAITS OR QUIRKS THAT I CAN ACT OUT AT THE TABLE.

THANKS,

C. R.

- 8 Reduced vocabulary language: The only words in this language are equivalent to 'Yes', 'No', 'Go', 'Hate', 'Love', 'Person', 'Item' - where person and item are denoted by pointing at the relevant thing - No individual or item has a unique name, if the word 'Person' is used without pointing it means 'the totality of known individuals', if the word 'item' is used without pointing then it means 'the totality of all things'. There are no verbs other than 'Go' and the emphasis on pointing means that normally the only things that can be discussed are in eye-sight; 'Go' being a recent addition to the language, used to indicate anything from death, to swimming and hunting. One would pose a question in this language by appending 'Yes?' to the end of a sentence.

FESTIVALS AND TRADITIONS
OF THE HARVEST SEASON
BY ANONYMOUS

THE FESTIVAL SEASON

Who can escape the turning of the seasons? As your weary characters trudge back to the city, their pockets full of coins minted for a long-dead empire, they stumble upon a harvest festival – perhaps in preparation, perhaps in progress. Roll on the table below to find out what tradition this locale upholds, and what it might mean for the party. Feel free to make adjustments as needed in order to fit more smoothly into your home campaign – swap genders, use your own deities’ names as necessary, etc.

D10 TRADITION

1	Corn Maiden
2	Autumnalia’s Regent (or King/Queen)
3	Traveler’s Rest
4	Festival of the Eldest
5	The Mellified Man
6	Promenade of Brides
7	Baptism of Graves
8	The Goddess’ Journey
9	Gift of Geis
10	DM’s choice

CORN MAIDEN

[start Read Aloud box]

Up ahead, the road runs into a village where a festival is in full swing. The revelers seem to be in excellent spirits – it must have been a good harvest.

In the field to your right, however, something much more sacred is transpiring. Several older men, perhaps farmers, stand barefoot in a loose circle around a gray-haired woman kneeling in the freshly cut field. The woman seems to be weaving something from corn leaves, and they are all intoning solemnly:

Mintery, wintery, cuttery corn
Apple seed and apple thorn
Home, your home is hewn and shorn
Shelter, shelter, Maiden Corn

Hands be nimble, hands be deft
One twist to right and three to left

‘Tis our harvest and not a theft
Must not leave the corn bereft
[/Read Aloud box]

DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...
10 FESTIVITIES/TRADITIONS/EVENTS HELD IN THE CITY (BY ANY/ALL ECONOMIC CLASSES) FOR THE AUTUMN HARVEST FESTIVAL.
THANKS,
D. B.

The village elders and the crop-druid (Willemina, Druid 2) are finishing up the Corn Maiden ceremony, where the last sheaf of corn felled during harvest is used to make a corn dolly for the Harvest Spirit (or Corn Maiden). The Maiden will sleep in the dolly during the cold winter months, warm and safe on someone’s hearth. In the Spring, the Maiden will return to the soil when the dolly is planted with first plowing. The elders are open with the details of this practice if asked, and will hint at the steep price a village can pay if it is not completed. They will not elaborate about the price of failure. The crop-druid, if pressed, will confide in the PCs that a Corn Maiden without a home can turn into a Wendigo, a malicious spirit of deep winter cold, ensuring a harsh winter and many strange “animal attacks” and missing persons.

ADVENTURE HOOK: The dolly they are making is actually a second home for the Maiden, replacing the original one stolen from the druid’s cottage yesterday. Hopefully the Maiden will still find this winter home suitable, but if the PCs could find out what happened to the original, and why someone would wish a deadly winter on the village...

AUTUMNALIA’S REGENT

In some communities, the harvest is celebrated in elaborate fashion and exquisite style. A member of the community is selected as the Regent of the Harvest, and for seven solid days they are treated lavishly – feasts, gifts, parties, dances, tournaments and even the occasional peasant girl or boy “companion”. Each day the festivities grow more and more excessive, and the Regent presides over ever-more-symbolic rituals blessing the town, the fields, and the people of that community. The evening of the seventh day the festival, fuelled to a fever pitch by strong liquor and mildly psychogenic incense, culminates in the Regent’s Parade. The Regent is carried to the fields on the shoulders of their “subjects”, who sing the Regent’s praises all along the way.

In the fields the Parade meets the waiting priest of the harvest God/Goddess, who meets the Regent, thanks them for their blessings, and promptly strangles them to death.

The corpse is wordlessly stripped of its raiment by the crowd and then left to return to the earth where it fell, ensuring a bountiful harvest next year.

Local variations exist, of course – in some areas an acolyte of the priesthood is chosen, in others they “ordain” a prisoner a week ahead of time. Some communities even use unwary travelers or troublesome murderhobos constantly stirring up trouble in the local mythic underworld.

ADVENTURE HOOK: Surprise! The locals that were so unwelcoming last week are so glad to see you return from your latest adventure. In fact, they have elected you Regent of the Autumnalia Festival! How fun! The magic-user keeps going on about irregularities in the rituals, but you're sure that will be fine...

TRAVELER'S REST

Local legend has it that the God of Harvest takes the form of a traveling tinker and walks the roads during the threshing season, respectively blessing and cursing diligent and lazy farmers. This has, as a side effect, created an incredibly welcoming atmosphere for all travelers at this time of year, as no one wants to accidentally turn away the God in disguise.

Family members disguise themselves humorously poorly and visit their young children while pretending to be the incognito god, quizzing them about the lessons their parents have taught them and handing out small gifts. Pleasant children are praised, cheeky children are warned, and many a mug of homebrew is offered (and accepted) by the "mysterious traveler".

ADVENTURE HOOK: an unseelie changeling from the local forest/cave/pond/etc has taken the opportunity to run amok in a nearby village. Priests convinced that this may actually be the God are terrified to act, and villagers seem powerless to resist in any meaningful way. Perhaps the magically adroit PCs can help? For a higher-level hook, perhaps the unseelie is just a distraction hired by a large force of hobgoblins and ogres in the local caves, hoping for a much softer and more disorganized armed response when they make their move.

FESTIVAL OF THE ELDEST

Smaller communities rely on the collective wisdom of their eldest citizens in order to find sensible solutions to problems and also to help maintain important unifying traditions and rituals. As our intrepid adventurers stumble into town this night, the post-harvest Festival of the Eldest is being organized.

The citizens are dividing themselves up into temporary "fiefs", each captained by one of the community's eldest members. Each fief begins its own party in a different part of the town square (or fairgrounds, etc), attempting to outdo the other groups in both volume and mirth. Eventually the Elders are paraded into the central part of the festival ground, their fief-members loudly bragging about this and that great achievement of their "liege". As the night wears on - and the ale flows - the tales grow ever more implausible and ridiculous. Old farming injuries become battle scars, birthmarks are signs of witch-curses beaten, and missing teeth were traded to lake-spirit for freedom from a watery grave. The fief with the most amazing liege typically win some sort of gag prize like a three-legged goat or an ale jug

with a spirit trapped within. Generally everyone has a grand time and only mildly regrets the hangover the next day.

ADVENTURE HOOK: One old coot, Carl Bessie, has never been able to win the Festival of the Eldest, despite the best efforts of his enormous family. The PCs are invited to join the Bessie fief and try to outdo the other groups in town. Obviously, at some point at least one of the PCs will be called on to spin a tale about Carl the Great, and they should feel free to truly shine it on. This one is great for parties that like to get into the roleplaying even outside of a 20'x20' room.

MELLIFIED MAN

As the story goes, in ancient times a village wise man knew he was nearing his end. He feared for his village, however, as he could not see how the people would survive without his guidance and sagacity. He meditated in a field for many days while contemplating a solution to this conundrum. Finally, on the autumn equinox he struck upon his answer, and set to work to create it.

The wise man began eating copious amounts of honey with his meals. The villagers took note, but said nothing. Soon he was consuming nothing but honey, and began going so far as to bathe in the confection. The villagers grew curious but were afraid to confront the wise man. Eventually the diet began to take its toll and the wise man fell ill, but still he refused any treatment other than more honey.

Finally one brave village goodwife questioned the wise man while visiting his sickbed. "Why do you do this, old one? Why do you end your own life in such a wasteful fashion?" she asked. "Little one, no waste will take place," he assured her, "through this death I will provide life for the entire village."

He explained his reasoning thus; as he sat in that field day in and day out, all the way into the deep autumn, he had no company but the honeybees laboring away for their hives. If only I could ensure that my people would always work as hard for the good of the village as those bees do for their hive, he thought. Then he struck upon his idea - if the bees could pass on their wisdom to their own young through the honey that they feed them, then why should it not also work for the wise man and this villagers?

"And so you will partake of me, once I pass, just as the bees do. My wisdom and essence will seep into the honey, and then become part of you forever."

This is the story the locals tell regarding the popular honey festival. They still make the honey confections into the shape of wizened old men out of tradition, not some insanely complex form of human sacrifice. That would be silly.

ADVENTURE HOOK: This year someone is purposefully disrupting the festival using alchemically treated honey. By sneaking small amounts into all the Mellified Man molds, they have successfully exposed nearly the entire community to this special concoction. Through this specially treated honey, this troublemaker has hive-queen-like control of all the exposed “drones”. Can the PCs stop the evildoer’s plan without hurting the mind-controlled townspeople?

PROMENADE OF BRIDES

In particularly isolated areas, inbreeding amongst the small communities can cause problems very quickly. The solution that has arisen is an equinox “festival” called the Promenade of Brides.

After the harvest is complete, all the young men from each community put on their best clothes and travel to another small village. Each young man chooses his own destination, and some deliberately choose distant locales in order to increase bragging rights. In the meantime, the unmarried young ladies of each community put their best foot forward as well, waiting for the young men from outside to start arriving. Their families wait as well, eager to find excellent matches for their wonderful (and not-so-wonderful) offspring...

ADVENTURE HOOK: Guess what time it is when you get back to town with all that gold in your pockets?

BAPTISM OF GRAVES

Every year around this time, the locals throw a huge street party Dia de los Muertos style, with everyone dressing up as skeletons and lighting candles for deceased loved ones. On the final day of the week-long event, the origins of the festival become more clear – the locals parade through all the local cemeteries, blessing and re-sanctifying the grounds so as to prevent the corpses therein from once again walking the earth.

ADVENTURE HOOK: The town once sprawled much further along the North Road than it does now, so several cemetery grounds have been lost amongst the weeds and brush near the forest. If an intrepid adventurer doesn’t locate all three burial grounds before midnight, the locals might need help fighting off hordes of undead relatives...

THE GODDESS’ JOURNEY

Many religions recognize the significance of the harvest and become intimately involved with harvest festivals and seasonal cycles. One of the most common is the one sages identify as the Goddess’ Journey or the Virgin in the Underworld. The tale predictably revolves around a young woman, destined to become the Harvest Goddess, stolen away underground by a Winter Spirit or Underworld God, thus plunging the world into winter while she remains his prisoner. Eventually, using all her wiles and tricks, she steals away part of the Underworld’s ever-burning fire to make a lantern, and finds her way

back to the surface, bringing Spring and life back with her. Variations of course exist; sometimes it is the Goddess’ daughter that is stolen, sometimes the Moon steals her away instead, etc. At its core the story remains the same.

The local temple holds faithfully to this tradition by allowing the temple’s hearthfire to burnt out the night before the equinox, and then selecting a brave hero/heroine to journey into the Underworld in order to steal that same life-giving spark symbolically back in order to ensure a less harsh winter and quick return of Spring.

ADVENTURE HOOK: Got an undead, winter, or underworld-themed dungeon you’ve always wanted to run? Insert it here! Make sure the locals and priests provide lots of completely misleading helpful tips, hand-drawn maps, and rumors of what awaits the PCs in the hellhole to which you are leading them.

GIFT OF GEIS

Old tales are replete with witches and sorcerers both benign and malevolent who constantly laid dweomers upon ancient heroines to either bind or empower them during their quests. The storytellers call this giving the gift of geis, or simply geas.

A geas has two parts – the taboo and the boon (or binding, if it was negative). The taboo was just that – a forbidden action or activity (for instance the eating of meat or bathing in the ocean) – that as long as it was avoided the spell would hold. The boon or binding would (respectively) grant or drain power from the recipient. For instance, in the well-known tale of Morrigan, Clementinia the Witch grants her sister Morrigan a geas – that she would have the strength of ten men as long as she partakes of no salt.

During the local harvest festival, the villagers in this region also remember all their traditional tales (and the lessons therein) by playing at the giving of geas. The mayor disguises themselves as a wizard or witch and strides about town laying humorous “geas” on the townsfolk – forcing them to hop about on one leg or speak only in rhyme. As the festival goes on and the ale flows more quickly, the geas get more absurd as does the speculation about what boon they may have brought with them. Some townships set up elaborate “tests of might” and “duels of wits” that are arranged to show off the newfound boons granted by the Witch – this type of arrangement is popular in areas with lots of children to entertain (likely while the adults drink in peace nearby).

ADVENTURE HOOK: Someone in town seems to have gained the ability to had out real geas, both positive and negative. More and more of the townsfolk are finding themselves bound by this strange power. Who is doing this? To what sinister end are they working? How did they discover such a secret to power?

DRUNK GNOLLS
(ILLUSTATIONS THROUGHOUT
THIS SECTION)
By JACK HARPER
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DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...
AN ADULT-BEVERAGE-DRINKING GNOLL. MAYHAPS THIS GNOLL
IS DRESSED IN A MANNER UNFIT FOR TRADITIONAL GNOLL-
FILLED SETTINGS!
THANKS,
J. K.

DRUNK GNOLLS ILO 5 By JACK HARPER



WEIRD CUSTOMS, CLOTHES, FOOD, ETC

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DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...

A WAY TO GENERATE ALL THE PECULIAR CUSTOMS AND CLOTHES AND DISHES AND TABOOS AND RIVALRIES AND GENERAL BITS OF WEIRDNESS THAT MAKE SMALL ISOLATED VILLAGES AND GREAT CITIES UNIQUE. POSSIBLY DELIVERED IN A MULTI-LEVEL GIGANTOTABLE SORT OF WAY.

THANKS,

P. G.

This is pretty much an impossibly large request, so what I offer here are some starting points. Roll as many times as you like on any of the columns and combine results as appropriate (for repeated numbers just combine variations on the main item). Tables are all 1d (different dice depending on how many options I could roundly come up with) so I didn't have to account for variable chances (bell curves and the like), each entry should be equally likely (though you could change some of these to weight the randomness).

	Food (prominent ingredients)	Drink	Clothes (materials, features)	Taboos	Customs	Factions	Other Weirdness?	Recent History	Ancient History
1	Large/ grazing livestock (cow, goat, sheep)	milk (cow, goat, sheep, other more exotic animal)	wool (or other woven animal fur)	drinking	ritual can- nibalism	Farmers	everyone is a doppelganger or other shapeshifter pretending to be human	Change of ruler (1-2: death; 3-4: appoint- ment; 5: coup; 6: election)	founded by an ancient forgotten race/peo- ples
2	Small livestock (chick- en, pig, turkey)	wine (grape or other lo- cal fruit)	cotton (or other plant)	eating after sun- set/before sunrise	polygamy	Fisher- men	whole location is an incursion of the spirit world, all living things are actually ghosts, or else the spir- it popula- tion is quite substantial so that the living inhabitants are used to it and treat the spirits as normal parts of the community	attacked by other humans/ human- oids. (1: fought off aided by some valiant figure; 2-3: ma- jor loses; 4-5: tak- en-over or com- pletely ran- sacked; 6: ongoing conflict;)	invaded by anoth- er cul- ture/race and now the na- tives and invaders are as- similated (perhaps combine multiple rolls on the tables for the new mixed culture)
3	Rice	beer	silk (or other insect related material)	magic	collective childrear- ing	Miners	ruler is a demon subtly ma- nipulating the whole location for its own desires	fire effecting some large or major part of the settle- ment	curse by (mage, druids, god, evil creature, scorned wo/man, deposed leader, etc.)

4	Legumes (lentils, beans)	alcohol (corn, potato, etc.)	leather/hide (various animals)	some common local food item (they treat it like poison though it is perfectly edible)	communist collectivism (shared property)	Merchants	at least one god/demi-god/saint/etc is so important to this specific location that the whole location is filled with temples, relics, and other historical markers. Pilgrims are present. Don't insult the object of veneration or you are in trouble.	famine or drought	invaded by another culture/race and natives and invaders are still at odds. perhaps invaders keep natives as slaves/servants/lower class, etc.
5	Grains (wheat, corn)	juice (some local fruit/vegetable)	non-cloth adornment (metal, shells, flowers, bones)	opiates	opiates (or other drug)	Craftsmen	everyone belongs to the same religion/cult/secret society	sickness/plague	gold rush or some other event that caused a boom/bust cycle
6	Fruit (depending on climate: apples, bananas, mangos, grapes, berries)	blood (animal, human)	dyed (single color, multi-colors, patterns)	non-procreative sex	cross-dressing	Nobles	currently plagued by (pick): locusts, rats, sickness, frogs, crows, werewolves, weeds, etc.	a party of adventurers recent came through and caused a lot of trouble before leaving	major natural disaster that seriously changed the geography of the area/settlement (earthquake, meteorite, tsunami, etc.)
7	Game (pheasant, deer, rabbit)		woven (patterns, colors, multiple materials, quilted)	worshipping any but the single local deity	ancestor worship	Guards/Militia	location is a pocket of consistent isolated weather patterns (it rains everyday, it never rains, it's always windy, the sun never shines, etc.)	wanderer theatre troupe was recently in town (2 in 6, still in the area)	war with nearby culture/race/settlement. never truly settled and the groups still hate each other.

8	Root vegetables (potatoes, turnips)		cloth adornment (fringes, tassles, braids, veil-like layers)	immersion in water or crossing running water	perform a religious gesture upon saying certain words or phrases	Thieves	domesticated animals in the town talk (Cats, dogs, birds). No one thinks this is unusual.	trade caravan passed through (3 in 6, still in area)	popular uprising against lord (now a free state, or else was later conquered again)
9	Greens (kale, spinach, cabbage)		very little or no clothing worn	speaking to any non-local	barter only economy	Beggars		natural disaster (hurricane, tsunami, earthquake, hurricane)	unknown (lost to history or some event)
10	Spices (pepper, chili, cumin)		loose flowing clothes (robes, kimonos, saris)	certain words	prescribed religious/cultural clothing/adornment	Mages		recent war/battle from nearby nation/culture/race/lord passed through or by the settlement. perhaps the conflict is still ongoing.	nothing (recent settlement)
11	Dairy (milk, cheese, butter)		layered clothing (light or heavy depending on climate)			Church/Temple (official)		nothing.	
12	Fish (fresh or salt)		many pieces (shirts, pants, ties, jackets, vests, hats; skirts, undershirts, bodices, jackets, hats, parasols)			Cult		nothing.	
13	Nuts (almond, peanut, chestnut, walnut)					Ruler (lord, king, etc.)			

14	Mush-room/ fungus					Elders/ Mayor/ Govern- ment/Bu- reaucrats			
15	Shelled creatures (clams, crabs, snails)					Laborers			
16	Insects (ants, grass- hoppers, roaches)					Slaves			
17	Hu- man(oids)					Prosti- tutes			
18	Reptiles (snake, lizard, dinosaur, dragon)					Racial group (other human or demi- semi-hu- man)			
19	"magic" creatures (pick from your favorite monster book)					Foreign- ers/Im- migrants			
20	Some- thing inedible (like rocks or dirt)					students/ universi- ty/school			

Food (prominent ingredients): Parentheticals are just some examples for each category.

You could roll on this 3+ times and combine into prominent dishes eaten

Clothes (materials, features): alternately you could go with a list of real world cultural clothes (japanese, chinese, indian, german, british, etc.)

Factions: Some of these could be selected multiple times. Multiple churches, multiples cults, multiple guilds of craftsmen, multiple militia units, etc.

Once you've rolled or selected your factions, roll reaction for each combination of two (for large numbers of factions, you'll probably want to work up a chart).

By "reaction" I mean a classic D&D style 2d6 where 2 is hostile, 3-5 is unfriendly, 6-8 is neutral, 9-11 is friendly, and 12 is best friends.

Other Weirdness? Sorry, I'm not so good with the weird stuff.

Many/most of these could be easily sub-tabled for further specificity. I'm sure they could all be extended into longer tables too given enough thought, research, or teamwork.

Most results should imply other elements of the village/town/city/area (i.e. if the prominent food is "rice" then there must be paddies in the surrounding area, if the clothing is primarily woven wool then there be sheep and weavers about, etc.) and lead to more questions (i.e. is "ritual cannibalism" directed internally, if so how are the victims selected, if external, what nearby group/town are the main source of victims).

CLICHÉ ALLEY

BY EDWARD HACKETT
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A narrow, uneven, twisting, broken-cobbled dead-end street overhung by widow's walks, dormers and balconies to drop in any fantasy city. On this street live a d30s-worth of NPCs, including a shady doctor, a hooker with a heart of gold, a gang of hooligans and a blind beggar. I call it Cliché Alley.

Run-down, surrounded and covered by the sprawl and upward expansion of the rest of the city, Triopos Lane is a pit of corruption and despair. The winding paths and alleys that run between, over and under the buildings have created a labyrinthine mess divided into Upper and Lower Triopos. Attempts to re-map the area have all failed: 3 cartographers have been murdered. No one else will take the work.

Lower Triopos has the largest and oldest establishments: The Wagging Tail, Toppers hat store and the underground boxing arena. Upper Triopos is populated with towers and smaller structures piled haphazardly on top of the older, sturdier structures. The people of Triopos represent the lowest of the low, the fallen of the city. The folks that live in Triopos Lane are nicknamed "tropes" and elsewhere in the city Triopos Lane is sometimes called Cliché Alley (though never in front of a "trope"). Every trope has a secret and every secret is an opportunity in Cliché Alley.

THE TROPES: DENIZENS OF THE LANE

1	KING OF THE HEAP: Shadow runs a tight ship with the Thieves Guild in Cliché Alley. His given name is unknown and only a handful of people have seen his face - he, of course, wears a black mask. <i>Secret: He is not the Head of the Thieves Guild. Shadow is just a puppet playing the part of the puppeteer.</i>
2	THE GIANT: Tanner Lee, Shadow's enforcer, is a hulk of a man. Nicknamed Ogre by locals, Tanner's fierce loyalty to Shadow (and low self-esteem) leads him to commit terrible acts in the name of their friendship. <i>Secret: Orge keeps a menagerie of small, cute animals and will quickly befriend other animal lovers.</i>

DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...
A NARROW, UNEVEN, TWISTING, BROKEN-COBLED DEAD-END STREET OVERHUNG BY WIDOW'S WALKS, DORMERS AND BALCONIES TO DROP INTO ANY FANTASY CITY. ON THIS STREET LIVE A D30S-WORTH OF NPCs, INCLUDING A SHADY DOCTOR, A HOOKER WITH A HEART OF GOLD, A GANG OF HOOLIGANS AND A BLIND BEGGAR. I CALL IT CLICHÉ ALLEY!
THANKS, L. M.

3	THE LORD: Matthias Galliard Greyholme, an old paladin and a high-ranking officer, returned to his ancestral home at Greyholme Manor to protect the good people of his now floundering, suffering cesspool of a neighbourhood. He is determined to clean up the streets and unravel the mystery of Shadow and the power of the Thieves Guild. <i>Secret: He is using what remains of the family fortune to build a small team of vigilantes to deal with the problem. He has lost his faith and his divine connection to his god.</i>
4	THE MATRON: Old Momma Hob runs the Triopos Orphanage. This grey-haired woman with a saccharine personality also serves as confidante and streetear to Greyholme. <i>Secret: This headmarm act is a well-practiced and well-established front for her true work - training cutpurses and pickpockets. This old bat is colder than ice and hard as to boot. She grinds the coppers out of her children and passes her dues onto Shadow, temporarily. The truth is that Old Momma Hob is the real head of the Thieves Guild.</i>
5	THE TINKER: Bergen Mayerbach is a genius. He is also hopelessly scatterbrained and a complete shut-in. His machines will change the world, if he can find them in the mess of his workshop. His latest misplaced marvel is the Electro-static Harness. <i>Secret: Hires guild thieves to procure required materials, very deep in debt to Shadow.</i>
6	THE TAILOR: Brindler Basquin is a purveyor of finely crafted suits. He refuses to move his shop to accommodate his wealthy clientele, who refuse to wear anything else. <i>Secret: Sets up his clientele for mugging by his silent partner, Grim. Has a huge gambling debt to multiple gangsters.</i>
7	THE SOLDIER: Grim is a grizzled old veteran with no qualms about mugging some "panty-waste nobblers". He hates the aristocracy. He is missing his little fingers on both hands from playing Knifey-Spoony. <i>Secret: Shagging Basquin's wife.</i>

8	THE SPY: Wilhelmina Augustina Georgetta Vapisti is the madam of The Wagging Tail, a now well-established boudy house. <i>Secret: An efficient spy, she has been unnoticed behind enemy lines for nearly 35 years. She has an arrangement with Old Momma Hob to train up the lads and lasses that show certain potential.</i>	14	THE RING MASTER: Lourdes Leighton-Klein is a widow and now runs her husbands' old hat shop, Toppers. She is plump and pleasant and has scandalously taken many lovers since her widowhood. <i>Not-so-Secret: Lourdes also runs the underground boxing arena under the shop.</i>
9	THE BLIND BEGGAR: Dorchese Droove, a former masseur, is a warm fellow with an uncanny knack for steering clear of danger despite his infirmity. <i>Secret: He is a master swordsman and blind fighter, wielding a walking stick with deadly precision. He has been recruited by Greyholme.</i>	15	THE HUCKSTER: Coalsen Coalsen runs an alchemist cart in Upper and Lower Triopos, selling potions of all kinds. <i>Secret: Main distributor of drugs (magic and otherwise) in Triopos. Sells inexpensive healing potions laced with narcotics to adventuring types. Uses his many children as runners, providing top gear to his many customers.</i>
10	THE SHADY DOCTOR: Dr. Zemus Szasz is not a good doctor (everyone calls him Sawbones). His practice is a shambles, and yet business is booming. Rumour has it that Dr. Szasz has perfected a method to replace limbs and revivify necrotic flesh. <i>Secret: His success is mainly possible due to the illegal acquisition of some Electro-static Harnesses. Zemus has been amassing a horde of corpses in his cellar.</i>	16	THE CROOKED LAWMAN: Abobo Visooq is a guard captain and a guild collector. His crew of hooligans run protection rackets for the guild and guard Triopos Lane for the city. Abobo is openly at odds with Greyholme and has threatened to kill the old paladin. Abobo is also wildly in love with Griaska. <i>Secrets: Has a collection of rare exotic tea cups (worth a small fortune) in his home in Upper Triopos.</i>
11	THE MONGREL MASCOT: Danio the Dirtear always seems to have all the best gossip and all the rotten luck. He has been run down by a wagon, losing his right hand. He was slashed during a knife duel between two other opponents, losing his left ear after Dr. Szasz botched the surgery. Despite everything, he is a likeable and cheerful lad that everyone chums with despite his half-goblin blood. <i>Secret: Danio is an angel of suffering. When terrible things are meant to happen to others, they affect him instead.</i>	17	THE CRANKY SHOPKEEP: Horus Tribbagle is a shrewd and unpleasant man. His general goods shop provides most of the food, tools and gear to the folks of Cliché Alley. He always pays his cut of protection money to Abobo on time. <i>Secret: Horus is a meticulous record-keeper and he embezzles a portion of his earnings into a fund to aid Mattias in his clean-up project.</i>
12	SOILED DOVE: Griaska Lovelace is the prettiest harlot in The Wagging Tail. She is fit and tall and a half-orc. However, she bears little resemblance to her orcish grandfather (some pronounced canine teeth and a slightly upturned nose). Griaska is pursued by most of the men in Triopos Lane, but none so aggressively as Abobo. Griaska has a soft heart; she contributes nearly all of her profits to the Orphanage. <i>Secret: Griaska has an addiction to Dreamsong, a strong sedative incense.</i>	18	THE STREETFIGHTIN' MAN: Zeus was a champion arena fighter that refused to work with the Thieves Guild; ambushed and severely crippled, Zeus now sits on his stoop grinning and drooling every day. <i>Secret: Acquired an electro-static harness that allows him to walk and fight. Runs night missions, assassinating thugs and thieves.</i>
13	THE DOOMSAYER: This crazy old coot gets up on his soap box every morning after breakfast and doesn't stop until mid-afternoon when he heads home. No one remembers what his name is. He has been standing on the same soap box for nearly 40 years shouting about the grim, gruesome end that will soon befall us all. <i>Secret: He is a powerful wizard (though he forgets that most days) and among the wealthiest men in the city; his wizard tower is full of magical paraphernalia and riches from around the world.</i>	19	THE JUNKIE: "Jelly" Kelly Kay is universally disliked. Her wretched, drug-addled body is often found in the alcoves of shops. Her son, Hornet, is at the Orphanage. <i>Secret: She is the cursed lost heiress to a foreign throne. Momma Hob is aware of the boy's lineage and has plans to exploit him.</i>
		20	THE BRAZEN HUSSY: Nora Jenora is a whore. She works the streets and takes tricks to her home somewhere in the winding back alleys. She operates without the protection of a pimp or The Wagging Tail. <i>Secret: Nora is a were-spider; she eats her clientele. She knows of a secret entrance to the now-abandoned chapel in the grounds at Greyholme Manor, which is where she maintains a nest.</i>

21	THE SLEAZEBALL: Booker Reigh is a pimp and provides the cheaper, seedier service that johns can't afford at The Wagging Tail. He is aware of Nora Jenora, but can never seem to catch her. He is wondering where all his customers have gone. <i>Secret: Booker is a displaced noble. His family was crushed in a powerful political coup 10 years ago.</i>	29	THE BARD-TENDER: Cacophonix is the finest kobold voice in their history. The shame is that the kobold musical aesthetic doesn't hold true among humans. He works as a bartender in The Wagging Tail. <i>Secret: Works with the cloistered playwright Halland Tenpole, writing most of his plays, prose and poetry for him these days.</i>
22	THE OUTSIDER: The dark elf, Terdzit, dislikes Triopos because it reminds him of home. His magical sabres have kept the guild toughs at bay, but the encounters are becoming more deadly. <i>Secret: He is searching for a lost magical trinket.</i>	30	THE HEARTSICK KILLER: A talented knife for hire in the midst of an existential crisis; Martina Blanc, is tired of killing. She is thinking about becoming a mother and giving up the life. <i>Secret: Knows truth about Old Momma Hob. Luckily, Hob doesn't know she knows. Hired to kill Terdzit the Outsider.</i>
23	THE TWIST: Jonhi Jingles is wonderful and sweet. His bakery is not doing well, but he often gives baskets of day-olds to the hungry in the neighbourhood. <i>Secret: Jonhi is a horrid predator of the worst kind. His proclivity for human flesh is uniquely limited to small children.</i>	31	THE MONUMENT: Narcissa's Tears is the name of the fountain statuary of a Medusa staring into a mirror. Legend says that Father Triopos tricked the vile medusa, Narcissa, into looking at her own reflection. It is bad luck to look into her mirror. <i>Secret: The statuary IS a medusa named Kaio-bi. She was moved from her home hundreds of years ago. The truth of her origin is known only to her.</i>
24	THE BAREKNUCKLE BELLE: The masked champion of the arena is Green Star, a young woman with a lethal fighting style. She can hold her own against any number of foes. <i>Secret: Chiaki Agano (Green Star) is the bored daughter of a foreign noble. She seeks thrills by joining prizefights and baiting thugs into attacking her.</i>		
25	THE SHIT WIZARD: Tallen Illopsis has perfected scatomanancy, or shit magic (any spell components or effects can be replaced with shit; the rarer and bigger the component, the better). He makes his lair in the sewers under Cliché Alley. <i>Secret: Hates his offal magical talent and would give anything to cast like a normal magic-user.</i>		
26	THE HOLY MAN: Father Finn, boozy as he is, passes through Triopos Lane twice weekly, providing free healing to the wretched and sickly. <i>Secret: Once known as Regefin O'Rally, dread pirate extraordinaire, his plunder is still hidden on a desert island.</i>		
27	AGING BARBARIAN ICON: A legend among the People of the Boar, Cohn Gokh has seen too many winters and longs to die honourably in combat as all his people must. In his depression, he wallows in the gutters of Cliché Alley. <i>Secret: Attained godhood, totally unaware of his deification.</i>		
28	THE SWEET: Xakoph Vazzik is a beardless dwarven magic-user in exile, making the most wonderful candies in Upper Triopos (perhaps the entire city). The Sweetery is a strange, vibrant shop with a colourful whirling sign. <i>Secret: Keeps a Chocolate Golem and bakes Gingersnap Soldiers daily for security.</i>		

ELF RUIN RAIDER

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DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...

A PICTURE OF MY ELF RUIN RAIDER. SHE IS A HAUGHTY, ATTRACTIVE AND HAS A CHAOTIC BENT. SHE WEARS REVEALING AND ORNAMENTED CHAIN AND LEATHER ARMOR OF HIGH QUALITY. SHE USES A LONG SWORD IN ONE HAND AND A LARGER FIST SHAPED GAUNTLET THAT IS NOT ARTICULATED THAT DOUBLES AS A BUCKLER IN THE OTHER, SHE DOES USE A CAT OF NINE TAILS AS WELL OR A FLAIL. DARK HAIREDD, DEMURE AND SHARP EYED. SHE HUNTS THE RUINS FOR LOST LORE AND MAGIC ALONG WITH HER CHAOTIC PSEUDO DRAGON FAMILIAR. SHE USES MAGICS TO BEGUILLE AND CHARM OTHERS TO HER SIDE, OR IF THAT FAILS HER OWN CONSIDERABLE ... NATURAL ASSETS.

THANK YOU SANTICORE!!! I LOVE YOU!

M.

ELF RUIN RAIDER By EVAN WEBBER



HALFLING CRIME FAMILIES

BY JAMES AULDS
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Who are the Halfling crime families in your city? What are there specialties, dispositions and networks? Where do these diminutive criminals live and work? What types of places do they frequent and what would be discovered there? What follows are some quick vignettes of some of the major players of the halfling criminal underworld in a small to medium city size setting. These are laid out with names, places, adventure hooks, things, sights, smells, and tastes in a fashion that i would hope one could mix and match to their liking for whatever type of game content was needed, be it NPC's, Opponents, Friends, or new character generation help. These are laid out by Place or Business, notice none of them are bars, in the City those are reserved for the human thieves guilds, halflings will always have a front for any criminal activity. Most branches of a halfling crime family will have numerous nieces and nephews and be connected to one to three other locations by family, mix and match at will

THE COOPS, HIGHSIDE

High up on the City's northern wall is the what is only called the Coops by locals, for years Chervil Pudding and cousins have tended the City's Municipal carrier and messenger pigeons. on the side they specialize in gem and rare ingredient smuggling to and from distant lands. A silver feather token in a hat is the badge of this family

Things: Lots of stairs, narrow walkways, coops, feathers, pigeon droppings, small sewn shut bags, maps and itineraries, Giant Killer Pigeon, featherfall, spies sending parcels, more pigeon droppings. , squab on a stick and hot tea, trapped air elemental in a jar

THE PEARL DIVERS UNION HALL.

Poppy Wish-Bone runs the Union Hall for the all female halfling Pearl Divers in the city located in a sturdy stone building near the riverfront. anyone needing magical or mundane pearls knows to treat her and her girls with the respect they deserve or else. They have been suspected of both river piracy and assassination, but no one says that outloud. A tattoo of a dagger through a Wish-Bone is there badge

Things: Locked barnacle encrusted chests, underwater escape hatches and tunnels, maps to sunken ships, nautical equipment, Giant Clams, breathing potions, curved daggers, sharkskin armor, the smell of the river, glowing kelp, muddy tracks, sea-cats, assassins with harpoon guns, drowning ghosts, Halfling were-shark, fish soup and salted wine

DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...

INFORMATION ON A HALFLING CRIME FAMILY, WITH INFORMATION ON THE MAJOR PLAYERS AND POSSIBLY IDEAS FOR LOCATIONS AROUND TOWN THAT THEY CONTROL.

THANKS,

J. M.

GRAND DUCHESS GOAT AND PONY WORKS
Turmeric Half-Foot is the head trainer, breeder, and livestock manager for the Goat and Pony Works, He and his three brothers, Basil, Dill, and Rhubarb have the finest small animal stock available in the city and have been known to do a bit of smuggling on the side of exotic animals and the occasional confidence game. There Badge is a Carrot in a vest pocket

Things: Talking Goats, Haybales, stalls, near the main gate, a deal with the City Watch, small carts, Magic Carrots, pitchforks and whips, goat hide armor, quick escapes from town and news of the roads, whispers of Diabolical Pacts of Gluttony, manure, manure monster, saddlebags full of sawdust and ancient silver coins, roasted goat and carrots, cheap ale

SPICE STREET

Brassica juncea is the self proclaimed leader of Spice street, he is a hugely fat halfling born about on a curtained palanquin by six stout hooded men. He roams the street of spices barking out orders, market prices and quantities of spices available for sale from various street vendors and is often sought as counsel for various affairs by other halfling crime families. His Family all have scarification of a turkey leg in a noose on their right arm.

Things: Coying smell of Spices, hot pepper bombs, silvered short swords, hooded thugs, expensive and rare herbs and regents, dark alleyways, far off caravans through the sands, roasted lizards on spits, curried bat wings, a Giant Rot Grub carefully concealed by exotic smells.

LOWER EAST DOCKSIDE SHIP CHANDLERS AND SALVAGE CLAIMS WAREHOUSE

Tarragon Whisper Clinch, is the well known proprietor of the warehouse that serves as this business address and everyone including the Watch stays out of the way of his club wielding thugs and workers on the docks. Rumored to be involved in illicit drug smuggling and kidnapping this family is often avoided. a tattoo of a pie with a skull on the top serve as a badge for this group.

Things: Large Warehouse, creaky floors, cat walks, trap doors, animated chains and hoist monsters. moldy straw, old crates, piles of crates. old tins of meat, stale tobacco smoke, cheap rum barrels. giant dire rats. sentries on patrol, clubs and saps. escaped princesses/ sea hag. guard dogs. small office up high, locked safe.

MAMA TALLOW HEARTS SOUP KITCHEN

Mama Tallow Heart is a fixture of the City and here soup kitchen feeds countless score of the city's less fortunate each day with a bowl of soup and a chunk of bread. Huge in scope with onsite bakeries, grain mills and kitchens all combined in a large stone complex. Mamma Tal as she is know to the swarms of orphans and destitute that frequent her establishment is often seen with a large ladle and a chunk of bread in each hand whispering to her "little ones" no one has ever questioned how its funded.

Things: Huge Cauldrons, Hot Ovens, scores of the unwashed. small children running around, silent messengers, fences for goods, minor cut purses, a very secure vault and office. soup monster, whispered secrets, information of all kinds, rumors of stolen goods and "rioters" for hire.

**GLAZIERS AND LEADSMEN,
QUALITY GLASS WINDOWS**

High Climbing Strawberry Jack and his crew of window men serve the city as fine quality upper story window makers and cleaners by day, by night they are the cat burglars your grandmother feared would steal the tea set from the roof. having offices and workshops in the builders quarter, its actually hard to find them anywhere but up on a wall working. they are uniformly known by the distinct leather harness they wear and a coil of rope at there hip. some say they have seven toes, this is false, mostly.

Things: Rope, high towers, scaffolding, tiny thrown knives of glass, glass elementals/constructs. spider climb, hidden signals, whistling of the wind. zephyr bats, the sound of breaking glass. animated rope, spy-glasses, hidden caches of art and stolen goods, cold cuts and cheese enjoyed at the top of the city on a ledge.

THE CLOCK TOWER

Caretakers and makers of the Citys clocktower are the Brothers Hopfoot, Tack, Tick, and Tock. They are said to rival the skills of even the great Gnome Tinkers of Alvolon with both clocks and locks. These master locksmiths have a key for anything at a price and there badge is a tiny working clock as a lapel pin

Things, Ticking, Stout Tower, Clockwork curiosities, gear wyrms, keys, wheels, gears, bells, specialty locks, traps, spring loaded wonders. wizard snipers, cold ham and cheese, oiled wine, slippery stairs, timed bombs, cypher machines, wires, sprocket. heavy wrenches

**QUILL AND TOMES, FINE PURVEYOR OF EVERY-
THING WRITTEN OR TO WRITE**

Capsium Q and his band of cousin clerks run both a bookshop, scribal supplies and books and ledgers for the citys more criminal element. They can be found hunched over, ink stained hands copying anything and

everything in a less than library type atmosphere. Their sygal is of a dagger ended quill tattooed on their little finger. It has been rumored that they can translate anything magic or mundane.

Things, Dust, books, scrolls, inkwells, long tables stacks of books, parchment monster, a thousand paper cuts, glowing letters, a printing press possessed by a devil and chained to a wall. apples and viper pie, cold cider, whispering ink, secret ledgers, magic quills, silence and uproar.

LA PETITE FOWL, A GRAVY SHOPPE

Roux Lagrou, once of a far and distant land is the chef at this tiny shop on the corner of market and parade street, it features a revolving menue, expensive prices and just 7 tables in alcoves. private conversations and brokered deals are the dessert for this particular eatery and it is said Roux can broker anything from a art theft to the assassination of an Ogre Mage. Privileged Patrons receive a tiny silver spoon on a chain that serves as an after hours key

Things, Chicken and Gravy with Biscuits and Butter. refined dining, Spies of the Ogre Mage, revolving tables, impressive interdimensional wine cellar, main door with a peep hole, scents from the kitchen both pleasant and fowl, mute waiters, soured milk, a disguised cockatrice, mysterious delivery men on rickshaw, recording candles, a torn bit of menu with an arcane note

SOUTHGATE BUTCHERS AND BONES

Directly Outside the citys south gate surrounded by a fence of bones is this Butchershop, guarded by hyena-camel hybrids its a foreboding and stinking place, but just where you go for that prize cut of meat. Half-Shank Harry has run the place for years with his small crew of bloody coated butchers and special delivery men. They are rumored to be able to cover anyones tracks and any crime.

Things, Bones, Heaps of Bones, the stench, rose bushes growing around the building, garlic and lamb stew, a stout porter in a leather tankard, bones, vorpal cleaver, cauldrons of blood, sausage monsters, dispose of the bodies, couriers of ill gotten grave goods, brown wrapping paper and twine. a large whetstone wheel, honing oil, leather apron of butchering, a large wagon with what looks to be a dragon corpse on it, meat pie recipe

CITY OPERA HOUSE

Ms. Pennyroyale is reputed to have been the greatest halfling opera singer in her time, now her and her loyal patron the dwarf Hruk Iron-Tooth run the grand City Opera House with showings noon, matinee, and thrice bells evening time on most weekends and occasionally during the week for civic benefits. Its a highbrow establishment for the citys betters formed of red worked stone and purple teak wood. Patrons and others will

always recognize Opera Guild members by their purple baldricks decorated by three silver music notes, but what most dont know is what happens in the basement and what all that loud singing covers up

Things, Goblin pit fights, crazed betting, illicit drug smoke, a lich's head in a lead box. dancing scimitars, invitation only, secret staircases, velvet curtains, box office. cages of berserker goblins far underneath, bloodsport, High dignitaries, foreign ambassadors, geist ice wine and horsderves

SHOVEL AND TROWEL, GARDENER FOR HIRE

Horatio Leaf-stache is a gardener, known by the city's elite as the best in the area, he can make a tree bloom in the dead of winter it is said. He keeps a small and tidy cottage near the citys walled perfume gardens but is seldom there as he has much work to do. he can be tracked down whistling while he works in any number of private gardens and is only usually in the company of one or two of his nondescript helpers, each of whom carry a silver trowel in their belt. It is said that those looking for his favor will quietly sit on a park bench with a flower and meditate

Things, rose bushes, grape vines, sickles, scythes, nin-ja-halflings. high walls, secret tunnels, spore bombs, angry dryad, shovel to the head. cuttings, monster plants, wheelbarrow, magic beans. chrysanthemum, daisy, poppy, rare herbs, shambling mound. sundials, moonbeams, weeping willows, and yes NIN-JA_HALFLINGS

PRINCES IN SHADOW

BY ERIK JENSEN

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Below are eight factions which may be dropped into any campaign to add an extra layer of “movers and shakers” to the overt political forces present. Operating at various levels of secrecy, these factions are not inherently tied to any alignment or religion, and could easily be interpreted as villains, heroes, or wildcards as necessary.

SIX BLOOD NATION

Goals: Wealth, local sociopolitical control

Traits: Semi-secret, Criminal, Dispersed

Skills: Thievery, Local Knowledge (Streetwise), Pugilism and Knife-fighting

The Six Blood Nation are a loose confederation of criminal and bandit gangs who engage in various petty larcenies, racketeering, and local ‘protection’ schemes. Originally formed by six allied gangs - hence the name - the Nation now incorporates perhaps hundreds of associated groups across the continent, each operating independently and without a central command or hierarchy. The Nation’s symbol is six daggers arranged in a star, but most members of the organization wear instead the mark or colors of their local gang. In some areas, the Six Blood Nation serve as actual protectors and advocates of the locals; in others, they are cruel and violent extortionists. When disputes arise between gangs, the masters of other nearby gangs are called in to form a council of judgment and keep the peace.

IVORY SYNDICATE

Goals: Wealth through control of commerce

Traits: Secret, Criminal, Hierarchical

Skills: Thievery, Mercantile, Interrogation

From its beginning procuring and shipping ivory, the Syndicate were consummate professionals who wasted neither time nor action, watched their profit margins closely, and reinvested carefully. Today, the Ivory Syndicate is a tightly-managed criminal enterprise which has diversified widely and promotes from within based on merit and the profitability of an agent’s acts and investments. Although the Syndicate occasionally organizes an effort to steal jewels or high-end art, these operations provide only short-term influxes of cash; the Syndicate primarily grows slowly and quietly, moving into an area and working to corner the market on goods which will always be in demand (olive or palm oil, ghee, food staples, water supply). The insidious merchants who control the Ivory Syndicate’s highest levels think and work in the long term, and would rather take a smaller profit margin over a period of years than stir things up unnecessarily chasing a big score that would draw unwanted attention. Syndicate operatives bear geometric tattoos on their left arms which indicate rank within the organization.

DEAR SECRET SANTICORE, THIS YEAR I’M REALLY HOPING TO GET SOME FACTIONS TOGETHER FOR MY SANDBOX CAMPAIGN. CAN YOU GIVE ME SOME POTENTIAL MOVERS AND SHAKERS FOR MY CAMPAIGN, OR A WAY OF GENERATING THEM? BONUS POINTS IF THE FACTIONS DON’T HAVE A DEFAULT FAUX-EUROPEAN SETTING ASSUMPTION. :) (SANTICORE ASKED HUMZA AND HE SAID “I’D LOVE TO SEE SOMETHING PARTICULARLY NORTH AFRICAN OR SILK ROAD INSPIRED.”) MANY THANKS!
H. K.

TALESPINNERS LEAGUE

Goals: Prestige, Fun, Exploration

Traits: Public, Exploratory

Skills: Exploration, Navigation, Oratory, Lore, Secrets
Depending on who you’re asking, the Talespinners League is either an association of daring explorers, or a club for drunken tomb-robbers. Raconteurs and braggarts all, the Talespinners gather periodically to swap Munchausen-style stories of their grand adventures in far-flung lands, subterranean caverns, and forgotten tombs - the more dangerous and improbable, the better. Learning the tales of others, so you can repeat them later, is half the fun of being a Talespinner; and when two members have conflicting versions of a story, they may be called upon to recite the genealogy of the tale - where they heard it, from whom, and so on back to the original teller. Talespinners understand that stories evolve and take on a life of their own, and accuracy is not as important as entertainment; however, hidden knowledge rests within some of the tales. The story of how Ateek the Clever stole a fist-sized diamond from the one-eyed giant may actually contain encoded instructions to locate a secret entrance into the Sultan’s palace...

THE DOG-HEADS

Goals: Massive societal change

Traits: Secret, Revolutionary, Political

Skills: Oratory, Rabble-rousing, Makeshift demolitions

The Dog-Heads are a sub rosa organization of revolutionary intellectuals and disaffected peasants who seek to overthrow monarchs and petty princes of all stripes and institute a more equitable, free society. Economic class, social caste, and divisive religions are all targets of the Dog-Heads, who are happy to resort to violence. Cells of Dog-Heads operate secretly in many cities and towns, meeting to espouse their political philosophies and occasionally plan substantive operations against the status quo political machine. The Dog-Heads plant bombs, start fires, and attack merchant caravans, often disguising themselves as bandits or barbarians, or otherwise attempting to cover their tracks.

THE GAMESMEN

Goals: Stability, Free flow of trade

Traits: Secret, Hierarchical

Skills: Espionage, Cryptography, Assassination

This covert brotherhood is dedicated to keeping the tradelanes open and commerce flowing; war and crisis bring instability that damages trade, so the Gamesmen aim to support order whenever possible. Agents of the Gamesmen, who tend to think of themselves as gentlemen-spies, recognize one another through certain secret



signs and the symbolism of gambling, shatranj, and mancala - hence their appellation. It is said that a pair of Gamesmen can deliver covert communiques to one another through a silent game of chess, with the relative positions of the myriad pieces serving as a kind of cipher. The command of the Gamesmen is terribly obscure, and two agents may find themselves at odds with one another due to conflicting orders.

CHILDREN OF THE CITY

Goals: Occult knowledge, global defense

Traits: Mystical, Secret

Skills: Arcane knowledge, Deep meditation

Centuries ago, shepherds watched from the hills as a great city folded in upon itself and disappeared to some other place; today, the spiritual descendants of those pastoralists strive to learn ever-more about what occurred that day. Mysterious in the extreme, the Children of the City hoard secret knowledge regarding other worlds, bizarre geometries, and the occult history of the world. They tremble at the thought of where the City went, and what horrors might come through from the other side, so they obsess over anything which could suggest cross-dimensional travel or leakage. When the Children gather, they descend into wild dervish-dances while in altered states of consciousness. Some Children are scholarly, and spend their lives poring over ancient books; others transform themselves into hunters, seeking those things which do not belong in our world, so that they might be destroyed. A very few - known as the Wakeful - assume a monastic existence to watch over locations of current or former spatial anomalies.

SOCIETY OF SALT

Goals: Universal brotherhood, financial control

Traits: Public, Charitable

Skills: Accounting, Diplomacy, Healing

Founded as an ecumenical charity association, the Society of Salt calls upon the bonds of universal hospitality and collects funds to provide food, health care, and housing to all men in times of crisis or disaster. The Society assists the poor, refugees, and the displaced throughout the region, and is supported by many good men and women of various faiths, based on the concept of shared humanity. The Society of Salt's side-businesses, originally designed to maintain the charitable trust, bring in quite a bit of money, and the Society has taken to offering loans - at substantial interest - when advantageous. Although still considered a charity, the Society is poised to become a full-fledged shadow bank, with the ability to fund - or ruin - princes.

THE HOUSE INVISIBLE

Goals: Ubiquitous influence

Traits: Secret, Familial

Skills: Diplomacy, Manipulation

The members of the House Invisible are all interrelated descendants of the pretender-scion to a long-forgotten Khanate. While their original goal centuries ago was to reclaim that throne, in time the plan shifted - why take

one crown, when they can secretly control all of them? To that end, the House Invisible has inserted its sons and daughters into positions of importance throughout the continent - viziers, bankers, minor nobles, bandit lords, generals, merchants, priests - in a concerted attempt to rule the known world in secret. As the family has intermarried with various other lines, the members of the House Invisible may be of any ethnicity and religion; a council of Elders approves marriages and controls the important occasional inbreeding to keep the scion's bloodline from being too watered down.

BLOOD, WORDS, AND MONEY: ORGANIZATIONS AND FACTIONS

BY HUMZA KAZMI
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ORGANIZATIONS:

Determine the size of your organization, to figure out how many subgroups it will possess. "Small" organizations will have $1d4+1$ subgroups, medium organizations $1d6+1$, and large organizations $1d8+1$. These things will get byzantine quickly so be warned. I recommend something like five groups as a manageable yet intricate balance. (Hey, it works for Magic: the Gathering...)

SUBGROUPS AND POWERS:

For each subgroup present in your organization, roll a d6 on this chart to see what sort of a role it plays.

1	Intelligence - Gathers information for the organization in some capacity. Magical scrying? Wiretaps? Are they looking at communications, individuals, social context, or even just basic facts? They're likely to have the most on-the-ground contacts, familiarity with locations - and the most information about what other parties are doing.
2	Resources - This can either be equipment - something like James Bond's Q Branch, putting together gadgets - or it can be finances, false identities, forged documents, and the like. Their focus is eliminating sources of friction and allowing other groups to complete their objectives; throw enough money at Resources and problems melt away.
3	Administration - Avoid making this an executive group, and skew towards administrative, managerial and human resources issues. Personnel, staffing, and coordination. Sounds bland, but they've got their fingers in everything. There's a reason Stalin made sure to secure the personnel and assignment apparatus in his rise to power - personnel assignments mean that they've got control over who works where, and also who has access to what.
4	Operations - This group takes active steps to implement things. Generally filling the "field agent" category, and the most likely group to be authorized for use of force. They'll have personnel with the most field experience.
5	Internal Affairs - This group watches the watchers, and quite possibly sticks them underneath a bright light and asks them a bunch of terrifying questions. They have investigative authority over the other groups, even at very high levels - but nobody trusts them for obvious reasons.
6	Roll again twice and combine both rolls.*

DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...

A SET OF TABLES TO GENERATE AN ORGANIZATION'S INTERNAL SUBDIVISIONS AND CONFLICTS. THE TABLES SHOULD PRODUCE A NUMBER OF SUBGROUPS, THEIR ROLE, GOALS, AND POWERS IN THE ORGANIZATION, THE NATURE OF THEIR ALLIANCES AND/OR CONFLICTS ("WE'RE UNDERFUNDED AND UNDERPAID, SO SURE, WE SKIM A BIT OFF THE TOP"), THE CHARACTERISTICS OF THE GROUPS ("THE XANTHIC GUARD ARE REALLY EFFICIENT, BUT THEY'LL CHALLENGE ANYONE TO A DUEL AT THE LEAST INDICATION THEY'VE BEEN INSULTED, SO WATCH OUT"), AND A WAY TO GENERATE A REPRESENTATIVE NPC FROM EACH GROUP THAT THE PCs COULD PRODUCTIVELY INTERACT WITH TO INFLUENCE EACH GROUP (THE ACTUAL SUPERVISOR OF THAT DEPARTMENT, THE ASSISTANT WHO IS THE ONLY ONE TO GET ANYTHING DONE AND THUS WIELDS DISPROPORTIONATE POWER, THE TRUSTED MENTOR WHO EVERYONE LOOKS TO, ETC).
THANKS, S. G.

*If this result comes up on the reroll, do not merge two groups, but create a "Communications" subgroup instead. Communications groups are responsible for the security of information transmission - which means that they have access to all of it. (It's a rarer group to encounter than the rest, but once in a while it will pop up.)

Depending on the independence of each sub-group, you're likely to have some elements of each role present in each subgroup. For example, it's reasonable for an Action group to create its own dead drops, caches, and the like, to ensure that there's less chance of the resources getting compromised. Of course, these grey areas are the subject of wrangling and infighting.

GOOD INTELLIGENCE WORK, CONTROL HAD ALWAYS PREACHED, WAS GRADUAL AND RESTED ON A KIND OF GENTLENESS. THE SCALPHUNTERS WERE THE EXCEPTION TO HIS OWN RULE.

THEY WEREN'T GRADUAL, AND
THEY WEREN'T GENTLE EITHER.

-John le Carre, *Tinker Tailor Soldier Spy*

ACTIONS

Once you've created your subgroups, figure out how specialized they are at their given task on a scale of 1-20 (1 being not at all, 20 being hyper-specialized; these scores should be in the 13-20 range, since each group is inherently specialized). When a subgroup takes a significant action relating to its specialty (a field operation for Operations, an investigation for Internal Affairs, a major R&D project for Resources, etc) they need to roll underneath their specialization score. When a subgroup takes a significant action outside of its specialty (Intelligence running an investigation into Internal Affairs because they think that IA is compromised) they need to roll over their specialization score.

If a roll fails, roll a d6 to figure out why:

1-2	Misfortune: Bad luck, someone in the wrong place at the wrong time - it was all going smoothly, but unforeseeable events resulted in failure.
3-4	Hostile Intervention: Everything your organization did was fine, but an unexpected intervention (another subgroup? A hostile organization?) wound up interfering with your plans.

5	Incompetence: Worse than a crime, it was a blunder. Someone in the subgroup messed things up, whether in planning, execution, or somewhere in between.
6	Managerial Intervention: DAMMIT! Meddling and micromanagement, whether from the subgroup's leader or from the head of the organization, has caused this action to fail.

If needed, use the margin of the failed d20 roll to figure out how visible the failure is. On a margin of 1 or 2, it's a failure, but nobody knows about it and the damage is contained. On a margin of 3 or 4, the subgroup needs to choose between losing resources (cutting agents loose, massive bribes, etc.) or having a failure become public knowledge. If the margin's 5 or greater, you lose the resources and the failure is public.

ALLIANCES/CONFLICTS:

Arrange the subgroups within the organization in a circle. Adjacent nodes interact often; opposing nodes are rivals, compete for resources and budgets, or otherwise antagonistic towards each other.

PARANOIA IS JUST HAVING THE RIGHT INFORMATION.
-William S. Burroughs

SUBGROUP GOALS:

1	Expand: Grow larger, acquire more resources. Use as a default behavior for organizations if you don't want subgroup goals.
2	Replace / Eclipse: Supplant another subgroup within the organization.
3	Suborn: Gain control of another subgroup.
4	Crown: Promote head of this subgroup to head of the organization.
5	Realign: Swap places with another subgroup (re: alliances/conflict above).
6	Defect: Leave the organization, either to an opposing organization or to become independent.

"MANAGEMENT IS PROVING BEYOND A SHADOW OF A DOUBT THEY DON'T HAVE ENOUGH TO DO,"
SHE MURMURED BACK.

"SO THEY'VE INVENTED A NEW ACRONYM."
- Connie Willis, *Bellwether*

REPRESENTATIVE NPC:

Need to have an encounter with someone from this group? Roll on this chart! (Nomenclature format cribbed from Echo Bazaar: echobazaar.failbettergames.com).

1	Bored Bureaucrat
2	Unlikely Academic
3	Passive-Aggressive Clerk
4	Jovial Amateur
5	Bluff Professional
6	Ambitious Underling
7	Powerhungry Boss
8	Burned-out Workaholic
9	Rebellious Naysayer
10	Recalled Veteran
11	Disinterested Middle Management
12	Charismatic Leader
13	Evangelist "Team Player"
14	Jaded Outcast
15	Foreign Contractor
16	Detestable Visionary
17	Giggly Social Climber
18	Shameless Brown-noser
19	Punctilious Charmer
20	Useless Wanker

"IT IS A TRUTH UNIVERSALLY ACKNOWLEDGED
THAT A SANE EMPLOYEE IN POSSESSION OF
HIS WITS MUST BE IN WANT OF A GOOD MANAGER."
- Charles Stross, *The Fuller Memorandum*

SUBGROUP QUIRKS:

Roll twice. The first roll is what the group's friends think of them; the second is what their enemies or opposition think (or suspect).

1	Use secret signals extensively
2	Are older than they seem
3	Are suspected of brainwashing their members
4	Will accept anyone
5	Are behind on their taxes
6	Were acquired in a hostile takeover
7	Have distinctive facial tattoos
8	Have friendly ties with (Table A)
9	Are well-known about town
10	Rob from the (Table B), give to the (Table B)

11	Operate by night
12	Use exotic animals as messengers
13	Swallow up real estate
14	Use offensive tactics (PETA offensive? Kneecapping offensive? Up to you)
15	Have ferocious, almost inhuman, discipline
16	Are fiscally irresponsible
17	Have a naïve mission or motivations
18	Have a highly placed deep cover asset within (Table A)
19	Have horrendous uniforms
20	Focus on long-term strategy

I LIVE IN THE MANAGERIAL AGE,
IN A WORLD OF "ADMIN." THE GREATEST EVIL
IS NOT NOW DONE IN THOSE SORDID "DENS OF CRIME"
THAT DICKENS LOVED TO PAINT. IT IS NOT DONE
EVEN IN CONCENTRATION CAMPS AND LABOUR CAMPS.
IN THOSE WE SEE ITS FINAL RESULT. BUT IT IS
CONCEIVED AND ORDERED (MOVED, SECONDED,
CARRIED, AND MINUTED) IN CLEAN, CARPETED,
WARMED AND WELL-LIGHTED OFFICES, BY QUIET
MEN WITH WHITE COLLARS AND CUT FINGERNAILS
AND SMOOTH-SHAVEN CHEEKS WHO DO NOT NEED TO
RAISE THEIR VOICES. HENCE, NATURALLY ENOUGH,
MY SYMBOL FOR HELL IS SOMETHING LIKE THE
BUREAUCRACY OF A POLICE STATE OR THE OFFICE
OF A THOROUGHLY NASTY BUSINESS CONCERN.
-C.S. Lewis, *The Screwtape Letters* (preface)

Table A

1-2	Another subgroup within the organization
3	Local government
4	A faction within another organization
5	Organized crime
6	Revolutionaries / Dissidents

Table B

1	Rich
2	Poor
3	Religious
4	Academic
5	Labor
6	Management

MAJOR INFLUENCES:

Paranoia – Allen Varney, 2005, RPG

Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy – John le Carre, 1974, novel

The Atrocity Archives – Charles Stross, 2004, novel

Thanks to Mikah McCabe

(<http://thebonehenge.blogspot.com/>) for her assistance
and feedback and love of ridiculous lists.

NOBLE CLAN GENERATOR

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DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...

A RANDOM NOBLE FAMILY/CLAN GENERATOR, WITH THE POSSIBILITY OF GENERATING OTHER FAMILIES/CLANS, ENEMIES AND PLOT HOOKS, OTHERS DISPOSITION TO THE CLAN-S WITH A FEW ROLLS.

THIS IS WHAT I THINK WOULD BE COOL TO SEE SOMETHING IN THIS STYLE, WHEN YOU HAVE FINISHED GENERATING:

CLAN IS WEALTHY, HAS A DARK SECRET, PUBLICLY KNOWN, SWORN ENEMIES WHIT CLAN B & C, POLITICAL LIAISON WHIT FAMILY D..
THANKS, H. C.

dro

	House	Secret	Source of Power	Leader
1	Adelphus	Bound to a demon by pacts most ancient and foul	Ties to Church	Ruled by grotesque appetites and uncanny predilections
2	Cavendish	Caper and cavort in wicked midnight bacchanals	Sheer privilege	Cheerfully inbred moron
3	Cromlech	Prophesied to bring about terrible catastrophe	Scholarly talent	Avuncular, seasoned statesman; loves them some prostitutes
4	Crowley	Ruled by a cabal of vampires	Organized crime	Oscillates between mostly kindly pragmatism and frothing psychopathy
5	Gladstone	Plan to overturn the rightful ruler of the land	Ties to government	Megalomaniacal genius with childlike sensibilities
6	Herpetou	Participating in a conspiracy of centennial length and ecumenical proportions	Military might	Child kept on short leash by manipulative handlers
7	Lascelle	Desire to resurrect their inhuman clan progenitor	Sorcery	Seized by Byronic melancholy; addicted to opium; writes terrible poetry
8	Prestor	Bloodline bears a terrible disease	Popular support	A sorcerer of prodigious talent and boundless ambition
9	Salazar	Dream every night of mighty conflagration and unending flood	Banking	Saintly sense of morals with sinister bearing; is squeaky clean despite everyone's suspicions
10	Savile	Patriarch is actually a woman	Business	Innumerable, public affairs make for endless rumor-mill grist; loathed by spouse

dro

	Relationship	Stronghold	Wealth	Dubious Allies
1	Longtime allies of...	Gilt palace riddled with chapels	Valuable but illiquid holdings	Elite mercenaries wearing crow's head helmets
2	Leader in love with head of...	Decrepit manor surrounded by toiling peasants	Wealthy, but not for long	The Beldame, a virtuoso assassin with a thing for needles
3	Ancient rivals of...	Frigid northern castle	Massive reserves, little income	The Magus Bashool, a necromancer of questionable loyalties and troubling ethics
4	Shadow war with...	Contemporary urban estate	Steady cash flow	Pack of half-starved, semi-trained, and uncannily sapient wolves
5	Secret treaty with...	Dour converted abbey	Middling wealth, lots of embezzlement	Red Madama, an insane butterfly demon

6	Wants a political marriage with...	Imposing mountain fortress	Razor thin margins	King of Knots, gallows-spirit and malign ghost of a long dead monarch
7	Seeks to utterly destroy...	Gothic monstrosity out in the forest	Impoverished	Rompa, shark-toothed sea giant who has power over ice
8	Attempting hostile takeover of...	Abominably gauche rococo estate	Nobody's sure, exactly	Trugulore and Choss, Attorneys-At-Brawl
9	Owes a big favor to...	Classical lakeside villa	Incalculably wealthy	No-Face Man, can crawl through mirrors and dreams
10	Petty grudge against...	Sepulchral subterranean complex	Make a lot, spend a lot	Unnamed rogue angel; once held power over mercy, now seriously reconsidering

NPC FEUD GENERATOR

BY RYAN SILVA

DEAR SECRET SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...

A LIST OF FEUDS, VENDETTAS, AND BITTER RIVALRIES BETWEEN NPCs OR GROUPS OF NPCs. WHY ARE THESE GUYS SO MAD AT EACH OTHER? THANKS, V.

NPC FEUD GENERATOR BY RYAN SILVA

dro	Family:	Non-family:	Hicks:
1	Half-siblings. Pater familias raised one when an abusive wastrel, later abandoned them. Took another wife after he cleaned up his act and raised newer child (/children) prosperously. After death, contentious funeral resulted in blood feud.	Hero abandoned quest at most pivotal moment. Trying to get on with a quiet life but still constantly in contact with those he failed.	Stole mah durn horse
2	Grandmother's last will and testament a tontine. Everyone involved surreptitiously engaging in Milton Bradlian hijinks in attempt to off the others.	NPCs in question not actually human. Imitative organisms in human form attempting anthropological study of people observing conflict and inadvertently giving cultural critique by feigning hatred and aggression at the other. Will send results to governing body for use in informing later invasion.	Burned mah durn house
3	Someone fucked someone they weren't a-sposed to. Parentage possibly in dispute	Someone fucked someone they weren't a-sposed to. Parentage possibly in question.	Copied mah durn recipe
4	Group descends from apical ancestor condemned to self-destruction via magical curse. Magic is Lamarck as fuck and by breeding he has doomed his lineage to forever seek to terminate themselves in attempt for cosmic balance.	Land parties live on contains demonic isotope which fosters hatred in feedback loop designed to exponentially increase dislikes into sheer hatreds and then murderous rages. Investigating area will likely lead to contraction of hate virus which will only grow the closer PCs get to naked hate-ore.	Offended mah durn deity
5	One party secretly in thrall to demon. Cannot reveal contract and must keep up appearance of hating the other party(s), which naturally leads to reciprocal hatred. Demon demands hostility to keep itself manifest in the physical world.	Origins of rivalry predate recorded history. Every known ancestor of parties known to hate other. Continues into primitive ancestry past cellular organisms. Attempts at peeling back atavistic hate onion will drive PC(s) to madness as hatred reveals itself to take place earlier and earlier in the universal blueprint. When at last the fundament of conflict is reached the war deity will shriek at having its eye forced opened and will recruit players to herald new age of destruction.	Transmuted mah durn lead
6	Common relative an infamous criminal who was otherwise charming and cordial to all family members. One party has changed name to dissociate from criminal legacy, other group has kept name to honor the person they knew rather than the media figure. Relative's associates and families of victims soon come calling.	Hoi-polloi protesting for elites to recognize military contributions of farmer-soldiers, abandoned work until concessions made. Elites beseech PCs to bust up protests.	Jiggered mah durn plow

7	Parties possess polarized spirit animals which can only exist in a harmony of discord, one always engaged against the other in predatorial relationship. Violence between the two remains constant but measured until introduction of PCs leads to escalation of viciousness.	Small, spherical being named Bim floats above area. Part of his nature is to put adoration and hatred in populations it floats over in increasingly intense amounts. One person starts feeling an inexplicable loathing for the first person s/he lays eyes on, while another, random citizen will have a corresponding sense of love for the first person s/he lays eyes on. The process will spread to more citizens in increasing intensities until half of the population welcomes its slaughter at the hands of the blood-crazed other half.	Scared off mah durn livestock
8	Changing economies and technologies have rendered family business untenable. One party engaged in secretly destroying competition, other wishes to not resort to violence but mutely tolerates increased business albeit with mounting displeasure.	A while back they were partners in medicinal huckster scheme to dupe local yokels with (equivalent to) snake oil sham. Rather than placebo, purported medicine actually was a highly-addictive narcotic that eventually leads to zombification processes. One developed a conscience and spilled the beans. After getting run out of town the two are on expectedly rough terms.	Gave me a durn dirty look
9	NPC disappointed in other NPC's child, sees child as bad influence for other children in the family. Parent takes great issue at this.	Loved one(s) of one party secretly in forced service of the other party. Complications prevent the matter from being taken up with authorities.	Mocked mah durn accent
10	One NPC adopted into the family. Never being fully accepted by some blood relations has sparked up tensions now that, many years after all involved have grown and formed families of their own, one family gets harassed by anonymous threats eventually associated to the adopted relative.	One NPC a native to a border culture. Imperial forces committed iconoclasm on his temple and driving his people from the homeland. Forcibly assimilating into a new culture, the native has picked a shopkeep for no particular reason to vent his built-up rage through public disrespect and private cursing rituals.	Fucked someone ya weren't a-sposed to. Parentage possibly in question.

FANTASTIC, HORRIFIC, AND POST-APOCALYPTIC NPC GENERATOR

BY MATT NICKSIC
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DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...
SOME OR ONE NEW HORROR / FANTASY / POST POC INSPIRED
NPC
THANKS, T. K.

FANTASTIC, HORRIFIC, AND POST-APOCALYPTIC NPC GENERATOR BY MATT NICKSIC

Individuals:

1	a well-armored	kill-bot	menaces an infant
2	a smartly-attired	monkey	strops a gleaming straight razor
3	a feral	child	grasps a severed doll's head by its hair
4	a messianic	mutant	worships a strange artifact from the Before-Before
5	a sadistic	doctor	hides a syringe full of a sickly green fluid
6	a crazed	reaver	brandishes a jagged piece of rusty metal
7	a reanimated	xenomorph	is repairing a piece of strange technology
8	a philosophical	supercomputer	holds a protracted debate with signals from another star
9	a heroic	abomination	raises the tattered flag of a long-forgotten state
10	a jaded	hemophage	dances in a burlesque show
11	a dying	clone	shows you a collection of eyeballs
12	a cyborg	warlord	is field-stripping a mini-gun
13	a gangrenous	dwarf	wears a red raincoat
14	a cryonically-preserved	corpse	carries a memetic virus in its brain
15	a hyper-intelligent	plant	has found the key to enlightenment
16	a sewer-dwelling	morlock	holds a vigil for their one true love
17	a phosphorescent	fog	keeps the village in its thrall
18	a humorless	cenobite	plays with a bladed toy
19	a chatty	clown	clutches at its entrails
20	a bunny-suited	humanoid	drags a double bit axe behind it
21	a psychic	brain slug	causes terrible nightmares
22	a gregarious	plague-bearerer	is touching something of yours
23	a desperate	super-soldier	holds on to their last shred of humanity
24	a heretical	priest	performs an exorcism
25	a demonic	teddybear	wields a meat cleaver
26	a blood-soaked	cheerleader	feverishly tries to start a chainsaw
27	an inbred	redneck	leads a gimp by a length of chain
28	a slender	albino	tears at its own flesh
29	an ecstatic	doppleganger	laps at the unknown liquid seeping from a burlap sack
30	a tattooed	witch doctor	hallucinates on psychotropic fish

Groups:

1	a vengeful	mob	is burying someone alive
2	a rabid	pack of wolves	stalks the wastelands
3	a badly-organized	militia	has become hopelessly lost
4	a wildly optimistic	druidic council	sings paeans to the forest primeval
5	a nomadic	shoal of land squid	draws strange and disturbing patterns in the sand
6	a diseased	murder of crows	recites nursery rhymes in unison
7	a freakishly large	rat king	feeds on the wounded and dying combatants
8	a starving	zombie horde	roams the city streets
9	a fleeing	army platoon	has discovered the gate to Hell
10	a curious	slumber party	uses the ouija board irresponsibly
11	a capiroted	procession of zealots	carries a withered saint on a gestatorial chair
12	a beleaguered	salt cartel	has been raided by NPC/Group
13	a satanic	motorcycle gang	occupies the abandoned sanatorium
14	an unsuspecting	group of students	parties at the moon tower
15	a suicidal	congregation	offers you a refreshing beverage
16	an insufferable	team of amateur sleuths	investigates the haunted amusement park
17	a ruthless	death squad	has enacted a kangaroo-court
18	a hedonistic	fungal colony	celebrates the annual orgy
19	a weakening	hive mind	keeps closed the thin barrier between worlds
20	a creepy	pair of twins	speaks to one another in an unidentifiable language
21	a cannibalistic	tribe of subhumans	prepares an elaborate feast
22	an evangelical	doomsday cult	is having recruiting drive
23	a puritanical	hate-group	is burning NPC/Group at the stake
24	a degenerate	religious sect	sacrifices NPC/Group in a bizarre ritual
25	a plucky	trio of housepets	holds their own against NPC/Group
26	a masked	warband	has NPC/Group held hostage nearby
27	a dysfunctional	family	fosters a grudge against NPC/Group
28	an industrious	nanite swarm	is correcting the problem
29	a teenage	coven	conducts a seance to contact their deceased leader
30	a drug-addled	mariachi band	is getting wasted at the tavern

MYRMIDONS OF THE MOON

By SCRAP PRINCESS

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HTTP://WWW.MONSTERMANUALSEWNFROM-
PANTS.BLOGSPOT.COM

DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...

A RACE THAT WOULD FIT IN NICELY FOR AN ADVENTURE TO THE MOON. THE CURRENT INHABITANTS OF THE MOON ARE GIANT ALBINO GORILLAS WHO ARE CONTROLLED BY A POWERFUL NECROMANTIC VULTURE-WIZARD. IS THE OTHER RACE IN LEAGUE WITH THE NECROMANCER? ARE THEY AWARE OF HIM? DO THEY HATE HIM? I DON'T KNOW.

THANKS,

J.

MYRMIDONS OF THE MOON BY SCRAP PRINCESS



Myrmidons are androgynous, flying fey bug-people that live on the moon. They are pale or pastel hued, have eyebrows that arch into antenna, prehensile claw-like feet and 3 pairs of blade-like wings.

Most of their industry is from the silk and chitin produced by their larval and pupae growth stages. Their Nursewitches retard the development of a select percentage of larvae to keep them producing silk longer, and likewise with the pupae to keep it forming layer upon layer of shell.

All eggs are laid only by the queen, until she is succeeded by another egg laying Myrmidon, the birth of which is an event which (so far) is beyond the control of the sinister secretions of the Nursewitches. Lately though, while Myrmidon princesses have been born, none have been able to lay.

Thus the Myrmidon are indebted to the Necromancer, whose magics extend the life of their queen. In exchange for this, the Myrmidon pay a yearly tithe in captives or Myrmidon. The Myrmidon greatly resent this and seek to undermine the Necromancer when they can. Some factions of the Myrmidon suspect the Necromancer has a sinister hand in the current nonfecundity of their princesses.

Myrmidon chitin armour is an iridescent pearly colour and is an excellent substitute for steel. Warriors are normally equipped with hook tipped long rapier like swords or ixwa type sword spears.

The elite warriors equip themselves with blades made from specially treated wings won off the back off another warrior in the annual tournament to determine who is the Queen's sire for the year.

Myrmidons are born as either non-egg laying androgen gyrl* or a princess. Princesses are capable laying eggs either asexually or with the input of a sire. A gyrl can grow into a sire with the correct anointments from the Nursewitches, and is capable of introducing their genetic material to a princess or a queen via a processes known as "doing it".

Gyrl on Gyrl sex-for-pleasure is done psychically, with entwined antennae and funny noises.

The Nursewitches have managed to turn a Princess into a sire but it was pretty scandalous at the time.

Princesses that do not become queen will lose the ability to lay eggs as long as they are within 100 kilometers of the current queen. They normally join the Nursewitches or become some kind of thrill seeking gadabout and are the source of much talk and tutting.

Sires form a semi-obnoxious warrior caste, but more interested in dueling that conventional warfare. They do not form the bulk of the army instead acting as specialized units, of varying usefulness and talent.

Each year a tournament is held to determine which sire the queen will accept as her mate. Losers risk losing their lives or their wings. The wings only grow back with treatment from the Nursewitches and that will put you in their debt.

Nursewitches occasionally under take projects where they shape a developing larvae into great forms of war, artifice, architecture or transport. This is not done regularly as it makes most Myrmidon uncomfortable, even though Myrmidon are not seen as having any more rights than a cabbage until emerging from the pupae.

*original form of gyrl, mean a child of either sex, from around 1300



A PERSONALITIES CHART FOR NPCs BY VINCENT QUIGLEY VTQUIGLEY@GMAIL.COM

DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...

A LIST OF PERSONALITIES FOR "NORMAL" NPCs. LIKE, THE PCs WALK INTO A SHOP, AND WANT TO TALK TO THE SALES ASSISTANT. THIS ISN'T SOMEONE WHO IS SECRETLY AN NECROMANCER, OR THIRSTS FOR REVENGE AGAINST THEIR PARENTS KILLER. THEY'RE JUST A "NORMAL" PERSON - BUT I'D LIKE THEM TO STILL BE INTERESTING. "NORMAL" MOTIVATIONS AND QUIRKS ARE GREAT, SUCH AS STUTTERING, OR STRIVING FOR A PROMOTION, OR REALLY LOVES TO GET HIGH ON THE WEEKENDS, OR WHATEVER.

THANKS,

T. D.

In order to create a complete NPC, take all the dice and roll them. As a variable you can roll only the dice required to flesh out an already existing NPC. Of course feel free to substitute any results that doesn't fit your concept by one of your own design.

	Sex	Race	Social Class	Physical Traits	Quirks*	Disposition	Motivations/Plot hook "Wants to" §
	D ₂	D ₄	D ₆	D ₈	D ₁₀	D ₁₂	D ₂₀
1	Male	Human	Slave	Has no teeth	Tells jokes	Narrow-minded	locate a thing
2	Female	Elf	Poor	Heavily tattooed/pierced	Wears few clothes	Cynical	rise in rank/social standing
3		Dwarf	Craftsman	Foul smelling	Cracks knuckles	Inquisitive	help a family member
4		Halfling	Bourgeois	Bald	Talks very fast	Kind	find true love
5			Rich	Gorgeously out of place	Gets peoples' names wrong	Innocent	follow orders
6			Noble	Very tall/fat/ or both	Refers to self by own name	Intellectual	keep a secret
7				Has a gold tooth	Constantly turns head as if listening to things	Scheming	show kindness
8				Very deep, bass voice	Refuses to use magic	Jealous	not screw it all up
9					Older than appears	Obsessively Cheerful	uncover the truth
10					Speaks in metaphor	Proud	become someone else
11						Level-headed	be fly on the wall
12						Hot-tempered	overcome an obstacle
13							reclaim what was taken from them
14							live a quiet life/not be bothered
15							help or hinder
16							steal something valuable
17							convince you to do his/her dirty work
18							prove his point
19							get by just one more day
20							prosper

* I went for big broad "cliche" quirks that will help the NPC be memorable. GMs, bold acting is the key here. I assure you that even if you think you are going overboard with the bad acting, it's those bold NPCs your players will remember and talk about for eons to come.

§ for a more complex motivation roll 2d20 and combine both results.

THETANS / MECHABEAST CYBER SAFARI

BY CHRIS TAMM

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DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...

MONSTERS SUITABLE FOR AN AFRO-FUTURIST/FUNK SETTING. THESE CAN BE SYSTEM NEUTRAL. EITHER IN A LIST WITH ATTRIBUTES AND ABILITIES, A TABLE TO MAKE NEW COMBINATIONS OR BOTH WOULD BE GREATLY APPRECIATED.

IF YOU WANT FURTHER INFO LET ME KNOW AS THIS IS, ADMITTEDLY, KIND OF VAGUE.
THANKS,
J. K.



Some Thetans have come to earth to help guide its troubled funk and some thetans voted to Earth demolished. Dedicated Thetan heroes have come to earth through history to save it from Elron's taint. Thetans use their powers to appear as other creatures or giants which sometimes suits their purpose to be thought of a monster rather than a Thetan alien.

Thetan space groove-rider jumpsuits are adorned with fabulous heraldry and accessories humans mistake for fashion. Thetans consider music the universal artform and Earths enlightened musicians where the reason Earth was not destroyed. They most often travel in flying saucers but some don't even need them.

This is my secret santicore entry. Request was to make monsters for RPG in a Afrocentric gonzo science fantasy setting where funk is the great power in the universe. I'm trying to just exploit 70s fashion and pop music and am honestly not trying to be racist. I guess many games and SF and Fantasy products can be dodgy. I hope Im not but I am just a dumb honkey cracker male and cant help but exploit all I gaze on. I have been hassled by anti Asians all my life even though Im Welsh-Estonian-Australian so i learned to throw rocks at racists on my first day at school. Anyway Afro-gonzo future freaky monsters here we come. I apologize to Scientology fanboys whose faith I have mocked here (nah not really).

Evil Thetans and their Bright rebel Emperor Elron use machines and their albino clone troops that are unreadable to thetan mental disciplines. Most were killed during the fall of the old Empire but sent emanations to infect other life forms when destroyed. Good Thetan try best not to kill. Different orders have different hairstyles but most have a halo of hair earthmen call Afros. Cutting their hair temporarily removes their powers and makes them very mad. Bald ones are order of lawmakers.

Mostly their attributes resemble humans with the addition of 1d3 or 1d4 or 1d6 or more of these powers. Healing is replaced by vampirism for evil Thetans.

THETANS

Thetans are a race of humanoids from a primordial intergalactic federation founded through peace, wisdom and use of mysterious power called funk. Resembling African descent humans but with two large toes with large nails and they avoid exposing their sensitive eyes. In the early years of the universe their great, kindly and wise Emperor Xenu sent harmonic funk vibes through the universe and guided evolution throughout the universe. A sect of power mad radicals broke the cosmic peace and developed negative antifunk powers that shrivelled the souls of innocents. The broke the peace of Xenu, escaped and developed albino clones to spread chaos everywhere let by the evil Elron.

ID20 THETAN POWERS

1	Read Mind	read surface thoughts of all in sight
2	Tounges	speak any language any living being
3	Telepathy	communicate without speech any living being
4	Telikinesis	typically 50 kilos in sight can slowly levitate other things
5	Levetation	can float and slowly ascend or descend at walking speed
6	Flight	at running speed but cannot hover or go slower

7	Sight	can remote view up to 100meters some can view other planets or galaxies
8	Shrink	to 2.5cm/1Inch, some shrink through atoms to other universes
9	Giant	typically up to 6m/20f, some are titanic
10	Teleport	in sight range
11	Hold Mind	can induce temporary paralysis on sight but victims may resist
12	Shape-shifting	can adopt animal attacks (d6/d6/d8), dont change size or mass
13	Impervious	has extraordinary resilience, unharmed by most melee and less than heavy pistols
14	Anatomical separation	can remove and reattach body parts, leave eye as a spy
15	Regeneration	recover 1hp per round
16	Psychometry	can read history of dramatic events left in objects and places
17	Precognition	never surprised, know what coming minutes away, masters have greater range
18	Astral Travel	spirit leaves body and can dimly perceive word, walk speed global range
19	Living Weapon	superior martial arts, extra attacks or can shatter wood and steel if focus
20	Healing (Vampirism)	can give HP to others (drain others HP to heal self 1hp/round)

DI2 BASE COLOURS THETAN JUMPUITS

1	Crimson (red, brick, maroon)
2	Magenta (rose, pink)
3	Cyan (sky, light blue)
4	Turquoise (sea, turquoise, aquamarine)
5	Yellow (gold)
6	Tangerine (orange, bronze)
7	Emerald (olive, forest)
8	Green (lime, light green)
9	Violet (Indigo, purple, lavender)
10	Lapis (dark blue, midnight, navy)
11	Ivory (bone, pearl, shell, silver) or roll 1d10 twice
12	Jet (grey, steel) or roll 1d10 1d4+1 times

DI2 PATTERN AND TEXTURE (ID6 TIMES)

1	Polkadot +1 colour
2	Stripe +1 colour
3	Animal spots +1 colour
4	Animal stripes +1 colour
5	Shiny metallic chrome
6	Metallic studded
7	Stars +1 colour
8	Triangles +1 colour
9	Leather
10	Hologram
11	Moving Images
12	Chains on leather

All Thetans have 1d3 of these
All have basic sunglasses

DI2 AWESOME ACCESSORIES
(ONLY WORK FOR THETANS)

1	Superior Shades	HUD display access to encyclopedia of data, sense energy fields
2	Boom Box	from pocket with headphones to huge models. Play music and make sonic stun or damaging attacks. Big shoulder carried ones are area of effect and longer range.
3	Power Chain	against restraint and violence but that's what its for, often belt, jewelry or part of costume, amplifies unarmed damage or living weapon power, bigger the chain more power, some gold others (many evil Thetans) prefer just brutal or weapon like nunchucks, three piece rod
4	Liquid hologram aerosol	makes 2d illusions, camouflage or instant monitor
5	Musical Instrument	some have additional powers
6	Boots	walk up and clings at will to any surface
7	Gloves	increase strength to beyond human, amours hands
8	Cape	always fall gently without harm turn off at will mostly on auto
9	Belt	contains power supply, lights, micro drone bombs, message missile, mono filament spinneret, recreational pills, monofilament atomic match (cutting, welding, fire starting tool)

10	Hat	Shields from mental attacks, detection or mind reading
11	Power Rings	various powers, some have many or several fused into a knuckleduster with sigils
12	Micro saucer	with AI friend, hides in subspace till summoned, one person only

MECHABEAST CYBER SAFARI

This is a ecology of teraforming von numan machines and nanoids gone wrong. Covers area size of a state and nuking them only encouraged it to mutate faster. Giving it garbage has slowed its growth, but it sends rockets to space occasionally. Metallic paved wasteland with jungles of solar collector and wind farm trees. Canyons of empty apartments and skyscrapers with pipelines of fuel, gas and lubricant attract many species of mecha beast. Mad made scavengers has developed ecology of scavenging grazers that process waste into useful materials to build their young. Predators attack the pipeline and garbage feeders, too lazy to produce own materials. They cannibalize other mecha beast, draining their coolants, lubricants and fuel first then strip parts for building their young. Mecha animal ecology and species comparable to africa ungle and savanna. Some savage humans live among them trying to grow food or are cannibals. Tribes of robot ape hunter warriors hunt larger migrating beasts.

A version on Venus has stubby dinosaur like ecology and the ones on mars more elegant and sculpted. These versions have since appeared on earth.

D8 SIZE (TECH HARDPOINTS)

1	Bug or mouse sized (0)
2	Cat, rabbit or small dog sized (1)
3	Large to medium dog or deer size (1)
4	Man sized medium (2)
5	Large horse, bear or cow (3)
6	Hippo, elephant or rhino (4)
7	Sauropod dinosaur (6)
8	Blue Whale or Kaiju (12)

D20 HERBIVORE POWERS

1	Long range radar
2	Stealth fields and casing
3	Chaff dispenser anti radar or laser or missile
4	Caltrop dropper
5	Mine dropper
6	Oil Slick

7	Burning oil slick
8	Corrosive Cloud
9	Explosive Backblast
10	Horns
11	Weapon Tail
12	Telescopic neck or legs
13	Sonar and ultrahearing
14	Sub audio communications
15	Spiked skin
16	EMP suicide bomb
17	Micropile suicide bomb
18	Chameleon skin
19	Long range rocket launchers
20	Flechette grenades on hull

D12 HERBIVORE TYPES WITH POWER TOTAL SLOTS

1	Swimmer amphibian or faster if dedicated (hippo, fish, seacow, whale)
2	Bipedal or wheeled herd runner (deer, kangaroo)
3	Fast quadruped or wheeled herd runner (deer, kangaroo)
4	Burrowing for natural resources or parts (mole, armadillo)
5	Plodding Grazer/recyclers (cow, sauropod)
6	Variable grazer (bear or ape)
7	Baloon Floater taps pipelines (jellyfish)
8	Winged grazer (seed eating birds)
9	Triphibian grazer can fly swim and run (wetland birds)
10	Sloth or koala like climbing grazer
11	Filter feeder - sucks up nanites or cyberbugs
12	Crawler with tank tracks, possibly articulated

D20 CARNIVORE POWERS

MOST COME WITH POWER JAWS AND CLAWS

1	Long range radar
2	Stealth fields and casing
3	Laser range finder and spectrograph to scan exhaust fumes and target
4	Minigun for attacks or anti missile defence
5	Laser for attacks or anti missile defence
6	Micro-missile pod for short range large area
7	Flamer
8	Chainsaw or drill limb or tail
9	Net or bola gun

10	Horns
11	Cannon slow but hard hitting and good range
12	Transform to second type flyer or swimmer or disguise herbivore
13	Sonar and ultrahearing
14	EMP cyber stunner
15	Spiked skin
16	Hypodermic probe for parasitic stealing systems fluids
17	Magnetic harpoon gun with line
18	Holographic field for disguise
19	Magnetic clams to hang onto prey
20	Afterburner rocket for speed boost or leaps

DI2 CARNIVORE TYPES WITH POWER TOTAL SLOTS

1	Stalker runner (cheetah)
2	Stealth ambush (Tiger or panther)
3	Scavenger (hyena)
4	Burrowing ambush (badger, trapdoor spider)
5	Parasitic
6	Flying scavenger (vulture)
7	Flying hunter (eagle, owl)
8	Pack team or swarm (lions, wolves)
9	Amphibian, faster if dedicated to water (dolphin, crock, shark)
10	Crawler (snake)
11	Triphibian (sea eagle, heron)
12	Tribal hunter gatherers (hominid apes)

A D20 TABLE OF SENTIENT
SHIP MOTIVATIONS
BY FORREST HUDSPETH
FHUDSPETH@GMAIL.COM

DEAR Santicore, I WOULD LIKE...
A D20 TABLE OF SENTIENT STARSHIP MOTIVATIONS.
THANKS, D. W.

A D20 TABLE OF SENTIENT SHIP MOTIVATIONS BY FORREST HUDSPETH

1	Expanding Itself to Become Vast
2	Leaving the Stars Behind
3	Serving a Beloved Passenger or Crew
4	Exploring the Unknown Parts of the Universe
5	Protecting Something Believed Destroyed
6	Seeing the Destruction of a Rival Starship
7	The Creation of Offspring
8	Gathering Power and Wealth
9	Remembering a Forgotten Origin
10	Seeding Dead Worlds With Life
11	Gaining Independance from All
12	Spreading Knowledge for Knowledge's Sake
13	Preventing a Terrible Cataclysm
14	Finding a Companion Starship
15	Pursuit of Novel Experiences to Avoid Boredom
16	Fear of Obsolescence
17	Avoiding an Threatened Viral Lobotomy
18	Attaining a State of Transcendence
19	Finding Refuge from a Powerful Enemy
20	Fomenting a Great Revolution

TOWN OF SECRETS

BY LEE BARBER

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HTTP://XOLGMOD.BLOGSPOT.COM/

DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...

A TOWN WITH TERRIBLE SECRETS, DISPLAYED ENTIRELY IN
PICTURE FORM.

THANKS,

J. M.

TOWN OF SECRETS BY LEE BARBER



PALACE OF THE CHILD QUEEN

BY SCRAP PRINCESS

TOILETWORLDULTRA@GMAIL.COM

HTTP://WWW.MONSTERMANUALSEWNFROM-
PANTS.BLOGSPOT.COM

DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...
A DESCRIPTION AND MAP OF THE ROYAL PALACE OF THE
CHILD QUEEN.
THANKS, J. P.

PALACE OF THE CHILD QUEEN BY SCRAP PRINCESS

The Palace is made from a pearly shell that lets light through its walls, more so in certain areas (windows). It drifts about the domains of the Serene One as her whims dictate. It has four towers, each dedicated to a different purpose.

The Tower of Joy is where guests are welcomed, balls are had and feasts occur.

The Tower of Justice is where the ant-like guards have their barracks, and where prisoners are kept.

The Tower of Passings contains the library, records, and where scribes complete paperwork. Also features a chapel to the ancestors, and servants' quarters at the base.

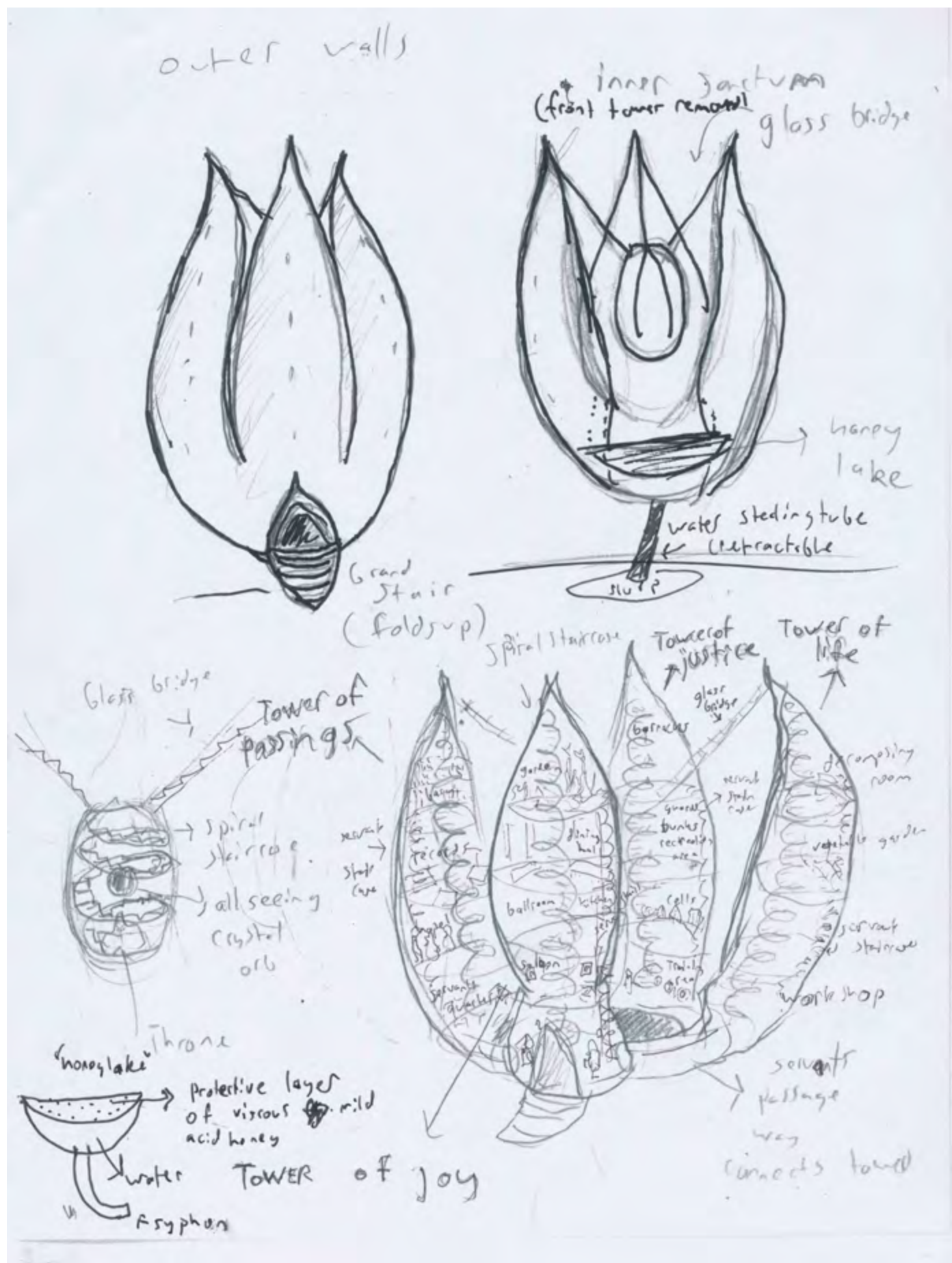
The Tower of Life contains the workshops for repairs and maintenance; crops are grown here, and in the upper room, waste is artfully rotted with fungus, otyugh, worms, and skilled attendance from the rot-keeper. Nutrient-rich fluids drip down in the garden below it.

Each tower has both a main staircase and a smaller secondary servants' staircase, often tucked behind ornate drapery. The centre of the palace is a lake, capped with a thick floating layer of mildly acidic goo; underneath is the water supply to the palace, which is added to by use of magic siphon tube, curled underneath the palace when not in use.

The Serene One is most often in the Inner Palace, which dangles in the center, suspended by near-invisible glass bridges. Visitors to the Serene One must have faith in her to set foot on such a flimsy-looking path.

From the inner sanctum she monitors her domain through a great glass orb of smoke and visions.

(See Illustration next page)



VATRIA'S RETREAT**By Andrew Shields**

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[HTTP://FICTIVEFANTASIES.WORDPRESS.COM/](http://fictivefantasies.wordpress.com/)

DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...

A SMALL SITE BASED WIZARD'S TOWER ADVENTURE MODULE
FILLED WITH TRICKS AND SORCEROUS PERILS.

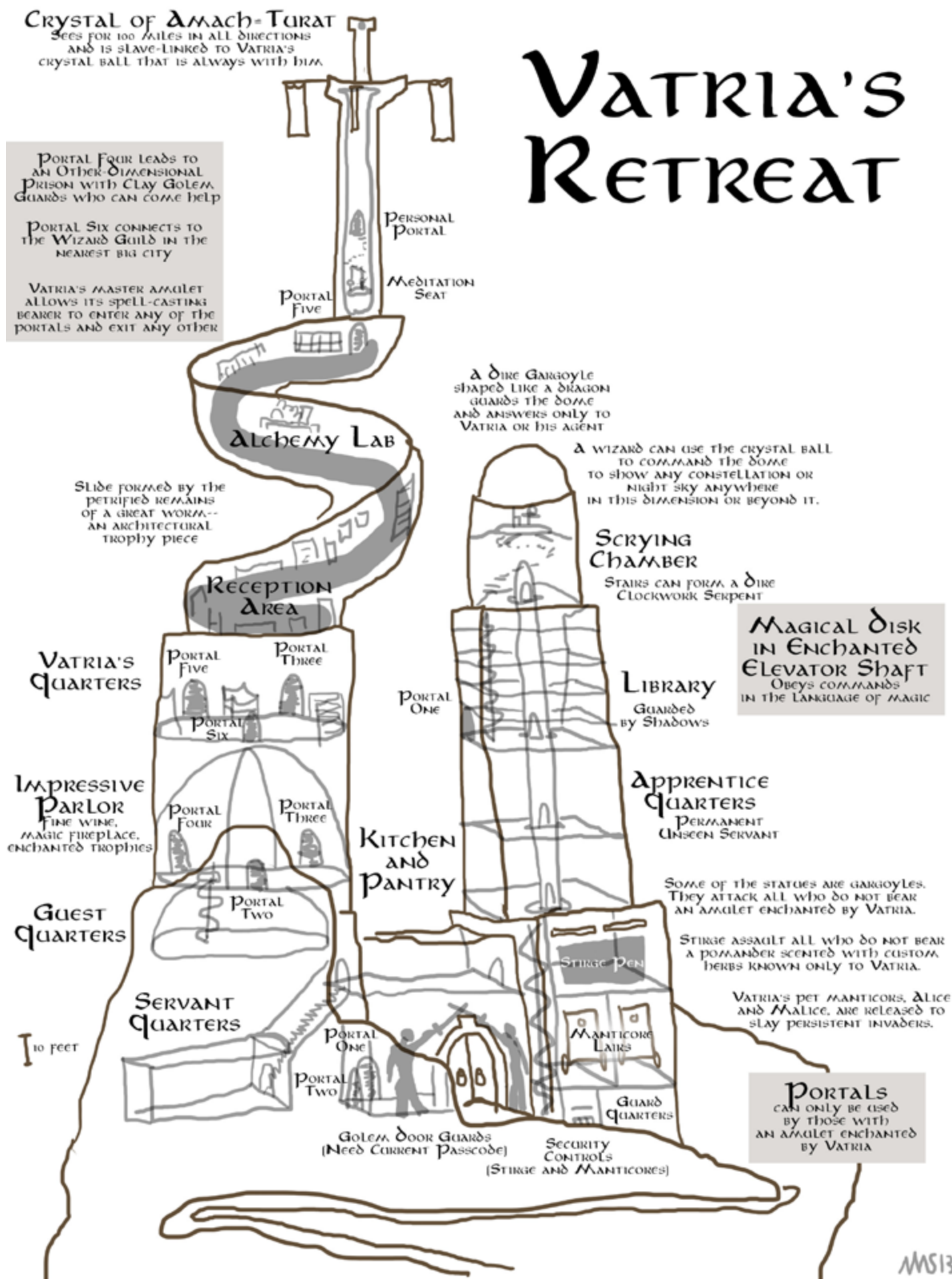
THANKS,

B. S.

VATRIA'S RETREAT By Andrew Shields



VATRIA'S RETREAT



HISTORICAL EVENT GENERATOR By M. DIAZ

[HTTP://GLOOMTRAIN.BLOGSPOT.COM/](http://gloomtrain.blogspot.com/)

DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...

A TABLE TO DETERMINE THE HISTORY OF A PLACE, NOT TOO DETAILED BUT WITH THE POSSIBILITY TO CREATE A SHORT TIMELINE, MAYBE. NOT EXACT DATES, BUT MORE LIKE "FIRST, AND THEN, A FEW CENTURIES LATER..." OR SOMETHING IN THIS VIBE. THANKS,
A. S.

HISTORICAL EVENT GENERATOR By M. DIAZ

	In the stories of our ancestors	In our histories	In the memory of our parents
1	A sorcerer awakened a monster from its epochal slumber.	A wizard constructed a tower as their sanctuary.	A horde of howling cynocephali ousted the previous tenants.
2	A divinity met its end, its blood staining stone and soil	A noble built extensive and elegant gardens.	A petty demon noble claimed this place as their own.
3	A mighty demon erupted into this place from its prison in the netherworld.	A monarch or chieftain raised barrow to contain the malign spirit of their tyrannical predecessor.	An assassin murdered this place's master and turned it into their headquarters.
4	A wicked fairy cursed the earth itself.	A band of refugees founded a village.	A band of thieves found this place unattended and set up shop.
5	A meteorite tumbled from the heavens, bathing this place in strange radiations.	An exiled army built a stone fort.	A council of druids bound an evil spirit here, not knowing this place's history.
6	Two vast armies annihilated each other in a weeks-long and bloody battle.	A wealthy scholar constructed a massive orrery.	A group of missionaries pledged to convert or kill everything and everyone living here.
7	A legendary smith forged an artifact of great and inscrutable power.	A cabal raised a temple in the name of a demon.	A wizard decided to turn this place into a school.
8	A god claimed this place as their own.	A prospector found traces of valuable mineral and dug a mine.	A collective of poets decided to make this place their retreat.
9	An extraplanar inferno burned everything down to the bedrock.	An archmage raised a labyrinth.	A baron discovered that they possessed the long-lost deed to this place.
10	A cult conducted a ritual of human sacrifice on a scale inconceivable to the minds of today.	A priest built a cemetery to house the restless dead.	Roll twice

STRONGHOLD OF THE OLD KING By BRENDAN S.

[HTTP://WWW.NECROPAXIS.COM/](http://www.necropaxis.com/)

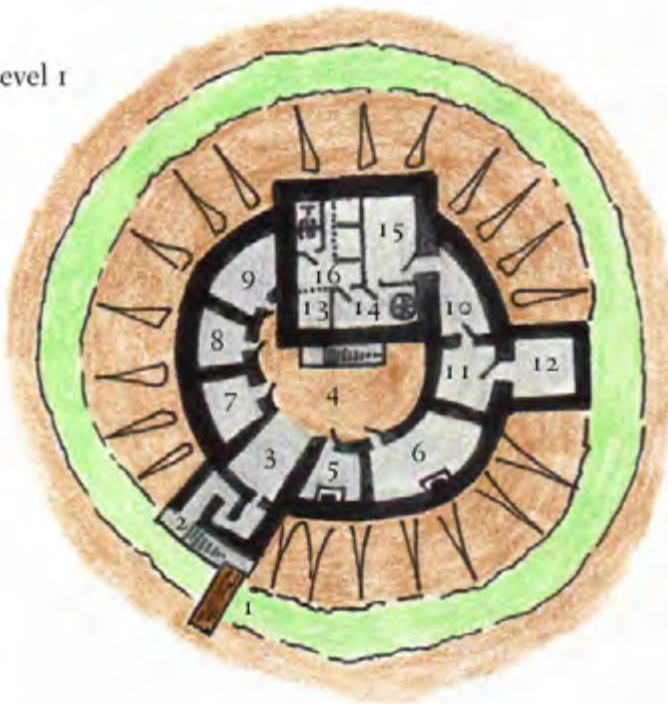
DEAR SANTICORE...

I WOULD LIKE A TOTALLY AWESOME CASTLE/FORTRESS FLOOR-PLAN/MAP. IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE HUGE NOR DOES IT HAVE TO BE HISTORICALLY ACCURATE, BUT I WOULD PREFER IT BEING MORE LOW-FANTASY. EXAMPLES OF WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR WOULD BE STUFF FROM THE THIEF SERIES, WARHAMMER FANTASY, AND HISTORICAL NORMAN-STYLE FORTRESS DESIGNS. THANKS,
K. S.

STRONGHOLD OF THE OLD KING By BRENDAN S.

Castle

Level 1



Level 2 - entry



Level 3 - royal chambers



Level 4 - apartments



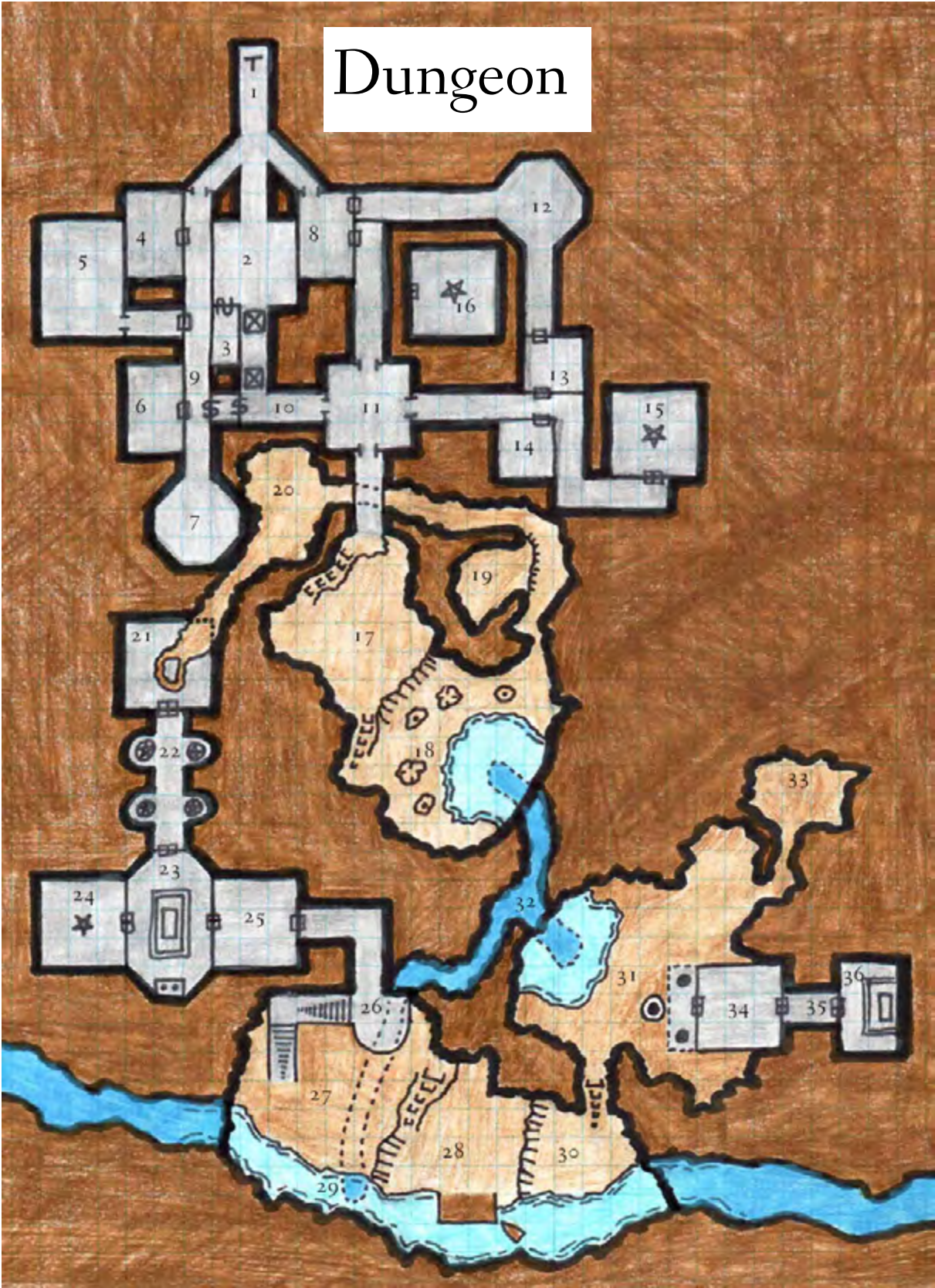
Level 5 - battlements



Background

The old king has ruled over his demesne for the past several hundred years. Even his two sons and one daughter are old and grey — and similarly undying. Some common folk believe that the king is a vampire, or a wicked sorcerer. The official line is that the gods keep the king alive to protect the realm.

Stronghold of the Old King



STRONGHOLD OF THE OLD KING BY BRENDAN S.

Stronghold of the Old King

There are many ways to use these maps, either as a generic castle, or as an adventuring site as I sketch out below.

The secret to the longevity of the old king and his spawn can be found in one of the two buried tombs in the dungeons beneath the castle (areas 21 - 25 and areas 34 - 36). The king (or one of his minions) likely discovered this dark power originally via the underground river, and then built the upper levels of his dungeons to connect with the caverns.

The upper dungeons, with the exception of room 16 (which may, in fact, be located much deeper than it seems on the map, since there are no direct connections), are of newer construction than the buried tombs (areas 21 - 25 and areas 34 - 36).

There is a pit trap in the entrance to the keep (on the second level), which opens into a cell in castle area 13. Any PCs trapped here will have some explaining to do.

There are three ways of approach if entering the upper levels of the dungeon below the castle after emerging from the trap door. Through the corridor in area 9, through room 2, and through room 8. Rooms 2 and 8 are heavily trapped, and the king's minions use corridor 9 and the secret doors near area 10 to access the dungeon safely.

Areas 15, 16, and 24 have magic circles that are linked. A spell is inscribed in the stone which can be invoked like a scroll that does not vanish when used (read magic or similar ability is required). This spell will transport the magic-user (and any companions, if desired) to one of the other two linked rooms (determine randomly). Room 16 and 24 are old stonework, while room 15 is new and has been created by the old king.

The natural cavern area 19 is probably the lair of some predator, and will not be detectable by adventurers that walk down the nearby corridor (some clue about the natural ceiling receding into darkness above in that area is probably reasonable).

The pools in rooms 18 and 31 connect via submerged natural tunnels, and these tunnels can also be used to reach area 29 which is part of the three-tiered cavern complex making up areas 27 - 30.

In addition to infiltration or frontal assault, the deep caverns can be accessed by an underground river that emerges in the hills near the fortress. Common folk have likely seen shrouded figures around this river and the caves nearby.

—

Font used: Fanwood, <https://www.theleagueofmoveabletype.com/fanwood>

THE IRIDESCCENT BALLROOM OF LOST SHAGRUTH

BY ANONYMOUS

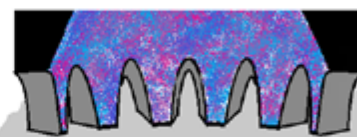
DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...
ONE ROOM FOR THE SUNKEN SPIRE, A LONG-ABANDONED WIZ-
ARD'S TOWER THAT LIES BENEATH THE WAVES.
THANKS, B. L.

THE IRIDESCCENT BALLROOM OF LOST SHAGRUTH BY ANONYMOUS

The Iridescent Ballroom Of Lost Shagnuth

Stolen from the Wizard Mckith, the Iridescent Ballroom is an inlay of rare chitin of the Baleful Beetle, found only in the mines of Shagnuth, before the fall. Their diet of heavy metals gave their shells their beautiful glow, which lights the air bubble fillin this dome and it's connected musician's gallery. Their mild radioactivity is also a cause of the mutant kelp which densely packs the lower half of the chamber (visibility is three feet, weapons restricted to stabbing or under three feet), reaching tendrils through the arches into the waters beyond.

Once the site of many a wild party, this ballroom has become the home of a red-haired Sirine (cosmetic mutation), who favors charming intruders only to allow them to be devoured by her semi-intelligent Giant crab "pet," it's intelligence enhanced by the mutagenic properties of the ballroom. The crab's attacks will often remain unnoticed by the other visitors due to the dense kelp



Graceful arches are largely obscured by
The dense magical kelp.



A variety of items fill the Musician's
Gallery, bits of flotsam and shell. Feel
free to stock as you please, it is reachable
by woven ropes of seaweed.

The musician's gallery door
opens inward from the
flooded outer stairwell, the
pressure of the water and air
keeps it firmly shut, unless
destroyed in which case the
bubble of air will quickly
outgas and flood the
chamber.

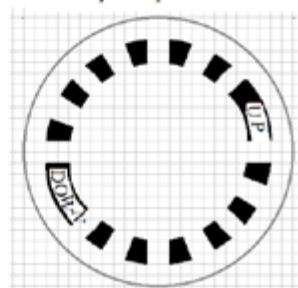
ADDITIONAL INFORMATION FOR THE GREEDY AND/OR RESOURCEFUL:

The beetle shells, although firmly cemented into the ceiling, might be stolen by some parties. They are one hundred carapaces at fifty pounds each, quite dense due to the heavy metals. Their mutagenic properties are as such. For every thousand hours spent in their presence, there is a one percent chance of a mutation. These mutations should distribute as such. One quarter are deformities, half are cosmetic, and the last quarter are usable. Four of six are physical, one of six is mental, and the last six are magical. Feel free to use Gamma World tables, or flip randomly

Treasure: The Sirine's treasure is six abalone shell combs, carved in the exotic styles of her people. They're worth a hundred and twenty gold pieces each.

Of greater value is the kelp itself, which can heal 1-3 HP of any given wound, as long as it is applied within the first two rounds. Kept wet, it slowly rots, each day gaining an addition 1% chance of poisoning the user for 3-18 damage. i.e. On the fourteenth day there is a 14% chance of poison. It is suggested that this property be noticed through an "accidental" wound during combat, and an "accidental" kelp drape. In addition, each 1 sq. foot will yield two small air bladders. When held in the mouth, these bladders will yield a half hour of breathable oxygen, with the same rules to them keeping fresh and them turning poisonous.

One square equal five feet



THE GIANT'S BOOT - AN OPERA HOUSE BY HARALD WAGENER

DEAR Santicore, I would like...
...A MAP OF AN UNUSUAL THEATER, OPERA HOUSE, OR OTHER
ENTERTAINMENT VENUE.
THANKS, J. D.

THE GIANT'S BOOT - AN OPERA HOUSE BY HARALD WAGENER

The Giant's Boot was built on the sound properties of the internals of Cloud Giants' jackboots. This was proposed by a halfling named Mykel Ringbell Glockenspleen, although it's not clear how he acquired this knowledge.

Fixed Staff

Mykel Ringbell Glockenspleen founded the opera house 12 years ago, and added the stables, artist annex and composer's tower shortly after the original boot was installed. The stairs along the boot's outside leading to the tower's entry are roughly of halfling height. It is believed Glockenspleen did this to keep away his family (he is short for a halfling but insists he is not a cursed composer under the effect of a diminution spell, often unprompted).

Konrad van Pelz is the musical director. He tries to follow local fads and fashions in entertainment, but his complete lack of personal musical talent or appreciation means usually something random will be performed on stage. Rumor has it he won his position from Glockenspleen through a bet or honor debt, because there is no other way Glockenspleen would have kept van Pelz around for so long. van Pelz' biggest success so far was **THREE WOLF MOON** which ran for an unprecedented six days before neighbors to the opera house complained about the incessant howling and unbrow-sporting audience by way of hired gangs. Since then there are "weekly" shows which run about 1d4 days, with the rest of the week being spent cleaning up and finding a new act.

Jean Vert Villieux is the conductor and a syphillitic Elf (level2). Jokes about his baton are inappropriate, but come up ever so often.

Barry "White" Thimblefoot is a black halfling (Tunnels&Trolls style) and is the "star" bariton of the Giant's Boot. He sticks around because the often changing nature of the acts keeps him entertained.

The **Orphan's Choir** is a rag-tag band of 18+2d6 level 0 thieves. Some of them actually can sing pretty well.

The **Cool Brass Combo** is a group of four ice elves currently looking for a saxophonists (non-ice elves need not apply).

Type of play on stage

1. Classic Epos. 2D4 parts of 1D10 hours each. As above, most of these are rarely shown in full.
2. Political Satire. Rarely runs for more than 2 days, and then only because it's bad.
3. Religious Holiday Performance. Often grounds for riots (by believers and unbelievers alike).
4. Whimsical crap no-one cares about. Were it not for the absence of paying audience, these had a chance of running for weeks.
5. Experimental composition:
instead of normal instruments, consult the table (roll d6 for both first and last column):

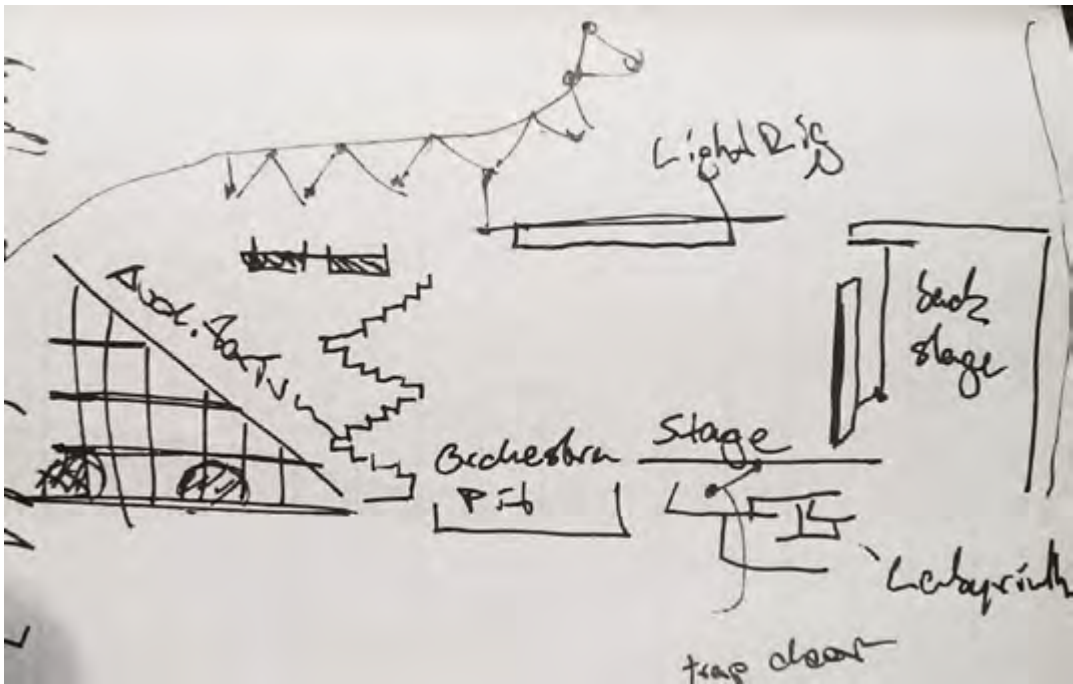
1. Monsters	used for	1. Instruments
2. Goats	used for	2. Percussion
3. Entrails	used for	3. Voice
4. Vegetables	used for	4. Stage
5. Craft tools	used for	5. Costumes
6. Deadly Weapons	used for	6. Props

6. Combine 1-4 with a result of 5.

Maps

These maps are crude drawings which depict the actual artistic capabilities of yours truly. Apologies, I tried to make up with the other stuff.

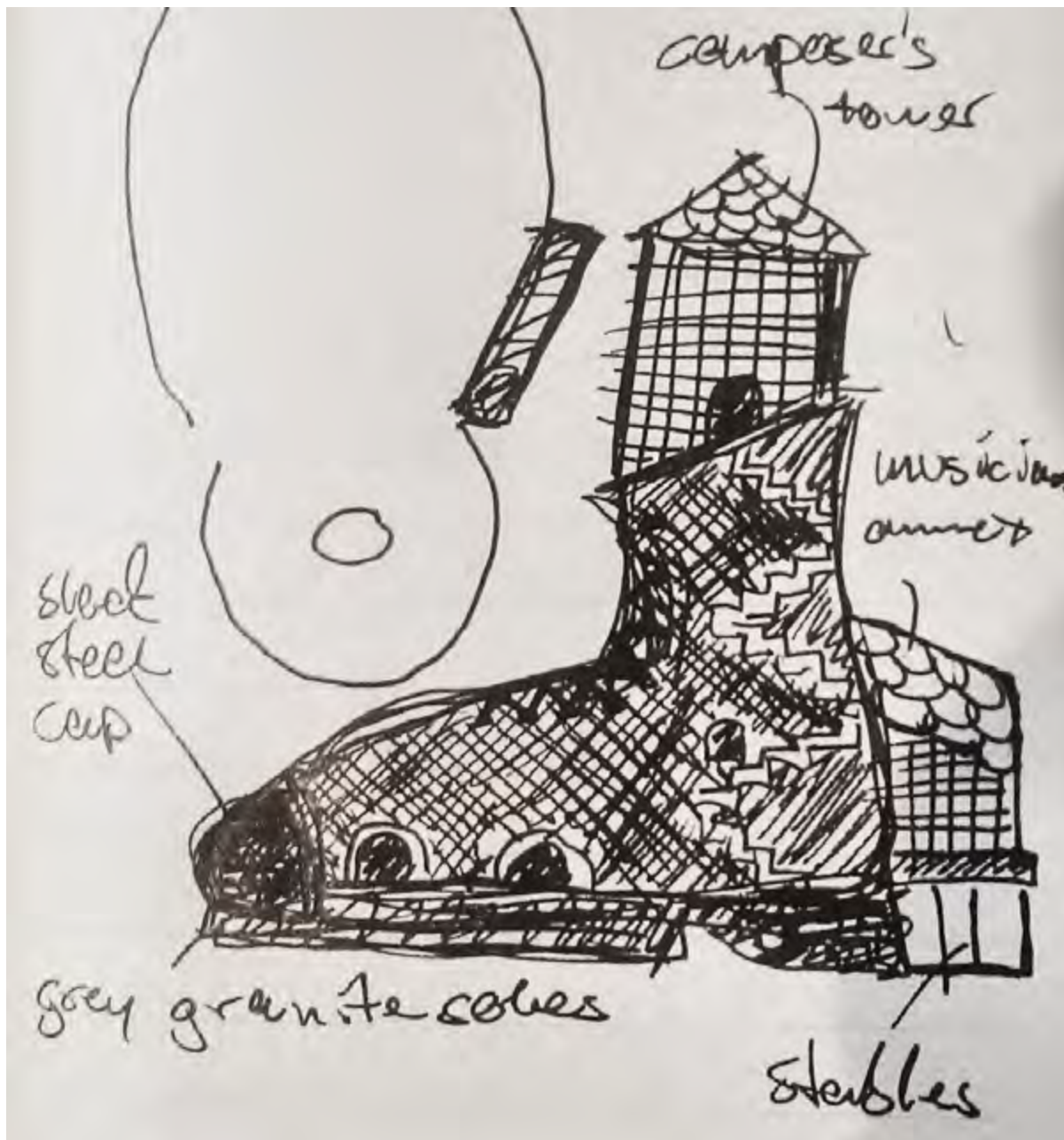
Sideview (internal)



From left to right: Auditorium, box seats with stairs, orchestra pit, stage with light rig atop and labyrinth below (accessible via trap door to stage), back stage with scenery

Where does this door lead to?

- 1. Sewers with 1. rats 2. ghouls 3. cultists 4. orphans 5. a secret passage 6. an ancient basin fileld with fecal matter
- 2. Labyrinth under the stage
- 3. performers' changing room
- 4. main stage
- 5. magazine containing 1. costumes 2. props 3. instruments 4. scenery 5. remains from the last experimental performance 6. 1d3 off-duty artists in the throes of passion
- 6. coat rooms (1-5 guarded by level 0 serf, 6 unguarded)

Sideview (external)

The orchestra exterior sports a blackened steel cap, grey granite soles, holes above the soles doubling as entrance and exit, stairs leading to the external entrance to the composer's tower, stables topped by artist's annex. Not pictured are the magazines and coat rooms, which are under the auditorium.

What's in the stable?

1. 1d6 goats (reduce by 1d6 if entrails currently used in performance)
2. 1d6 donkeys
3. 1d4 old horses
4. 1d3 props of giant animals (made from papier mache)
5. A basket with 1d10 snakes (10% chance poisonous)
6. "Exotic animal" (i.e., a monster of 1d8 hit dice). 5% chance per hit die it'll break loose during a

performance, modify by +/-20% for intelligent monsters depending on their artistic aspirations

Sideview (composer's tower)

Level 5: Bedroom
 Level 4: Work area and
 Library
 Level 3: Kitchen
 Level 2: Reception area and
 Fumoir
 Level 1: Storage
 Level 0: Unspeakable things
 Level -1: Rigging
 Level -2: Rigging
 Level -3: Light Rig (see
 internal map)



THE CITY ON THE CLIFF

BY ANONYMOUS

PETREL'S REST AND TRUST-NO-DREAM ARE TWO DIFFERENT CITIES OCCUPYING THE SAME GEOGRAPHICAL LOCATION, built atop a series of ledges and bridges on a steep cliff overlooking Greywater Bay at the mouth of the Drivers River. Petrel's Rest is a small city specializing in intricate glasswork, grey ships with heron figureheads, and hallucinogenic fish. The inhabitants consume vast quantities of dreamfish similar to the sarpa salpa recreationally eaten by the historic Romans for its long-lasting hallucinogenic effects. Their shared hallucinations form Trust-No-Dream, the second city, which shares the same geography but stranger resources. The cities are plagued by ghost-bridges, relics of a long ago war.

EATING DREAMFISH: No dreamfish is served at the High End, where inns and shops for traders are located, but if the PCs eat any food elsewhere in the city, it will contain dreamfish. Any member of a mammalian species who fails a saving throw vs. poison will begin to perceive Trust-No-Dream instead of Petrel's Rest starting 1d4x10 minutes later, lasting 1d4 days.

KENNING: Trust-No-Dream's hallucinatory appearance can be altered with intense concentration, a process the inhabitants call "kenning." The appearance of the city varies from district to district depending on which cabal is in control of the area. Any character may add or alter a visual element to the shared hallucination with a successful Charisma check. Multiple people may duel to ken something, the highest successful Charisma check wins. Trust-No-Dream is an effect of chemistry, not magic. It cannot be dispelled. However, magic-using characters can use spells, items, bardic music, or other illusions to automatically win kenning contests.

Visitors usually stay at the High End. Below the High End, few buildings in Petrel's Rest have any labeling or decoration visible to those who have not eaten dreamfish, but the same buildings are brightly colored and well marked in Trust-No-Dream

THE CABALS: Trust-No-Dream is ruled by the Imaginary Proconsul, who is an inanimate chalk statue in Petrel's Rest, but sits in judgement (and rules in favor of whoever kens more strongly) in Trust-No-Dream. In addition to fighting for control of the Proconsul, the cabals attempt to take territory from each other by kenning the appearance of the city. The Imaginary Proconsul is one of several completely nonexistent occupants of Trust-No-Dream; they continue to exist only because everyone expects them to. Violence has not yet broken out between the cabals, but it is only a matter of time, especially with PCs around.

DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...

I'D LIKE HELP WITH A CITY! THE ONLY THING DEFINITE ABOUT SAID CITY IS ITS GEOGRAPHY. IT IS BUILT ON THE EAST BANK OF THE DRIVERS RIVER. IT HAS A HUGE TEMPERATE FOREST ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE RIVER WHERE ELADRIN RULE. TO THE EAST A SMALLER FOREST CALLED THE MOUNTSFEAR THAT LEADS INTO THE HIGHLANDS THAT EVENTUALLY BECOME THE NIGHTREACH MOUNTAINS, HOME TO ALL SORTS OF BRIGANDS AND SAVAGES. IT IS NORTH OF GREYWATER BAY ON THE SOUTHWESTERN SHORE OF A FAIRLY WARM CONTINENT. THERE ISN'T A GRAND RULER OF THE ENTIRE CONTINENT ITS MOSTLY JUST CITY STATES DOING THEIR OWN THING. I'D APPRECIATE ANY HELP YOU CAN GIVE ME SANTICORE. P.

THE FISHER KINGS are the fishing guild and the most powerful cabal. Their stronghold is The Docks. They control the supply of dream fish, the hallucinatory purple beacons necessary to guide ships around the shoals of Greywater Bay safely, and the secret sea caves the dead of Petrel's Rest and their riches are interred in. The Fisher Kings appear in Trust-No-Dream as tall, muscular humanoids wearing green scaled cloaks and carrying menacing unlit silver lanterns; in Petrel's Rest they are tough fishermen with green aprons. Areas of Trust-No-Dream they control are weathered and mossy, with ancient stone carvings worn almost to nothingness. It is rumored they use dreamfish to communicate and trade with Greywater Bay's crabmen.

THE SERENE are an assassination cult based at the House of the Far Shore, mostly uninvolved in cabal politics. The Serene accept murder-for-hire commissions and fulfill them with zealous devotion, but only kill those experiencing a profound moment of peace and enlightenment. If their target is not at peace, the serene will spend months or years helping them achieve their goals so that they may kill someone at peace as a proper sacrifice. They are very open about this.

The Serene also help pilgrims come to peace with their future deaths by kenning frighteningly realistic simulations. Those who experience such a simulation may, one time only, add or subtract 10% to a roll made when they are in danger of that precise death (drowning, burning, falling, etc). This bonus represents a sense of calm and clear thinking from having had the experience of this death before. Only one bonus applies at a time, if a PC experiences a new death-dream at the House of the Far Shore, they cannot apply the previous bonus. Areas of Trust-No-Dream under Serene control are decorated in hammered bronze and carved ammonite shells. The Serene themselves appear as lion-headed humans with their eyes and mouths sewn shut with blue thread. In Petrel's Rest they are unassuming humanoids in hooded grey robes and blue belts.

THE WAVE EATERS are the boat-building guild, and their goal is to wrest control of the Greywater Bay, especially the beacons, from the Fisher Kings. At Heronjack they build the fast, maneuverable, shallow-keeled boats necessary to navigate the treacherous Greywater and carve their seabird figureheads. They are keepers of the Narwhal Map, where can be seen kened images of all the seascapes seen by all who pass through Heronjack. They are collecting strange bone-and-silver machines recovered from the bottom of the bay. It is rumored that some of the Wave Eaters eat the ashes of the elf-cypress

until patches of smooth bark grow on their chests, and that they sneak across the Drivers River and join the Eladrin at their revels. In Petrel’s Rest, the Wave Eaters wear leather tool belts and quilted russet work smocks and sew bells into their hair. In Trust-No-Dream they have golden eyes and the voices of seabirds. Areas of Trust-No-Dream under Wave Eater control are hung with windchimes and garlands of knotted vine and scarlet lilies.

THE GLASS SHAPERS are the smallest cabal by the numbers, but they are a rich trade guild, and their goal is mostly to keep the Wave Eaters and the Fisher Kings at each other’s throats while they gather resources and outside aid to stage a coup. Their base of operations is the Sun Furnace, where a series of carefully calibrated lenses focuses sunlight into a beam hot enough to melt glass. The Glass Shapers find that precise kenning allows them to decrease their sensitivity to the normal yellow glare of glassworking and enhance their color sense, and their glasswork is every bit as fine as dwarven. They hold a library containing every document ever written by someone currently in Trust-No-Dream and a cliff where rejected glass art is ritually smashed. In the shimmering glassy sands of the cliff, one may speak to one’s shadow. Not a wise thing to do, but an interesting one.

The Glass Shapers dress in fine clothes, but in Trust-No-Dream they wear crowns of flame. Areas under Glass-Shaper control are decorated with colorful glass lanterns and mosaics in Petrel’s Rest and Trust-No-Dream, but in Trust-No-Dream the mosaics are animated.

THINGS A CABAL MEMBER WILL PAY THE PCs
TO DO AND NOT GET CAUGHT

1	Destroy the statue of the Imaginary Proconsul
2	Describe, in excruciating detail, a fierce monster they have recently fought (so she can ken up one of her own and set it on her enemies)
3	Kidnap a troublesome member of an opposing cabal and take them outside the city so they can be replaced with a hallucinatory duplicate for a day or two.
4	Steal dreamfish from a warehouse
5	Find the Burial Caves / Sabotage the Sun Furnace / Catch ship-worms from the Isle of Ruin and release them at Heronjack
6	Carry a message to the Northern Raiders offering an alliance with one of the cabals

FOUR VENGEFUL BRIDGES

According to legend, long ago the Eladrin grew four living bridges of cypress wood across the Drivers River to Petrel’s Rest. Historians differ on whether the bridges were burned to fend off an invasion or prevent a rescue. Whatever the reason, four angry bridge-ghosts have

haunted the city for hundreds of years. Killing any of the bridge ghosts brings a hefty reward from the city.

Only one bridge-ghost is active at a time, usually Brother of Fog or Pearl Eater. Each bridge-ghost may be destroyed by attacking the tiny splinter of corrupted elf-cypress at the center of it (AC 0, 10 HP). The bridges cannot directly defend themselves, but they can use their abilities to bridge space to connect themselves to allies, as well as cause any missed attack to instead strike anyone of their choosing.

From the Eladrin side of the river or the Greywater far below, on a rare clear day, the bridge-ghosts resemble enormous wooden skeletal beasts, but within Petrel’s Rest, they appear as ordinary bridges connecting any two locations.

1	Pale Smoke This bridge-ghost will bridge the gap between two people in the city as long as one of them intends to kill the other. The survivor is unable to leave the bridge afterwards, so two ramshackle villages have formed atop the bridge-ghost, Repentance and Victory. Those who live at Victory will try defend the bridge from attackers.
2	Brother of Fog This bridge opens a path between the cliff face high above the city and any fogbank or storm it can find anywhere on the South Coast. Accordingly, Petrel’s Rest and Trust-No-Dream have terrible weather most of the time, preventing them from being a major trade hub. Mother of Fog will instead open a path to a small 4-HD air elemental if attacked.
3	Pearl Eater Fairly harmless, this bridge disguises itself as one of the city’s ordinary bridges and opens a path between any valuable item dropped onto it and the charred ruins of the original bridge, washed down the mouth of the Drivers, out to the bottom of the Greywater. If attacked, it will attempt to buy off attackers with some of its treasure.
4	Looter’s walk This bridge helpfully connects anyone who would like to raid, burn, or loot Petrel’s West with a conveniently hidden back alley inside the city. It likes to open the way for raiders and savages from the Nightreach Mountains to pillage the city. If attacked, the bridge will open a path to bandits who understand what a sweet deal they have going and will fight to protect the bridge.

20 INTERESTING THINGS TO BUY OR STEAL AT
PETREL'S REST AND TRUST-NO-DREAM

1	Ossifrage vulture trained to steal hats and bring them to its handler (to be sold back to original owners)
2	Horse-bone and gold traveling crown, made from favorite race horse of notoriously cruel aristocrat, grabbed by ossifrage. Everyone too scared to ransom it afterwards, happy to sell it to you cheap.
3	Glass vial of bioluminescent algae, shake vigorously for 5 minutes bright blue light, recharges with a day in sunlight
4	Bundle of twelve dried dreamfish tied with twine
5	Single-dose vial of Disinheritor poison, victim becomes unable to remember own name, has no trouble remembering any newly chosen name instead
6	Glass lenses containing various scenes (can be customized) and special lantern to project them onto any blank wall.
7	Large (3' diameter) glass-melting lens, surplus from Sun Furnace, powerful but quite fragile
8	Very Large (10' diameter) nautilus shell, the inside of which is carved with the spells Smoke Walk and Sea Friendship, player will have to figure out how to read the text, owner won't let you look without buying.
9	Expensive cypress-wood incense pleasing to forest spirits
10	Folding boat, seats six, can be carried by a single pack horse, takes an hour to set up
11	Bottle of squid ink liquor, dyes tongue black for weeks, amazing hangover (not in a good way)
12	Heavily corroded mechanism, unknown purpose, bird bones and silver gears, found on bottom of bay
13	Disturbingly realistic glass death-mask, requires two days to get a custom one made
14	Purported map to ships sunk in the bay and their treasures
15	Sharp glass knife, can cut someone open with no loss of HP if desired, 50% chance of breaking if used in combat
16	Armor made of crab-man carapace: as scale armor, but lighter and much stinkier. You can't surprise anyone due to the stench. Also enrages crab-men and their allies beyond all reason.
17	Pigment grenades: glass balls full of dye that will turn whatever they hit bright red for weeks.
18	Ammonite-carved bracelet indicating one of the Serene has been tasked with your peaceful death
19	Narwhale horn, said to be an antidote to poisons
20	Fermented fish sauce. Mm!

NEW SPELLS

These second-level spells are fairly underpowered, but sneaky PCs may find a use for them.

SMOKE WALK

For one round per caster level, smoke becomes semi-solid to the target, who will be able to climb up a column of smoke or walk atop a plume. Strong winds that break up the smoke will send the target falling to the ground. A target inside smoke at the time of casting will be slowed as the spell until moving outside the thick, jelly-like smoke.

SEA FRIENDSHIP

At the start of this spell, up to seven people may gather beside a body of water and touch their tongues to the water. For one day per caster level, any member of the original group who is within ten feet of the water may speak to it and be heard by any companions also currently within ten feet of the water, even if they are on the opposite shore or a long way upstream or downstream. The messages transmitted through the water sound like ordinary waves or splashes to all other listeners.

CITADEL OF CRYPTS

BY JOSHUA MACY

JOSHUA.MACY@GMAIL.COM

HTTP://TALESOFTHRAMBLINGBUMBLERS.WORD-
PRESS.COM/

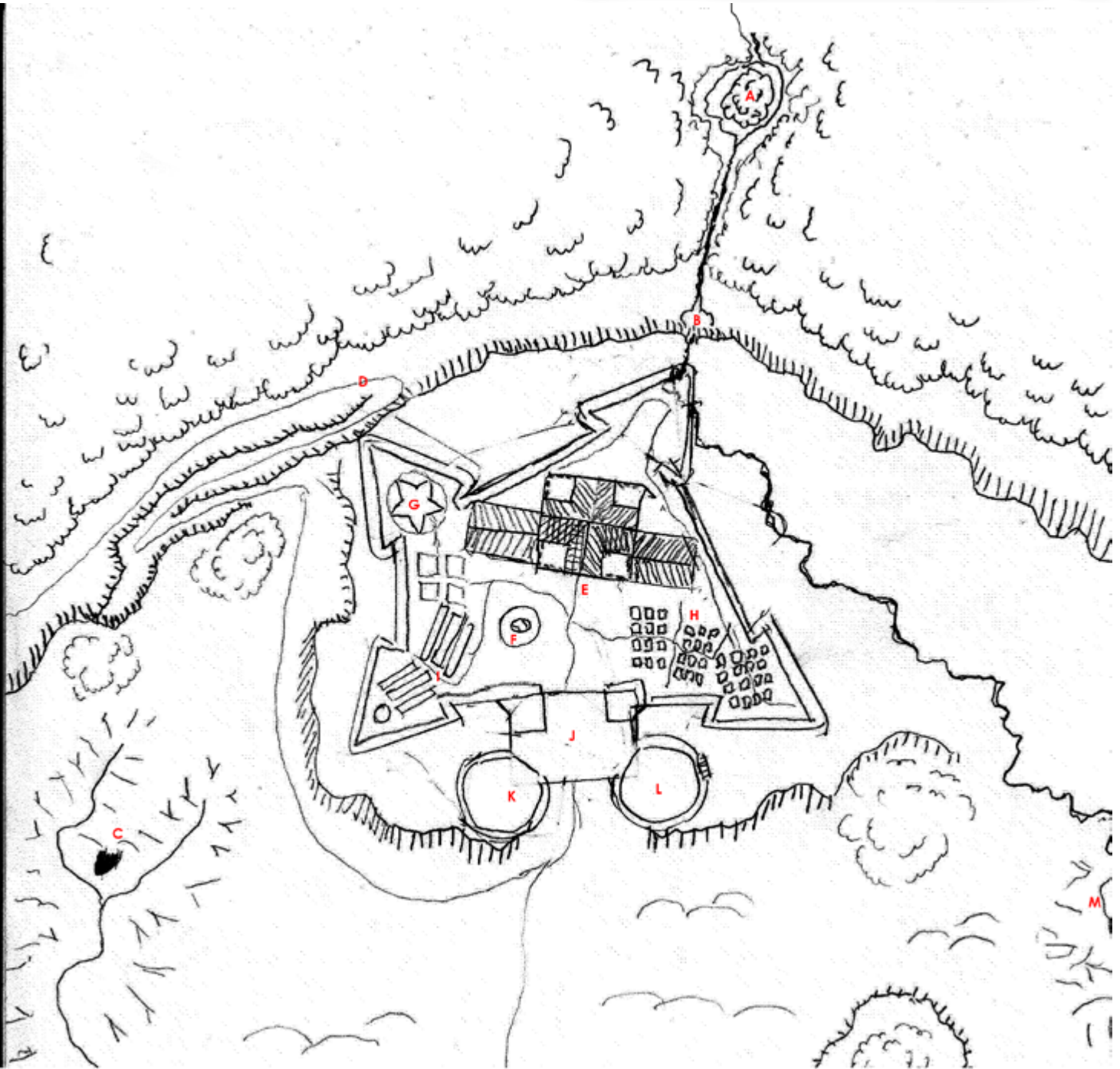
DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...

A MAP OF THE CITADEL OF CRYPTS, LOCATED ON A CLIFF TOP LOOMING OVER AN ANCIENT FOREST. IT DOESN'T NEED TO BE SYSTEM SPECIFIC BUT IDEAS OF THE TYPE OF MISCHIEF THAT A MAGE, A LYCANTHROPE AND A SHIELD MAIDEN COULD GET UP TO THERE WOULD BE APPRECIATED!

THANKS,

R. L.

CITADEL OF CRYPTS BY JOSHUA MACY



High above the ancient forest. The slopes surrounding it are covered with fields of wildflowers, growing in a thick blanket over the lumpy ground. Anywhere you dig among the flowers, though, there are bones, bits of armor, and weapons from an ancient battle where tens of thousands died. By day, this area is safe enough, but by night the restless dead begin to move and shuffle about the battle-field.

ROLL EVERY HOUR FOR A RANDOM ENCOUNTER WITH

1-3	Zombies
4-5	Skeletons
6	Grave Robbers

Any hour spent digging up the battlefield will yield

1	a magic weapon
2-5	nothing
6	a cursed item

TRUE RUMORS:

1	The elves in the area have gone mad and hunt humans
2	Ghostly battles are fought throughout the night
3	There is an ogre around here
4	The citadel was once a respected school for necromancers, back when they were guides for dead souls to the afterlife
5	there is a secret entrance to the crypts beneath the citadel
6	There is a lich in the citadel
7	there is a portal to the underworld in the citadel
8	there is a powerful magical artifact in the citadel
9	the citadel changes its aspect in the moonlight
10	somewhere in the hills there is a lake that was sacred to the elves, called the Mirror of Truth

FALSE RUMORS:

1	nobody has ever returned from the citadel
2	the citadel is perfectly safe in the daylight
3	werewolves prowl the forest
4	there is a dead god in one of the crypts
5	the citadel just magically appeared one day
6	land sharks "swim" in the area around the citadel
7	the bite of zombies in the citadel turns you into a zombie
8	if you stay overnight in the citadel you become one of the undead
9	there is an old hermit in the forest on the butte near the citadel who knows how to cure werewolf bites
10	if you turn your coat inside-out werewolves can't see or smell you

A – The Grandfather Tree of the Elves. By day this is a gigantic, but normal, cypress. In the moonlight, it is festooned with dangling bodies, hanging upside-down from its branches with ropes around their left foot. These corpses are travellers that the elves have killed and sacrificed to the tree, to try to preserve it against the forces that are draining its life from within the citadel.

B – The pool beneath the waterfall. This is actually deep enough that you might survive jumping from the cliffs above into it. Behind the waterfall there is a secret door, with a tunnel leading to the crypts.

C – the ogre Trismagestix lives in this cavern. Immediately inside the entrance to the cave is a wooden cage containing a number of zombies, from a distance they may be mistaken for people: these are food for the ogre. He regularly replenishes his stock from the seemingly endless horde shuffling about the battlefield at night. The ogre is gigantic, and grotesquely fat, even for an ogre; he wears a necklace with three human heads. The heads are undead, but bound to his service, and they give him advice and will warn him of danger. The rightmost head in life was a wizard, and can still cast spells; the middle head was an elf and can detect surprise and ambushes as an elf; the leftmost head was an evil cleric, and can still control/turn undead, but not cast other clerical spells. Trismagestix often converses with the heads as he goes about his business, so only gains surprise half the normal chance.

D – the road along the cliff is in very bad repair; it is impassible to carts, and counts as rough ground to mounts.

E – the main building of the citadel, the Academy. This was an ancient school for necromancers back when they served as psychopomps: guides for the souls of the dead to the afterlife. At some point the school became corrupted and the headmaster Neblod Zinn became obsessed with being able to open a portal to the land of the dead and recover souls, granting them new life and new bodies. Eventually this led to him becoming a lich, and raising an army of undead to build the citadel and prevent interference with his work: in particular, the elves tried time and again to stop him, once they learned that the source of the power to keep the portal open was their Grandfather Tree. Ultimately they allied with the humans and raised an army to defeat him: the battlefield is the result of that siege. The elven army was on the verge of victory when Zinn hurriedly cast the not yet perfected spell to wedge the portal to the land of the dead open permanently. (see G)
The backlash from the spell killed everybody in the citadel and the battlefield outside the walls, but cursed them to weird undead existence. During the day they are corpses, unless disturbed, in which case they rise as zombies or skeletons to slay those who disturb them; no matter how many times they are destroyed, they will return the next day at cock-crow where they originally fell. Some of the necromancers became wights, specters,

or the like instead, and are in possession of their faculties during the day, but must hide in the crypts and buildings of the citadel; they are bound to the citadel and cannot leave. During the night, the warring armies and necromancers come back as ghosts, fighting the final battle interminably. The necromancers have formed opposed factions, as they use their undead to fight each other for control of more of the ruins. The undead that were the crusaders are not under the control of the remaining necromancers and attempt to bring them to ruin; as long as the portal is open, however, whoever is slain will just be reconstituted the next day at cock-crow. This goes for PCs as well: should they be killed in the citadel, the next morning they will become undead bound to the citadel until the portal is closed. PC intervention can turn the tide of the battles: if the PCs can destroy any of the self-aware undead (the necromancers), when they reconstitute they will be zombies, no longer able to command the other undead...though they will still battle the crusaders.

F – the Fountain of Eternity. Drinking from the fountain causes you do have to make a save vs. Death; if you succeed, you are unharmed, and have the ability to see and speak with ghosts. The ghosts around during the day are generally the crusaders, can explain the situation in general terms to the curious. If you fail the save, you die: but only for 1d10 hours. During that 1d10 hours your soul leaves your body, and you become a ghost and may travel about freely (in the astral and ethereal planes, if they exists in the campaign) and may interact with the other ghosts. At the end of the time period, if you are in your body, you come back to life. If circumstances prevent you from returning to your body in time, you really die. Should this happen any other soul nearby can enter the body and become a fully living being (with their old memories and personality, but the new body). You might want to be careful about that.

G – the portal to the land of the dead. Neblod Zinn's ritual worked after a fashion, and there is indeed an open portal to the land of the dead in the center of the summoning circle; unfortunately for Zinn, he is trapped in the opening, unable to move or take action, but also impervious to the passage of time, or any interaction with the world. He is holding the Wand of Orcus (similarly impervious). Should the portal ever be closed, he will once again be free to act. PCs can physically enter the afterlife by going through the portal; whether they can exit again and what they can do there depends on the nature of the afterlife in the campaign. The portal can only be closed by somebody willingly sacrificing their lives to shut it.

H – the individual mausoleums of the staff of the citadel, from when it was an active center of necromancy; most of the self-aware undead and their minions hide in these during the day, if they are not in the Academy itself. Many of them have treasure, but all of them have active undead.

I – the barracks and housing of the living staff of the citadel. Again full of undead, but little if any treasure. Quite a few buildings are empty, their inhabitants having been recruited by the active necromancers in H and E.

J – the Keep. Constructed to be the focal point of the Citadel's defenses, this is a full-fledged castle, with high towers, artillery (appropriate to the campaign, ballistae and catapults, or cannons and mortars) and a commanding view of the road and battle field. It is mostly in ruins, having been reduced by the crusaders during the siege; this is the thickest area of crusader dead & undead.

K – the tower – a prison when the keep was active; mostly intact, mostly filled with more horrible undead than usual, experiments gone wrong and bound by (weakening) magical wards. There is a skullmonculus prowling the tower: a horrible undead construct consisting of a skull atop a hand, capable of casting spells as a magic user, as well as having a permanent telekinetic ability to manipulate objects as if it had two working hands. It will attempt to stay out of sight and trick or lure the party to their doom, generally by casting illusions, locking them in places, making noise to bring attention to them.

L – the largest Gelatinous Cube (or in this case cylinder) in the world is contained in the tower; it was used to dispose of things that even the necromancers didn't want hanging around; there is a gate at the bottom of the tower that could be opened in an emergency to let it ooze out onto the road to consume oncoming troops. On the top level of the tower are controls to open the gate, and a pan-flute that can magically attract the cube (or any cube or ooze): it doesn't grant control, it just causes them to irresistably come towards the piper as far as they can... if the piper doesn't stay safely out of reach, oops.

M – the Mirror of Truth. Bathing in the lake (but not water from the lake) will remove all curses and transformations, and return any body to its natural state... this will irrevocably kill any undead. However, anybody who bathes in the water can never tell another falsehood, nor shade the truth, nor withhold the truth when asked a direct question. They do not, however, have to volunteer everything they know to anybody who will listen.

THE TOMB OF KING ARKADIN THE RESPLENDENT

By JOEY LINDSEY

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Written as a framework and inspiration; should be able to flesh out in ~30 minutes.

1	Descending spiral stairs, musty smell, air rushing out, flying pests above - bats, stirges, etc.
2	Other entrance, same level as 1. Chest at far end. Entire floor is false/covered pit. Will collapse into 8 when weight is put on it. 3d6 falling damage.
3	Piles of anachronistic gear, some from adventurers. Bodies of servants/slaves badly mummified.
4	Spiral Stairs exit here and go up/down.
5	Sarcophagus of minor official
6	Long hallway; mechanism to turn off electrified floor plates (see 7) but it's missing pieces that are scattered throughout the tomb
7	Dark tiles are electrified; ancient armory
8	Chest at top, hole in floor at bottom; floor is pressure plate. When weight is applied, the north wall pushes everything in the room into the hole to 15.
9	dart trap in here

DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...

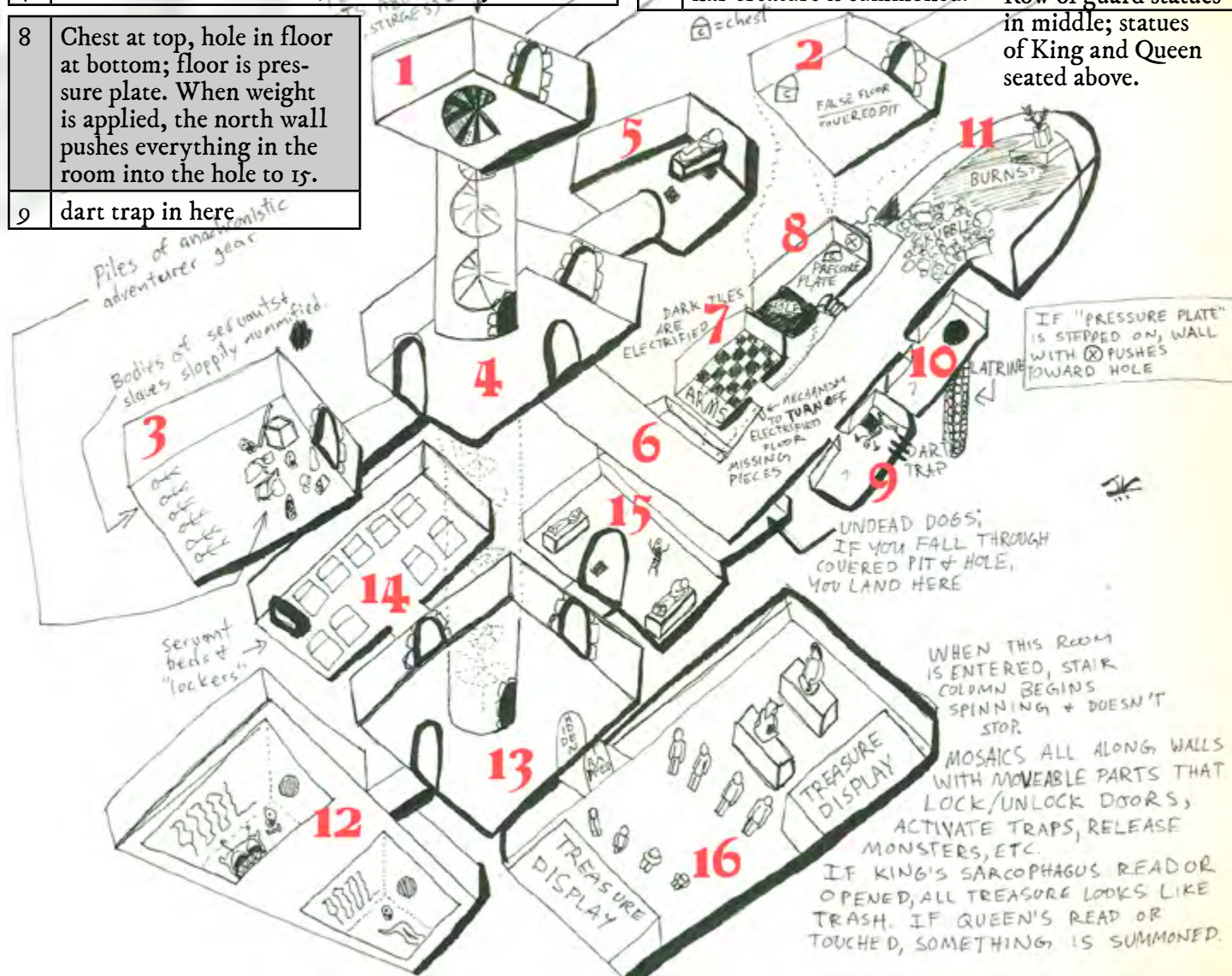
SOMETHING DEALING WITH AN ANCIENT TOMB/PYRAMID/PLACE OF THE DEAD. COULD BE A MAP OR A TABLE OF RANDOM ITEMS OR ENCOUNTERS, OR A SPECIAL GUARDIAN. TOTALLY UP TO YOU SANTICORE.

THANKS,

D. B.

10	latrine (deep stone well)
11	rubble blocking door; altar with wrecked ornaments of ancient religion; burn marks on floor.
12	2 murky pools; water monsters; Grates and clogged plumbing to other area
13	Spiral stairs exit and go up. door to 16 hidden
14	Servant beds and belongings; chance of intact common items
15	Two sarcophaguses; dancing skeleton; undead dogs hungry for flesh. If you fell through 2 and 8 you end up here. 3d6 falling damage from 8.
16	When entered, stair column begins spinning and won't stop. Mosaics along walls here can control traps/doors/monster cages if deciphered. If King's tomb read or opened, all treasure looks like trash (illusion); if Queen's tomb read or opened, a planar creature is summoned.

Row of guard statues in middle; statues of King and Queen seated above.



BY DYSON LOGOS
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DEAR SANTICORE...
SOME KIND OF FLOATING ADVENTURE LOCATION, A-ROB UPON THE COLD, BLOOD-COLOURED,
TECHNO-VIKING INFESTED SEA NORTH OF THE KINGDOM OF THE SHIP PEOPLE PLEASE.
THANKS, E. W.

THE WANDERING ISLE BY DYSON LOGOS



THE BAMUUDAUR TRIANGLE

BY ROB LEAH

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A strange and mystical location for all genres!

BACKGROUND

The remote mining village of Bamuudaur nestles in the wooded foothills of the mineral rich Moonlode mountains. The mines and its position astride a trade road made Bamuudaur a prosperous and bustling settlement but then the accidents started to happen. If the cave-ins and disappearances in the mines weren't bad enough, an increasing number of merchant caravans travelling along the trade route failed to reach their destinations, some leaving no trace of their existence while all that remained of others was the occasional appearance of a bewildered and frightened pack animal.

When villagers who dared to venture into the woods also began to disappear, the fate of the village was sealed and, over a short period of time, it became an abandoned ghost town and the trade caravans no longer passed through the area, the merchants preferring safer routes. The miners' lust for valuable ore had driven them to dig deeper and deeper, until they unleashed a long forgotten power within the mountains – a portal to another dimension that has now leached into the real world.

The area of the adventure is a roughly triangular area of forest centred on Bamuudaur and bordered by the mountains, forest and river on 3 sides. It is an otherworldly place of fear and mystery. Few now dare to venture within the borders of the Triangle and fewer still ever re-appear again. If they do it is often years later, their minds broken by whatever they have encountered.

This is an adventure framework for a party of any size or experience. They may be drawn to the Triangle by the lure of the unknown, hired to find missing persons or property or simply in search of loot.

Once they enter the Triangle, the party will progress through the adventure by means of a series of encounters with the occupants of the area (henceforth known as the Denizens). Encounters will become increasingly more challenging until the party eventually meets the Denizen who controls the area and either wins their freedom or meets their doom.

GENRES AND ATMOSPHERE

This setting can be used for most genres with little difficulty. The Denizens could be faeries, demons, aliens or eldritch horrors - whatever fits into the existing campaign.

As such, no specific creatures are specified in the encounters, instead a THREAT rating is used to allow the GM to choose Denizens that are appropriate to their campaign and their players' abilities. This requires a bit more thought on the part of the GM but, hey, that's part of the fun of the job!

DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...

A CRAZY LOCATION/HOOK LOOSELY INSPIRED BY THE BERMUDA TRIANGLE.

THANKS,

D. W.

The setting should be a sparsely populated wilderness area that has a reputation for strange happenings and that is generally avoided by all but the bold and foolish. The players should be made very aware of the other-worldliness of the location, that something is present here that is not of their normal world. There will not necessarily be any consistency between encounters, which gives the GM the opportunity to make them as weird and chaotic as they like.

ENCOUNTERS AND THREAT LEVELS

To avoid being genre or system specific, each encounter is rated for the threat it poses to a party of adventurers. This gives the GM some idea as to how powerful an encounter should be to give the players a suitable challenge, whatever their level of experience is. Encounter Threat Levels are as follows:

LOW – This encounter will pose little danger to a party who would be good at dealing with that type of threat (eg Fighters vs Goblins). Parties that are less well equipped to deal with this threat (eg a young acolyte facing the same Goblins) may find the encounter more of a challenge, although rarely life threatening.

MEDIUM – This encounter should be generally challenging for those equipped to deal with it (eg a Parapsychologist vs spirit entities) with the potential to suffer serious loss for those who are less well prepared (eg a slow witted character faced with a riddle).

HIGH – This encounter is a real toughie, even for those skilled in countering that type of threat (eg a Thief vs traps). The potential for loss is high and these encounters could prove fatal for the unprepared (eg the same thief suddenly faced with a Minotaur).

ENCOUNTERS WITHIN THE TRIANGLE

Roll d10 on the following table, adding 1 to the roll for each previous encounter. Note that all encounters are generally hostile to the party.

1-2	Unsettling sights – ghosts, illusions, hallucinations – physically harmless but may cause psychological damage. THREAT = LOW
3	Mischievous Denizens – small, agile, sneaky and spiteful, these Denizens appear in great numbers to harass and torment the party. Physically weak and not powerful in combat, they still pose some danger due to their numbers and may lay traps for unwary adventurers. THREAT = LOW
4	Scuttling Horrors – Denizens residing in dark and hidden places who attack from ambush. THREAT = LOW

5	Enigma – traps, puzzles or encounters with riddling Denizens. Basically anything that requires wit rather than force to overcome. THREAT = LOW
6	Lost Adventurers – the party encounters another group of adventurers who have been lost in the triangle for some time. They may have story to tell but are generally hostile to the party. THREAT = MEDIUM
7	Undead Denizens – the physical forms of the dead brought back to life by the powerful and unpredictable forces within the triangle. THREAT = MEDIUM
8	Warband – a group of belligerent Denizens intent on making trophies of the parties mangled corpses. THREAT = MEDIUM
9	Confused Alignment – the party encounters Denizens who should normally be good and helpful (eg sympathetic law enforcers, paladins or unicorns) but, surprisingly, turn out to be really evil and twisted. THREAT = MEDIUM or HIGH
10	Hunting Party – a large group of predatory Denizens that has been tracking the party catches up with them. Parties that include PCs with appropriate outdoors skills may be aware that they have been followed and be able to get the drop on the Denizens. THREAT = MEDIUM
11	Cursed Location – strange forces are at work here that may randomly affect PCs with curses or other ailments THREAT = HIGH
12	Behemoth – a single huge Denizen, intent on grinding the party to dust. THREAT = HIGH
13	The Big Boss – the final climactic encounter with the most potent Denizen within the triangle. This Denizen may be an overseer, a gatekeeper or simply a powerful, twisted entity out for kicks. Defeating this Denizen allows the party to exit the triangle and is their only means of escape. THREAT = HIGH

The GM continues to roll for encounters until the party is overcome or they win their freedom from the Triangle by defeating the Big Boss.

ENCOUNTER LOCATIONS

These can be set anywhere that the GM desires but the following table is provided as a quick fix. Roll D6.

1	Sunlit Glade
2	Abandoned Dwelling
3	Mine shaft
4	Forest Road
5	Overgrown Woods
6	Denizens Lair

TIME AND THE TRIANGLE

Within the triangle, time appears to pass normally for the party. However there is a fundamental disconnect between what happens inside and outside the area and the passage of time in the real world may be very different. The longer that the party spends in the triangle, the greater the temporal disconnect. When (if!) the party escapes from the triangle after defeating the Big Boss, roll 2D6 and refer to the following table to see how much time has passed in the real world. Add 1 to the roll for each Encounter and/or period of sleep that the party had in the triangle.

2-4	D6 seconds
5-6	D6 minutes
7-8	D6 hours
9-11	D6 days
12-14	D6 weeks
15-17	D6 months
18+	D6 years

THE GOLDEN RULE

The GM should treat all of the above as guidelines. For example, feel free to add in additional encounters or if a certain encounter just doesn't feel right or having the party spend 4 years out of the real world screws with the campaign, just change it and have fun!

WEIRD HEXES

BY ROGER SG SOROLLA

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1417 NAZHDUNYA: Village of 65 narwhal herders, long matted hair for clothing/armor, ride tame orcas, live on kelp rafts. Having argument: Varal's prize heifer suspected of being a were-narwhal (she is, but Varal loves her human form)

1418 Sea troll rises to surface, keens nightly for lost love. Lair is sunken Dwarven ship filled with mining equipment, chest of gold bullion.

1419 KRENDT: Floating ring atoll with freshwater lagoon, made of edible green ice teeming with algae and plankton. Very easy life for 300 or so inhabitants, but trade on unfavourable terms with the sea cow herders, and owe a yearly human sacrifice to an eel-dragon, due next week; they are currently preparing the complicated winnowing contest and would be very glad to sub in an outsider for one of their own.

1420 CASTLE VOKLOSS: Another outcropping of green ice shaped into a mostly-submerged castle. Human warlord and 7 henchmen above the waterline, 90 or so mermen troops below. Enforcer for the region's populations, suspicious of any interloping vessels, want a cut of any treasure opportunities.

1421 Everyone knows a pair of sea unicorns roams about here, and the legend goes, a touch of both horns will spark the dead to life. The female speaks an ancient language and is benevolent and reasonable. Less clear is how to tame the male but perhaps a virgin mermaid will do. Trouble is, there is only one mature virgin mermaid in 1420 and she is keeping her secret pretty close.

1422 OUCH-A-DART ISLAND: Contemptibly small island with rickety inn built on a rock, proprietor a dwarf of indeterminate gender with soapstone golem bodyguard, weathered docks, popular truce zone and watering hole for summer sailors and winter ice sailors.

1423 The Left Thumb, trading vessel headed for Ouch-A-Dart Island, loaded with whale oil, pursued at discreet distance by ice lizard man pirates. Captain will set alight rather than hand over cargo.

1424 WRECKER'S ISLAND: Mostly submerged, this movable floe of stable blue ice is captained by 40 snow gnome shipwreckers and their ice weasel pets, who maneuver it in the way of passing ships, wait for the sailors to starve, and then emerge to collect the reward. Right now they're processing a merchant cog with five barely-alive survivors and a hull full of brocaded pillows and hassocks..

DEAR SANTICORE, I WANT THESE CRAPPY HEXES RE-WITTEN SO THAT THEY'RE BETTER AND IN SHORT, QUICK HEXENBRACKEN/KRAAL/COLOSSAL WASTE STYLE. ADD COOL STUFF, REMOVE BORING STUFF, MAKE THEM INTERESTING. FEEL FREE TO MAKE ANY ALTERATIONS YOU LIKE OR JUST TAKE WHAT'S THERE AND REWRITE IT SO IT'S SHORT. THE NAMES AND FLAVOR SHOULD BE WARHAMMERY AND FAKE-RUSSIAN.

THANKS,

Z.

SEA HEXES:

1417 Varale is the chief elder in this hunting community. They raise pigs, weave baskets and make sandals that they offer for sale on market day. A group of wererats has been raiding their corn and livestock of late.

1418 Lost Love: A large store of Dwarven picks, shovels, and axes lays within a crevice in which a troll seeks his lost mate.

1419 DELOS : Delos is located on a fresh water lake that teeming with cheese. Local cheesemen have been making sacrifices to the dragon of Moak Island for the last six centuries.

1420 Bridgefields Castle (Castle): A cousin of Dautles in the settlement of Bridgefields, Raiseltan possessed enough foresight to see the coming strife between the cheesing settlements on the lake and moved his home and retainers to the abandoned castle on the borders of the territory. It required much refurbishment and upkeep but it paid off in the long run as Raiseltan has long passed his cousin in skill.

1421 Unicorn _ : A mated pair of unicorns roams the area. If threatened or attacked, they will flee. If cornered, they will defend themselves, but flee at first chance.

1422 ARROWDALE (settlement): (retired, owner of the Old Cod Inn); Boni Factio Nactiv, male lizardmen NG Expy (brewery proprietor).

1423 Arrowdale trades ale with Nuriedidin and Blackroot for copper and other goods. A small band of goblins has been raiding to the south. Boni Factio Nactiv makes fine gnomish ale and supplies the local festivals as well as the Inn. Bialfur Mar is a seasoned traveler of the Vast Cube and has decided to retire in Arrowdale.

1424 Inheritance (Citadel): Arrun was the sixth son of a wealthy fighter lord from Barbarian Hakleth who was unhappy with his station and future meager inheritance. After hearing of the Plain of Ten Battles and all the stories of arms and armor littering the fields he figured he could collect it all and become wealthy himself. Upon actually reaching the plain he was further rewarded by finding the partially intact remains of an old tower that he claimed for himself. He and all his followers live off the land and occasionally go out and collect the military spoils left on the fields (he has lost more than one man to this endeavor as well).

1425 BRIDGEFIELDS (settlement): Bridgefields is a market for cheese and grain. Dautles is wise, but cannot keep order in this cheesing community. They are disputing cheesing rights with Caldia on Shadow Lake. Kartha and his cheesing guild want war.

1426 Battlefield Castle (Castle): Having killed a great wyrm during his adventure days, Sir Reginald returned to the land of his birth and proceeded to have a castle built near his native settlement of Arrowdale. The vast treasure of the fell beast paid handsomely for the construction of the keep and after seven years it stands tall and bright in the eastern sunrises of The Plain of Ten Battles. The castle lies exactly halfway between the settlement of Arrowdale and the citadel of Cleymarch Winedrawn.

1427 FENSHAFT (small): These goblins control the major pass through the Terad Range. The dwarves are forced to pay a tax to sell their ore in the market here. This has resulted in many pitched battles between the goblins and the dwarves. Kazan often rolls large boulders toward crowds of goblins seeing how many he can knock down.

LAND HEXES (Snowy barren fake-Russia):

1428 Brimstone Castle (Castle): Farenthorn was originally from the north but fell out of favor with the aristocrats of his country and had to flee for his life. He was able to take much of his vast fortune with him and bought the castle he calls home from the Kingdom of Karak. He has, unfortunately for the dwarves of Garzan, made an alliance with Kazan Arpad of Fenshaft and the two are major allies now. Both make the dwarves pay highly for the right to trade their goods along the east road.

1429 Isle of Moak _ : Sunwrak Spire (Castle): Vavid is the son of a famous lizardmen, Illgish, who built Sunwrak Spire. The name comes from the crystalline castle that rises high above the plain. Light catches on the castle creating strange whirls of color in the sky. Maric is the captain of the watch in Sundog Spire. Although his men are easily bribed, he is not. Maric deeply desires a wife and his eyes are easily softened with beauty.

1430 NISAN-MOOT (settlement): This settlement is the location of the annual clan moot for many of the Neanderthal tribes. Rare spices grow on the banks of the Lake of the Crown Beast. Growers harvest them and trade them down river. Hyastis is hetman of the tribe, but Montzen has more influence.

1431 Citadel of the Three (Citadel):

1433 Six years ago, three adventuring companions decided to pool their wealth and construct a fastness for their safety and research studies. They gathered together a following of individuals looking for a new start and the result is this citadel and a small cluster of houses outside the walls. Though for the most part seeking solitude the three are friendly to all visitors, though rarely do they entertain any such people personally.

1434 goblins _ : The remnants of a great goblin army, Gulark (Male goblin War3; hp 13; _; battleaxe, scalemail, 2 javelins) leads a small ragtag band of 38 goblin mercenaries across the Plain of Ten Battles. The goblins have set up camp here and are currently attempting to strengthen their numbers with new recruits before moving on.

1435 CALDIA (settlement): Caldia is a Karzulun cheese market on Shadow Lake. They own all the cheesing rights on the northern half of the lake although Bridgefield wants to negotiate for better terms. There are currently 12 cheesemaker from Bridgefield in the settlement jail for trespassing on the north end. Despite Chapel's requests Parsed Darg refuses to release them.

1436 The Hydra Nest _ : Within an extinct crater, a six-headed hydra guards its nest of eggs. The nest is constructed of brambles and the remains of an elf, still wearing his +2 chainmail

1425 A flotilla of five skyboats from Mount Khovar, looking to catch craft and men with nets and harpoons, for resale elsewhere.

1426 GRANNY KNOT ISLAND: Anchored platform of lashed ships and raised timbers hides behind a sorcerous fogbank as mixed-class adventuring cooperative The Granny Knot brings up the lost treasure of the ships sunken (nearly all of them) in the Battle of Lyepansko's Loss twenty years ago. The paralyzing eyes of Lyepansko's great gorgon figurehead, lashed to a prominent capstan, still burn cold cyan and deter intruders. Two reneging thieves are fleeing the scene with muffled oars and choice bits of loot.

1427 DASKADREK STRAIT: Apple-hurling distance apart, these rocks are infested by ship-leaping goblins who have recently decided to exact a toll rather than attack. They are not too good at deciding what they want and their chief bargainer, Glep, veers haphazardly between escalation, compromise, generosity and non-sequitur (d4).

LAND HEXES (Snowy barren fake-Russia):

1428 BRIMSTONE CASTLE: Surrounded by a sulfur spring moat, the stench here rises to troglodyte levels. Lord Volodya is an amazingly un-self-aware Baronet of Tver who is entirely benevolent but creepy, walking straight into every horror movie aristo cliché. His housekeeper, the elderly Grushenka, is more sensible and will try to calm the party in spite of Volodya's insistence that they drink the "special vintage" and view the "intriguing bas reliefs" in the castle crypt. 15 fully masked, unspeaking armored guards complete the scene.

1429 SUNNY DAY CASTLE (Castle): Vavid is the lieutenant of Volodya who oversees a garrison of 200 in this citadel overlooking vast fields of snow-grazing musk oxen and their stolid herdsmen. The spire is made of solid crystal and set on a gimbal so that it can be brought to bear on a hostile approach. Weather magic keeps the appropriate patch of sky clear. The beam is blinding and white in the middle half of the day, and reddish and damaging near dawn and dusk (4d6, save for 2d6).

1430 NYADZHY (settlement): A festival is going on and some of the decidedly inbred and devolved specimens from the lands around are whooping it up. The hetman Hyastuk is enthroned on a pile of precious spice-wort bulbs and he and his henchmen are fending off threats to his title, for who sits the throne at sunset keeps it all year.

1431 CITADEL OF THE THREE (Citadel): Stronghold of former adventurers who rule a small fiefdom. In its northern corner is a walled game preserve a few square miles big. The Three will pay for live monsters to be delivered to the preserve. Treasure and rumors of treasure in the preserve keep poachers coming, and hunted.

armor.

1437 The Invisible Citadel (Citadel): Urthilas and his small following were led to this citadel by signs and faith. The citadel itself is visible only under the light of the moon and can only be entered (or attacked) during the full moon. Silver weapons can affect the tower at all times but only if one can see it to hit it. During the ceremony of the moon (a ritual performed by the inhabitants that takes a full hour) the inhabitants can enter or exit the tower freely, seeing it as if under the effects of a see invisibility spell.

1434 38 mottled blue goblins, tough survivors, have dug trenches here for the day and are camouflaged well, led by a double-sized goblin with a triple-sized head. They will spring an ambush, but flee in all directions if 12 or more die.

1435 KOLODNA (settlement): Lakeside home of the famous pickled fish that tests the gut and immune system. Social class displayed by height of house stilts and depth of water they are sunk in. Trade dispute over neighboring routes has led to sullen enmity. Armed sojourners will be approached by both sides seeking a violent resolution in their favor. Picking sides, however, will earn the enmity of the local Temple of the Cat's Mouth and its were-snow-tiger priest.

1436 A six-headed fire-breathing hydra has created a 200-foot radius swamp lair from the permafrost, where it hides its nest of eggs. Prehistoric live bramble seeds long frozen have awakened under this treatment, making the approach a hazardous one. A dead elven adventurer with mail of lacquered green leaves (move as normal, protected as plate mail) is being kept semi-frozen for the young when they hatch.

1437 THE INVISIBLE CITADEL (Citadel): Salithru and the large group she was following were pushed to this place by riddles and doubt. The citadel itself is visible only under the darkness of the sun and can only be entered during the new moon. This effectively means it exists on average once every seven solar eclipses. Astrologers have gathered for the next appearance which they are arguing about (estimates range from tomorrow to next year.) Salithru's group, if they do appear, is just about running out of food now. Half of them mutiny, half remain to guard the precious moon-riddle orb of the central tower.

THE WORLDS OF THE OUTER WHORL

BY RICHARD G

DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...

HAVING MADE THE APPROPRIATE SACRIFICES AND SPOKEN THE HOLY INCANTATIONS OF SECRET SUMMONING, YOUR WORM-LIKE SUPPLICANT REQUESTS A SIMPLE METHOD BY WHICH HE OR SHE MAY QUICKLY GENERATE RANDOM PLANETS UPON WHICH PLAYERS MAY PERISH HORRIBLY OR ADVENTURE DARINGLY FOR A FANTASY ORIENTED SWORD AND PLANET-STYLE CAMPAIGN. GENERAL FEATURES, PORTS, DOMINANT SPECIES, PLOT HOOKS, WHATEVER STRIKES THE GREAT SANTICORE'S FANCY MAY BE INCLUDED. AS BRIEF OR INVOLVED AS YOU LIKE.

THANKS, S. O.

THE WORLDS OF THE
OUTER WHORL BY RICHARD G

On the Scrying-glass you see... (d6)

1	GORGEOUS CRYSTALLINE RIVERS IN VERDANT VALLEYS. THE WATERS ARE (d6):
1	healthy and restorative (+1d4hp/day) but drinking them makes you sleep for 10 hours straight, beginning in d12 hours.
2	filled with diverse, colourful, bewilderingly violent fish (reaction roll on first encountering: if friendly they follow you and may help defend you. If unfriendly they will attack whenever you are near. Fight as kobolds, orcs or ogres, depending on size of teeth/ambition).
3	fast-flowing and full of waterfalls (roll boating or swimming every time you travel by water. On a failed roll: rapids! Reroll at +3. If you fail that, waterfall! Rapids: Dex save or 1d6 damage. Also Will save or lose loose equipment. Waterfall: Dex save or 1d12 damage; Will save or lose boat).
4	mirror-smooth, weed-filled and constantly beckoning to any solitary character just to take a quick dip while nobody's looking (Will save whenever alone, then fort save to avoid hypnotic weeds).
5	access points to vast underground watercourse-caverns where the goblin-people live.
6	oddly insubstantial - you can walk right into them and sink, and also breathe their contents just fine. Hair and loose cloth still drift about fetchingly. Fighting and Dex tasks at -3 while immersed.
2	DESERT COMPOSED OF:
1	shifting sands (movement rate halved, rest every 4 hours or be at -2 to all tasks, cumulative).
2	hard crystalline rocks that easily yield stone weapons (daggers, on natural 20 break off in wound).
3	hard crystalline rocks that lock up just enough moisture to keep you alive indefinitely as long as you do pretty much nothing else but crack and suck on rocks.
4	half-pulverized postapocalyptic trash. See +Jason K's d300 table for salvageable goods: https://docs.google.com/document/d/1aAvSMcIQNoHvBPBiQXUCWH-z4nJQvkUKijuYQoQbNU8
5	and that mysteriously blooms into intoxicating flowers every night/month/new moon/rainfall/visitation of the Space Princess (Will save or enter dream sequence).
6	slippery glass engraved with titanic writing by some ancient, incomprehensibly powerful entity.
3	DAZZLINGLY SWOOPY, WIND-SCULPTED CAVERNS AND CATHEDRALS OF...
1	ice. Watch out for falling stalactites, storms, hypothermia and yetis.
2	lava blast-craters. The walls are richly veined with precious minerals but also host to silicate lava creatures that feed on them.
3	spongy volcanic ash. You can carve out a shelter or a whole house with your hands. Exposed remains of rooms attest to frequent landslides and cave-ins.
4	discarded rocket boosters and space junk. You can easily salvage strong, lightweight weapons and armour doused in exotic industrial toxins. Shaping them to your needs may be more difficult.
5	cloud - fluffy to ankle depth, then oddly supportive. Constantly shifting. The locals just move their feasts. The main danger is falling out of a thinning cloud while you're asleep.
6	translucent jelly. The whole place is like a soft hall of mirrors. And seems to be slowly breathing.

4	AN ENDLESS SEA, FEATURELESS EXCEPT FOR...	
	1	a single Olympian mountain riddled with chimney-caves, which funnel gargling sounds up from far below.
	2	a metal spire with a decadent temple-city perched on top.
	3	a vertical railway pylon, leading into a dimensional gate.
	4	a neverending hyperjet waterfall, like a solar coronal ejection, that circles around a moon, orbiting just a few miles above the surface.
	5	a giant stone statue, eyes closed.
	6	a single whirlpool leading to the interior.
5	A WILD JUNGLY TANGLE OF...	
	1	the mashed together bones of behemoths and leviathans. Some eggs/young may yet lurk in the interior.
	2	spongy, knotted, mangrove-swamp-plant-things with no solid ground anywhere. They whisper constantly.
	3	scaffolding, around which are strewn stringpunk webs of temporary shelters. Somewhere there may be a building that all this scaff is holding up.
	4	sewers and pipes. Their endlessly echoing wheezes and clanks make a low trumpeting almost like music.
	5	ridiculously tall rainforest with multiple layers of flowering canopy like an elf's wet dream.
	6	vines hanging like spaghetti from some mossy, rooty superstrate. Tarzan monkeys brachiate deliriously.
6	A SPRAWLING CITY BUILT ENTIRELY AROUND...	
	1	asteroid mining. Continuous blasting makes for a bumpy, rumbling experience. Smelting works sprout up in deep unnatural fissures.
	2	spice trees, which are the only true wealth. At the center of every palace is a courtyard with a single sacred seedling.
	3	the hulls of wrecked ships. Masts serve as watch-towers, rigging forms the staircases.
	4	cooling towers and fractionating columns, which draw heat and smoke from titanic underground furnaces. The rich live in fragrant, soothing clouds of high-fraction vapours (addictive), the poor in the sooty zones, where heavy, sluggish fractions serve them as armour, building materials and food.
	5	ceremonial routes and boulevards. The entire population seems to be constantly on the march, celebrating something or other. Wednesdays are military bands, Thursdays are naked carnival.
	6	the universe's greatest public transit system, now fallen into ruin and shorn of vehicles. The rich ride in smooth white palanquins that look like they were designed by Apple. The poor carry them on their backs.

	IN SHADES OF... (DIO)	ITS PEOPLE ARE CURIOUSLY FASHIONED... (DIO)
1	fire opal.	with pallid, translucent skins and hydraulics instead of muscles (+2 Str, -2 Dex).
2	lurid greens and yellows.	with one distinctive animal feature – a tail or snout or bird legs or wings.
3	oily blue, black, purple and pewter, like a Giger picture.	with machine limbs that can be switched for different tasks (theft of limbs is taken very seriously).
4	cartoonish iridescent splendour.	like embodiments of the seven deadly sins, with exaggerated haughty, voluptuous, morbidly obese or torpid features.
5	brown.	out of teeming masses of tiny creatures like little stag beetles, that fit rigidly together and crawl over each other to make facial expressions (+3 con, if killed may reform over 10 rounds but with different bugs in control, therefore different personalities).
6	primary and complementary colours. Like a 70s sci-fi painting.	out of multiple animal parts, like a taxidermist's joke – half whale, half flea; hands of a fighting mantis shrimp, tail of a lemur.
7	flickery gloom, like a Piranesi prison.	almost exactly like humans but hollow from the back. They sleep in tiny cupboards, stacked together.
8	sickly pastel, like a dollhouse of the damned.	out of scrimshaw, feathers and other loosely-assembled trash. They are delicate and unpredictable.

9	haunted, muted pallor.	without upper limbs of any kind. They move stuff around with their brains, which are hidden inside snail shells just above their waists
10	jungly fecundity, bursting with life.	to appeal to adolescent sex fantasies. They are also completely hairless and pastel-coloured.

THEY ARE EQUALLY PECULIAR IN THEIR ATTITUDES;

	AMONG THEMSELVES THEY ARE... (DIO)	WHILE WITH STRANGERS THEY'RE... (DIO)
1	fractious (Will save on any task not to get into a fight),	guarded but gullible.
2	seemingly telepathic,	no different from with locals: they expect them to know everything.
3	bound by strict rules of etiquette (int save to avoid causing offense unless you work through local interpreters),	suspicious and taciturn.
4	rigidly hierarchical, ruled by petulant, impulsive aristocrats,	uncomfortably curious.
5	impatient and demanding,	patronizing.
6	helpful and attentive, but with little idea of privacy,	dismissive.
7	completely tactless,	unctuously accepting.
8	constantly making deals,	misleadingly friendly.
9	constantly making bets – and then trying to cheat the outcomes,	tolerant until you do that thing.
10	indifferent, even to terrible suffering,	desperately clingy, like they're hoping you're the messiah.

BEHIND THE SCENES THEY ARE... (3d6 sentence constructor... A, B, C)

	A	B	C
1	obsessed with...	digging up ancient...	monster guardians.
2	embarrassed by...	censoring and suppressing...	clones of their pop idols.
3	secretly and hypocritically...	trying to bury...	temples and god-radios.
4	fighting against invaders who are...	inventing...	cheap (zombie? automaton? slave?) labourers.
5	enslaved and forced into...	competing over...	works of art you can live inside.
6	bamboozled by a bunch of charlatans who are sneakily...	infecting their enemies with...	amusing mutations.

	YOUR GUIDE HERE IS... (DIO)	POWER RESTS WITH THE... (DIO)
1	a foreigner who has been stranded here for just a few months.	Guild of Licensers and Quantifiers.
2	a native for whom everything local is obvious.	secretive Priesthood of the Telluric Gaze.
3	an elderly exile, sneaking back for one last meal cooked by an incomparable chef.	black-market moneychangers' mafia.
4	the untouchable porter who guards your bags with fanatical zeal and will lay down his life for a pittance.	child Emperor and his dizzying variety of bureaucrats.
5	an eccentric noble who treats you like an exotic pet.	"Trusted Persons of Good Reputation and Family" who run a monopoly on guest houses and trading palaces.
6	a homunculus on the run from the wizards' guild. It disguises itself as a bit of your regalia.	many flamboyant warlords, locked in a deadly struggle for primacy.
7	a badly-damaged and incomplete tourist manual.	Celestial Bee grubs, nurtured in some secret temple-hive deep in the bowels of the planet.
8	a badly-damaged professional tour guide.	godzilla-tamers.

9	a priest of the Customs And Excise Cult.	Vizierate of the Holy Order of Wizards. The Wizards themselves are far too busy to indulge in local politics.
10	two constantly bickering teenagers, quite indifferent to your needs.	rats, who merely tolerate the presence of humans in their city.

BEWARE THE DREADED... (D10)

1	Minions of Threek: they fight like ogres but are small enough to fit on your hand. There are only 5 of them.
2	Hungry Shadows: they reach out of any crevice or dark place with hairy tendrils. For every round they're undetected, they get 1d6 Str to pull you into their obscure lair.
3	Googly 6-eyes: 20cm long, 5cm wide and froggish, these rubbery-mouthed little moppets can swallow anything up to the size of a house. Their saliva contains a powerful anaesthetic. Can digest 120kg a day if uninterrupted (1d8 damage/hour)
4	Recluse Spikeder. Fond of lurking in tree stumps. Its bite carries a fearsome but slow-acting poison and leaves a green blob. Death comes in 3 days, after madness.
5	Rhizome Yeti. Looks like a shifting skein of roots and tendrils, covering up to 30 square feet. Attacks by binding/strangulation or throwing rocks. Fond of living on the ceilings of caves and storerooms.
6	Charming Elevampire. Size of a baby elephant, pale grey with adorable coral pink touches around the eyes, ears and snout. Will save to avoid petting it. Its snuffling, snuggling attentions drain 1 point of Int or Wis per round.
7	Ancient Policemen. Gigantic, implacable, hard as rock, they patrol the ruins of ancient cities looking for vehicles parked in the wrong places.
8	Pre-lapsarian Orcs. Noble, aquiline, egotistical, charismatic, irresponsible.
9	Hopalong Breath Vampires. Stolen straight out of a Chinese ghost story, they are desperately trying to get back. Often disguise themselves as distressed travelers to attach themselves to parties of foreigners. Have the best intentions but drain 1hp/day from all within 20 feet.
10	Vancian Waste-lurkers, shrouded in a light authorial mystery. Are they bugs? Are they reptiles? It's never quite clear. But they are certainly sardonic and mercenary. Roll HD, AC and damage dice randomly per encounter.

OF COURSE THERE'S A PRINCESS. SHE'S... (D10)

1	seductive, sociopathic, and addicted to spiky gold jewelry.
2	caped and veiled and guarding a terrible secret.
3	missing, ever since she went hunting in the Dark Interior for the Lost Spider Gem.
4	clearly got the hots for you but held prisoner by her jealous uncle.
5	distributed in seven parts around the secret places of the world.
6	just died, and has therefore just been reincarnated somewhere on the planet.
7	an octogenarian clinging to power by refusing to marry and therefore holding up the succession.
8	ancient, eternal, beautiful and terrible. She must be renewed each moon with blood sacrifices.
9	appointed by the Council to serve until such time as she starts asking questions. Currently the position is vacant - just sign here...
10	smart, sassy and runs the government right out from under the feet of the Vizier, her parents and the priesthood.

THE INTRIGUES BY WHICH THEY DRAW YOU IN... (D8)

1	You have upset the rites with your barbarous presence! Prove your worth before you are slain! (proof consists of doing some improbably difficult task that the head priest obviously has no idea how to accomplish otherwise)
2	Our souls have been stolen! Yours will be stolen too unless you defeat the thief! (must be achieved before the next pass of the Dolorous Moon, or everyone without a soul turns into sandstone)
3	Those are the ones who kidnapped the Princess! (people who claim to have witnessed the deed know a surprising amount about your previous adventures)

4	That guy just killed that other guy and you're the only one who saw him do it! Wait, the killer... he's the head of the secret police or something, isn't he?
5	Your trade goods have just been declared illegal! Please turn them over to the proper authorities, and pay no attention to the hordes of desperate customers.
6	We know you, you're that renegade no-good runaway prince! We're impounding your ship and calling your creditors.
7	Why that's the Appalling Orb of Threek. I bet his minions are after you right now. How fast can you learn to wield it?
8	This whole place is cursed, and only you can see the curse working on the people.

THE TWIST... (D6)

1	The whole thing is an elaborate support for the Hidden Tyrant's pleasure dome. Once you know this secret, they'll never let you leave.
2	The world is alive! And it wants to go somewhere. All these people are stopping it from realizing its destiny! (maybe for good reason)
3	Pay no attention to the man behind the pawnshop. The dungeon-warren is like a gold rush town, and the guy who really runs the show is the loan shark who hands out the equipment needed to explore the depths.
4	The endless flow of McGuffins you need to keep rescuing from temples? Yeah, no. The real point is to expose you to the various unholy energies of the temples themselves. You are... slowly... changing...
5	You're actually inside the mind of one of the PCs. Everything you destroy is something that will be taken off their character sheet. If you can bring out the Golden Treasure then they realise something about their Mysterious Past.
6	The whole planet is an elaborate illusion/stage set, the people are automata, the plots are rigged.... but why?

WHY? (D4):*

1	to distract you while the Hidden Puppeteers steal all your stuff.
2	as a decoy for some Horrible World-Eating Monster (allows you to show the monster in action before it starts eating the PCs' own world).
3	the ersatz world is re-enacting some complex ritual that's the key for opening up a new universe. The Evil Overlords already destroyed the real key, so they're trying to recreate it with a simulacrum.
4	it's a kind of ablative armour for reclusive engineeromancers living deep inside. They make the dolls to soak up your ammo: if you get weak enough not to pose a threat they may offer to parley/trade.
5	it's a kind of gladiatorial entertainment for exotic overminds. Yawn. And the prize is escape but nobody really escapes. Yeah, you've seen this one. Except that the automata are just autonomous enough that you might be able to defeat their programming, get them to rise up together and crush their hidden masters and live free! Unfortunately they can't leave because they're tied to the power source/repair yard, so it'll be a bittersweet revolution for the clockwork people.

* Yup, that's 5 options. Because nobody should be forced into the "it's all an illusion" thing unless they really want to be.

FOR EXAMPLE:

The world of Uggluchk is a massive and confusing tangle of pipes, mostly rusty or blackened with ancient smoke. Its people draw off vile-smelling liquids from tanks inside the structure to replenish their leaky hydraulic bodies. They follow exacting codes of dress and manners and are reserved among themselves, but love gossip and ply visitors for personal details, especially concerning their bodily fluids.

Deep in the heart of the tangle are the legendary Baths of the Silken Emperor. Nobody's seen the Emperor in centuries, but he continues to receive sacrifices of fragrantly-prepared virgins and everyone's goddamn hot water into his hidden lair.

The people revere their Princess – whose picture curiously looks exactly like the young Brigitte Bardot and not at all hydraulic – but she's gone missing in the Dank Interior and she's taken the keys to the Fluid Replenisher with her. So with great regret they must impound your ship and send you into the lightless depths far beyond the reach of their feed pipes to get her back. Of course the answer's in the Baths. Turns out there's a factory down there turning out perfect, candy-coloured Bardots. The princess was stolen by Nefarious Industrialists as a prototype. The key was stolen because manufacturing the Bardots is draining the Fluids tank dry, slowly and inevitably killing the hydraulic folk topside.

The factory-made Bardots are perfectly nice and indistinguishable from the original. The Nefarious Industrialists are remarkably slippery – if captured they'll refuse to answer questions but hint darkly at every conspiracy you have going in the campaign. The Hydraulics are polite and basically good, but desperation can make them act like jerks. And they won't know what to do if you come back with more than one princess. And the deep recesses of the pipe forest are, of course, lousy with monsters.

12 INTERESTING SPELLJAMMER PLANETS

BY DANIEL STULL

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GREETINGS, EXPLORER! I AM D'NAEIL.

Most just call me "Neil."

Through various means and ways, word has come to me that you too share in the need to discover and explore the byways and pathways our Spelljammers travel. You are in luck - I have information on some worlds, even some crystal spheres, that may pique your interest. A word of warning - some of these worlds may prove to be dangerous, and possibly quite hostile. I will not be held responsible for you or your crew being torn limb-from-limb by some alien menace.

I. URSAE VII

Ursae VII is a world that is rich in iron and silicates. It has a somewhat heavier gravity. You may feel this as a "heavier than normal" feeling when on the surface, which I do not recommend being on without a spelljammer helm. The atmosphere is made of methane, an extremely flammable gas. As such, it is dangerous to most oxygen-breathing species.

Let me interject here with a very stringent warning: DO NOT CAST SPELLS OF FIRE HERE, NOR LIGHT ANY SORT OF OPEN FLAME. It is imperative that you understand this, Explorer. I once watched a foolish crewmember attempt to light a pipe without thinking(as to why he did this, knowing he had a helm on, is beyond me). The resulting explosion reduced him to a myriad of parts.

Any fire-based magic or open flame will result in an explosion causing 5D10 damage to anyone within 20 feet of the center of the flame. There are no saves against this.

Days on Ursae VII last twenty-three hours, and the temperatures range from -22 degrees Celsius to 87 degrees Celsius.

There is one small colony of sentient life on the planet. A city of twenty-three thousand Thri-Kreen, that have adapted to breathe in the atmosphere, thrives here. They mine the iron and silicates, and use it for all their needs. The city is ruled by a military dictatorship that rules with a stern, yet understanding, hand. The Thri-Kreen understand spelljamming and are capable of repairing spelljammers.

A couple more things of note:

There are rumors among the Thri-Kreen that an artifact of unknown origin is somewhere on the planet's surface. Many have attempted to find it, with no result. Others have simply...vanished.

There is a large moon that orbits Ursae VII. It is dead, yet surveys have shown that it contains iron as well as silicates. Was the moon once part of the planet?

DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...

12 INTERESTING SPELLJAMMER PLANETS AND 4 UNIQUE CRYSTAL SPHERE IDEAS.

THANKS,

C. C.

II. PHALGUNI

Phalguni is a safe world, made mainly of water with a single landmass. It is also a small world. Surveys have shown there are deposits of iron, silicon, and aluminum, but little else. The land, however, is rich for farming. The only restriction is the atmosphere, which is the equivalent to breathing from a very high altitude. Most oxygen-breathers will experience difficulty breathing here(-2 to all Constitution checks). The gravity here is lighter as well, so do be careful when making jumps. The days are fifteen hours long.

The climate of Phalguni ranges from -145 degrees Celsius at the poles, to a balmy 31 degrees Celsius.

The only other note I have on this world is that no sentient life exists here, only microbes and fungi.

III. Lou Xiu

Lou Xiu is a different sort of world. It boasts a strong source of iron, but mining is difficult if not impossible due to its atmosphere, which is made of a gas that is not breathable.

Spelljammer helms or magic are required to breathe in this atmosphere. Death occurs within 1d10 minutes otherwise.

Lou Xiu also has a heavier gravity, meaning that crews that stop here will feel heavier, and actions take more strength than usual to complete.

Strength checks have a +2 difficulty penalty. Bonuses to attack and damage are nullified unless characters have magic cast upon them(Strength spells, Bless spells, et cetera), or after spending one week on the surface to adjust to the denser gravity.

Spelljammer helms are required to breathe on Lou Xiu due to the prevalence of previously mentioned flammable gas. The planet is rather hot as well; temperatures range from 40 degrees Celsius to 50 degrees.

There is no sentient life on Lou Xiu, but there are rumors of a crashed pirate spelljammer full of treasure. However, storms of an unusual(electromagnetic) nature keep most treasure hunters at bay.

IV. HUMBABA

Humbaba is a mixture of ice, water, and small landmasses. It's atmosphere is hostile to air-breathers and consists of a highly flammable gas.

Any fire-based magic or open flame will result in an explosion causing 5D10 damage to anyone within 20 feet of the center of the flame. There are no saves against this.

It's day lasts for 14 standard hours, and the climate ranges from between -2 degrees Celsius to 94 degrees.

It is a lifeless world. Surveys show that even if the atmosphere were safer, that mining would not net anyone much gain.

V. TEDO

Tedo is a planet made mostly of ice. There are small pockets of water, but the atmosphere is dangerous; a spelljammer helm or the correct magics are necessary for most sentients to breathe on its surface. Iron is rich here, and explorers report that the world is ready for those willing to take the risk to establish themselves here.

The climate matches that of its ice-covered landmasses, ranging from -4 degrees Celsius to 89 degrees.

By far, the most interesting thing about Tedo is that there is a colony of undead on its surface. They are led by a lich of incredible power, who has established himself as the absolute monarch. They are open to trade, but the undead are erratic and have been known to kill travelers just as they are known for their hospitality. Trade with them at your own risk.

VI. UINEN

Uinen is a wonderful world, home to a race of green-skinned humans that call themselves Uinens. They don't have access to spelljammers, nor magic, but other than that, they are just like the humans of most other worlds. They export iron, mined from giant networks of tunnels beneath the surface.

Rumor has it that the Uinens came from an ancient alien civilization, and that an artifact from that civilization still is on Uinen. However, the artifact is said to be protected by a field that kills anyone trying to get near it.

THE FOLLOWING WORLDS HAVE ONLY BEEN SCOUTED, which is why not much is known of them. Perhaps you could add to the information and pass it to other explorers?

VII. INDI VI

Indi VI has a thriving multi-racial colony started by spelljammer crews. It is ruled by a king, and the colony is known for their hospitality, trade, and spelljammer work. There is no other native life on the planet. It also has two small moons, and one is said to house a pirate base.

VIII. FORSETI

Forseti is a world of harsh environments. From an unbreathable atmosphere to a quarantine colony of unknowns, it is not a place recommended to visit. There

is no communication from the colony, which is said to house beings with alien illnesses, but rumor as always, spreads like an illness. The colony isn't there to keep beings in, but from keeping explorers from getting in. It may be an laboratory that experiments on living beings.

IX. VOLANTIS VI

Volantis VI isn't known - at all. Its moon, however, houses a temple to an alien god, and is said to be full of artifacts - that is, if one can navigate its traps and guardians.

X. AMAN

Aman is ruled by a despotic tyrant who is xenophobic. The people of this world chafe under his rule, and desperately seek ways to overthrow his rule. Spelljammer crews may be able to assist, but at great risk. It is not recommended to travel here.

XI. CASSIOPEIAE III

An all-female ruling caste dominates the people of Cassiopeiae III. Most males are forbidden from landing on this world, unless you have something they want, be it trade...or other things. Note that males that are selected for breeding never leave the surface again once chosen. Volcanoes are a common site, and the females command powerful magic to protect their cities from the volcanic activity.

XII. ANDHRIMNIR PRIME

Andhrimnir Prime is home to a colony of sentient microbes that communicate via telepathy. The ocean world is said to house ruins of an ancient civilization far more advanced than anything we are capable of, but the depth of the ocean causes most submersible craft to be crushed...

....then there are the sharks the size of dragons...

5 FANTASY SPACESHIPS

BY JASON MENTEROSO
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Listen, my friend, for time is short. You would hear of the history of travel in the ether? I know many things, and would tell them all to you. But listen, listen.

Perhaps you would hear of the grand fleets of the Elves – thousand foot long pleasure barges rowed for eternity by animated statues, all carved differently, all beautiful! Truly they are a sight to behold.

Would you rather I tell you of the grand warfleet of the Orcs? Carved from the stony carcasses of the starwhales themselves, and powered by the very aggression of the ones captaining them? You will never know real terror until you catch sight of one of them coming for you.

Neither of them? Perhaps it is the Goblin princes and their ships you would know about? Those ships, like jagged balls of stone, sometimes covered in a thick, eerily burning bramble. They say that sound is dimmed to nothingness in the ether, but I would swear that the howling of wolves can be heard wherever one of the Goblin ships goes.

No? They don't catch your interest either? I have tales of the ships of the Dwarves, then. Magnificent vessels – made of the best woods and chased with the finest metals and jewels, each a work of art and craft that is just breathtaking to behold. Of course, to really have your breath taken away, you should see them on their mining expeditions. A few of those beautiful ships can completely eviscerate a world before your very eyes.

Aha, Now I understand! You wish to know more historical information! Who was the first to traverse the great beyond in this newly-enlightened time. This, I can tell you.

It was the Gnomes.

In ages past, there were other travelers, and other races out in the ether. Some of them stay there yet, waiting to find new prey or to wage their endless wars amongst themselves. (Once, when I thought my very sanity was gone, I saw a sight that still chills me to this day. It was a race unknown to me, indescribable, traversing the ether in a huge stone city. At its center was a giant, blasphemous temple, and at the top of that temple, a giant creature that was either their god or their leader, if not both. He was directing the city to some benighted edge of the universe. The entire city was surrounded by a sphere of water, murky and hateful.)

But, I digress. While there were travelers before, only in the last few hundred years has the technique been rediscovered.

DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...
FIVE OR SO FANTASY SPACESHIPS (OR FLEETS) (OR ONE REALLY DETAILED ONE) [THINK MORE SPELLJAMMER THAN TRAVELLER HERE]
THANKS,
J. T.

The first ether traveler was a Gnome called Kirkus, who discovered that he could pilot a small vessel into and around the ether by imbuing his pike with certain spells. To this day, each of the ships built by the Gnomes, or using their method will have in it a copy of Kirkus' pike.

The Gnomes used the knowledge of travel through the ether not to destroy or conquer, but rather to spread their culture and wares throughout the universe.

The pride of the Gnomish fleet are the turtle ships: Vastly huge, they are modeled after the common river turtle, with a highly domed shell. Inside the shell itself is a huge, multi-story bazaar, with all manner of merchants, craftsmen, sellers, healers, and performers that you could think of. Most travelers in the ether think finding the turtle ships is good luck, because one can buy almost anything they need on one.

The ship is not without weapons, either. Pirates usually learn to stay away or face the consequences.

Of course, sometimes some miscreant would come aboard with the thought to wreak havoc or steal or murder, or commit some other crime. To do so is folly, for the Captain's Law is strict and harsh, and the penalty for many crimes is to be thrown into the ether without a set of ether armor.

If you can follow the rules, you can stay aboard for as long as you like. They Gnomes take fares, or some folks find their place in the bazaar, selling their wares or abilities to each influx of visitors.

ARTIFACT: Kirkus' Pike (Also called the Captain's Pike)

DESCRIPTION: A 3-4 rod of banded wood with strange glyphs carved down the side. The spells used to create such a rod are a trade secret amongst the ship-builders of the Gnomes. As long as the rod is fixed in place within a vessel, that vessel can be controlled by the one designated as the captain of the ship. (Unfortunately, High CHA/low WIS captains will find that their speech becomes choppy and oddly paced when using the Pike to control the ship.) The rod itself is only as strong as a well-made quarterstaff. Breaking the rod will render it unusable, and the ship will not be able to be piloted until it is replaced.

ARTIFACT: Ether Armor

DESCRIPTION: a tight-fitting suit of cloth, leather and metal, used to protect the wearer from etheric emissions. A full suit includes a helmet and mask and smoked-glass goggles. The armor really isn't hardened

for use in combat, and should be treated as light leather armor at the most.

What happens when you stay out in the ether for too long without a suit of armor? (roll 1d8)

1	1d4 damage
2	Mutation: fingers turn into boneless tentacles
3	Illness, 1d4 CON damage, retching and vomiting
4	Mutation: Skin turns into rock +2d6 HP, -2 CHA, -2 DEX
5	Nothing!
6	Skin catches on fire! 1D8 damage per round until it is put out
7	Insanity: delusions that gods from space are coming to get you.
8	Skin over 1d20x5% of body becomes invisible. -4 CHA

THE TURTLESHIP “FREE ENTERPRISE”

- Length: 2400 ft
Width: 2100 ft
Height: 1600 ft
Weapons:
8 Heavy Catapults (5 crew ea)
8 Light Catapults (1 crew ea)
16 Heavy Ballistas (4 crew ea)
20 Light Ballistas (1 crew ea)

The ship has the shape of a box turtle, with widely splayed legs and a head on a short neck (to keep the captain and steering crew away from the rest of the ship.) The is a short tail on the back.

Inside the shell area are several levels, with a wide circular walkway in the center. There are six levels of bazaar and two of housing and berths.

The legs themselves house a small fleet of ships to move cargo onto and off of the main ship. They also house most of the ship’s armaments and the entry ports any visitor will pass through.

HYPERSPACE BONEYARD

BY ANONYMOUS

Star travel is dangerous. Over the centuries, countless ships have been lost in the treacherous currents of hyperspace. Energy spikes and radiation flares burn out engines, fry navigation and cripple even the best armored and skillfully piloted vessels. When a ship disappears, it is assumed destroyed, forever erased from the material plane. This, however, is not always the case.

There are eddies and backwaters hidden in the raging torrents of hyperspace. Pools of calm where drifting ships and debris accumulate. In these boneyards, concealed from the wider universe, new civilizations arise.

1. **Human Warship** - Tasked with guarding a colony ship carrying thousands of deep-sleeping colonists on the hundred year voyage to a new home. Continually fighting to repel an onslaught of genocidal robots. Recently made contact with a ship of froglike aliens who revealed that the Colony ship is also adrift in this hyper-space backwater but has been captured by the mutinous bug-crew of the Frog-Ship. An alliance has been formed to recapture the colony ship.

2. **Machine-Mind** - Adrift for centuries and now the power core that keeps the mind alive is fading. Two possible sources have been found for new reactors (#1 and #) but pernicious organic vermin invest the host vessels and mindlessly attack the servitors sent to retrieve the powercore. Attempts to exterminate have been unsuccessful so far.

3. **The Frog-Monstors** - The frogmen got lost fleeing their mortal enemies, the cat-men. The frogmen's ship was crewed by enslaved cockroachy bug-men. The bug-men mutinied and fled in the ships escape pods, taking over the colony ship drifting nearby. The frogmen lack the manpower to maintain their ship by themselves and are waging a desperate war to recapture their slaves. The human warriors are an invaluable ally. The greedy pig men and suspicious Greys are valued trading partners but unreliable friends.

4. **The Cockroach invested colony ship** - The cockroaches are fighting a desperate war to maintain their new freedom. They count themselves fortunate to have found a ship stocked with such an enormous supply of food (they are eating the sleeping colonists). They have established an uneasy trading partnership with a ship full of ant-men but the ant-men refuse to give them the weapons necessary to keep up the fight for freedom. Betrayal is imminent.

5. **Ant-men Hiveship** - Like the Humans, the ant-men are under continuous assault from the Machine Mind. They trade their hiveships' plentiful food for weapons from the derelict warship of the Researchers. A

DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...

A SOLAR SYSTEM OR A FEW, WITH SOME COMPETING SPACEFARING FATIONS SQUABBLING OVER SOMETHING--NATURAL RESOURCES, GEOGRAPHICAL BORDERS, ACCESS TO THE WARP POINTS, WHATEVER. THEN TOSS IN MAYBE A TABLE OR TWO OF RANDOM ENCOUNTERS OR MOTIVATIONS, A PLANETARY MAP OR TWO, THAT SORT OF THING.

THANKS,

A. T.

trickle of trade is kept with the creepy cockroach men to buy their non-aggression. The roaches keep demanding weapons but none can be spared from the fight against the Machines.

6. **The Researchers** - An ancient battleship found drifting in space seemed a treasure trove of historical artifacts but when the archeologists attempted to nurse the ship home they got lost in hyperspace. Now the researchers are desperately salvaging the ships weapons to trade for food.

7. **The Greys** - The Grey's ship is badly damaged and requires constant repairs and uninterrupted flow of parts. Though they prefer isolation, they are forced to trade with the despicable frogmen and fanatical Cat-men. They pay for the tech with art they buy with trinkets from the Medievals. Conquest of the midievals has been contemplated but is prevented by the protection of the Angels.

8. **The Catmen** - Religious, libertarian zealots, the cat-men are hunting the blasphemous frogmen, intent on exterminating the evil slavers. They buy exquisite art from the Greys to enrich the otherwise institutional confines of their warship. They frequently travel to the floating city of the mutants to scavenge materials. They sometimes encounter the pilgrimage parties of the Midievals but kill them indiscriminantly unable to tell them apart from the violently insane mutants.

9. **The Artisans** live in a tower, floating in space. They are very religious and produce beautiful artwork which they trade for food (from the angels) and weapons (axes, swords etc) from the Greys. They make regular pilgrimages through a portal, to the Lost City. Their technology is repressed to a medieval level by the Angels (whom they worship).

10. **The Lost City** - is a vast city floating in space. Large parts of the city are irradiated and the streets teem with violent mutants.

11. **The Olympus** - The Angels have a complete biosphere aboard their luxurious ship. They are responsible for repressing technological advancement of the Midievals who worship them as Gods and offer elaborate artworks as offerings.

SHADOWRUN OFFICE BUILDING

BY AJ FRITZ

AJFRITZ@GMAIL.COM

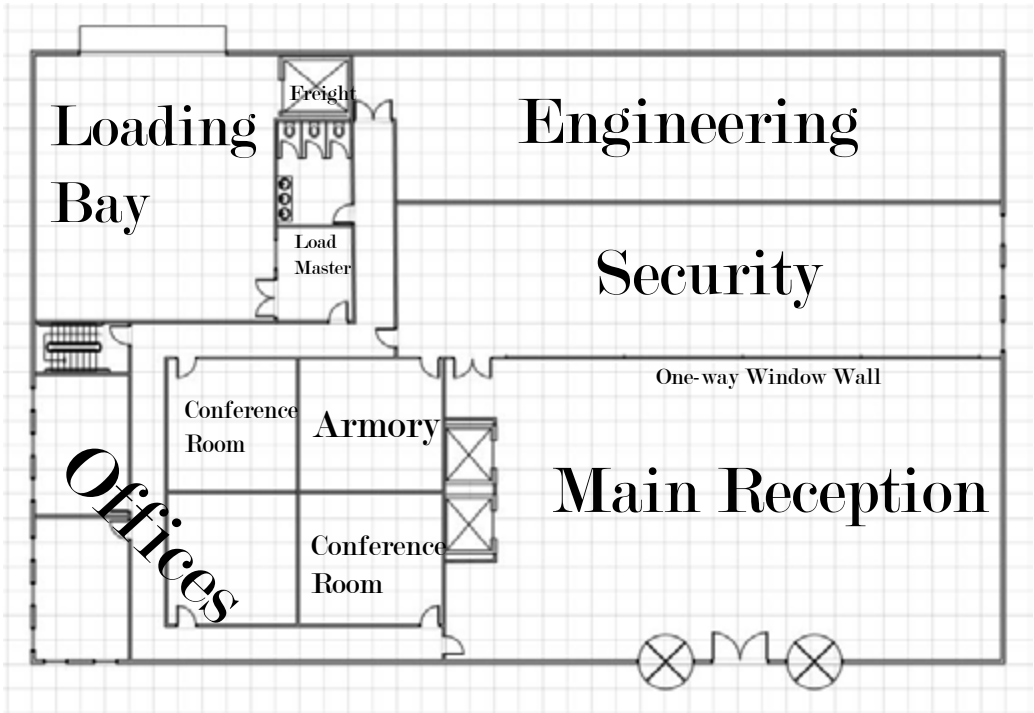
DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...

A SET OF FLOORPLANS FOR A MEDIUM SIZED CORPORATE OFFICE IN A SHADOWRUN MILLIEU WITH AN R&D LAB FOR MAGICAL RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT.

THANKS,

C.

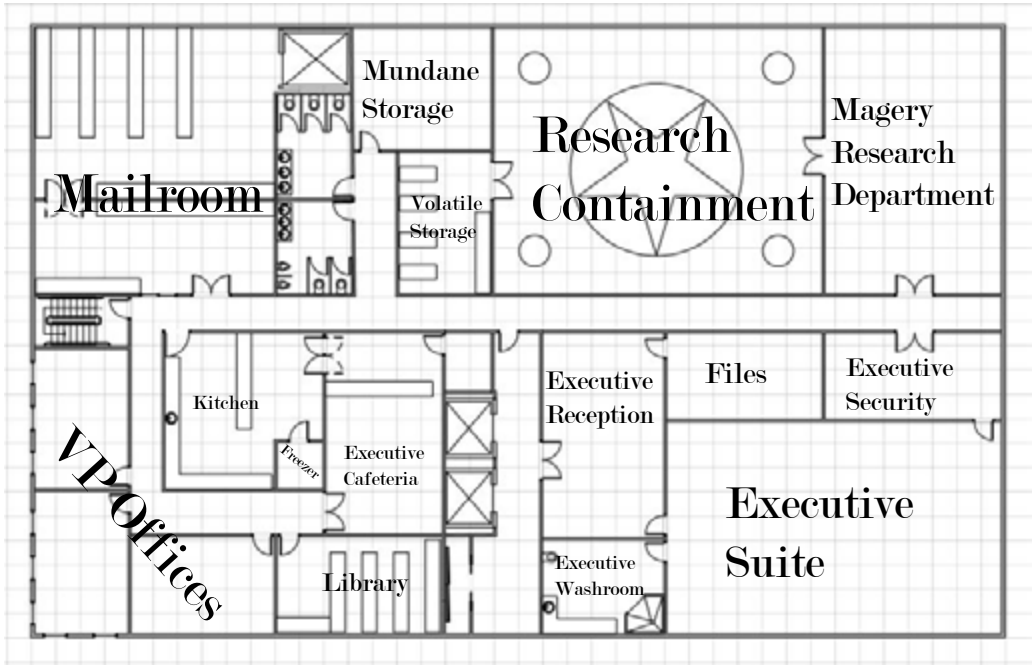
SHADOWRUN OFFICE BUILDING BY AJ FRITZ



Ground Level

Floors in between consist of perimeter offices for managers and department heads with cubical farms in the interior.
All floors have CCTV monitoring and a local security office near the elevators
Floors 1-3 are the Accounting and "Human" Resources departments
Floor 4 is the Marketing department and the main Cafeteria on the west side
Floors 5-7 -are the Records department and File Storage
Floor 8 is Information Systems and the Off Grid Data Center

Penthouse Level



SPQR: AD ASTRA AND ZH-25 QUAESTOR

BY ADAM THORNTON
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ATHORNTON.DREAMWIDTH.ORG

In the world of *_SPQR: Ad Astra_*, the Roman Empire never fell. Imagine Classic Traveller mashed up with L. Sprague De Camp's *Lest Darkness Fall* and you've got it. If you want some vaguely-plausible justification: the Romans figured out how to reliably generate static electricity (which they probably knew anyway) and that metal carried it, and then that metal carried it *really fast*. And then they strung up telegraph cables along the roads, revolts got almost nowhere because the imperial seat learned of them instantaneously, and the Roman Empire conquered the world.

And then, of course, it kept going. So now it's a Classic Traveller setting, only the Nth Imperium is in fact still the SPQR. One interesting consequence of this mashup is that the Empire is basically back to its pre-telegraph communications days: information does not travel faster than the spaceship. The year is 3372 AUC. The emperor is Galerius IX.

Zoom in a bit, to a single ZH-25 Quaestor [o]. The Quaestor line's function can be derived from its name: the Quaestor ships each carry a quaestor and his lictor, as well as a ceremonial fasces. Quaestors ride a circuit on the frontiers of Imperial Space, stopping in at worlds where they perform the following functions:

1) Administrative auditing: while each world has its own governor with plenipotentiary powers, the Emperor requires independent verification that his representatives are performing adequately. Quaestors have the right to audit anything on a provincial world, any time, with no notice.

2) Administration of justice: citizens of the senatorial class accused of major crimes on provincial worlds may assert their right to trial by a quaestor rather than by representatives of the governor. Such defendants will typically be imprisoned until the next visit of the quaestor, and their cases heard then.

3) Tax collection: Imperial taxes are debited from the provincial world's account and credited to a secured storage device under the control of the quaestor. The Romans have evolved a system roughly parallel to modern electronic banking; the wrinkle is that the device containing the transfer information must be delivered back to Rome, which means, from a practical standpoint, it can only be electronically transmitted within the Sol system. Typically a quaestor will hand off a collection of tax receipts to an imperial courier at designated points throughout the circuit.

DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...
A DECKPLAN FOR A ZH-25 QUAESTOR, NAMED THE BAALBEK.
THANKS, D. S.

4) Policy distribution: a visit from a quaestor serves as official communication of policy from the throne to the provincial authorities.

5) Pickets: if serious sedition is afoot, a Quaestor and its crew are authorized to return, at maximum speed, to Rome, in order to provide information and recommendation to the Imperial seat. It is of course more usual to pass this information to an Imperial Courier, but of course there are times when there is reason to suspect that the courier may have been subverted (or may simply have been eliminated, thus necessitating the Quaestor to make a run for it). If this option is exercised frivolously, the quaestor's remaining career will be short and unpleasant.

A circuit is traditionally supposed to take about a year and encompass about thirty worlds. This schedule has slipped, of course, over time, and many outlying worlds are lucky to see a quaestor every two years. A single quaestor is expected to serve for five to ten years: between three and ten circuits, depending on circumstances.

Each Quaestor ship also carries a century of *_milites_* in cold storage; "Frozen Century" duty is seen as a boring, although fairly safe, way to fulfill one's military service. It has the signal advantage that one only ages when thawed, so a soldier may complete a twenty-five year term with only perhaps seven or eight years of actual age advancement. The century is under the command of a centurion (usually also kept frozen), who is in turn under the command of the quaestor.

Obviously a hundred men, give or take, are not enough to put down a full-scale planetary rebellion. They are, however, enough to (and have often been used to) remove corrupt governors from power.

The 300-ton ZH-25 is a workhorse of the fleet, probably the most common Quaestor ship in service. Zeta, from its position at the end of the alphabet, to indicate that this ship patrols the frontier. H for Halicarnassus, the name of the first Z-1. This is the 25th generation of this ship line. Oh, by the way, yes, "25": the empire adopted a position-based numbering system shortly after taking India in the 1600s AUC; Classical Roman numerals are only used for pomposity and *gravitas* (e.g. Imperial titles). This particular ship is the Baalbek: it is traditional to name the circuit ships after provincial cities of the Earthbound Roman Empire, and has in the last couple centuries become traditional to give them their native names (thus, "Baalbek" rather than "Heliopolis"). The Baalbek has been in service about 80 years, making her just a little older-than-average for a circuit ship. The current generation is ZH-28.

The ZH-25 is Jump-3 capable; it contains scoops and a fuel purification plant allowing hydrogen skimming from gas giants (important in the frontier) and water skimming from Earthlike worlds. It is heavily armored (Armor 4) and fitted with primary fusion engines as well as directional thrusters. It has retractable landing skids allowing the lower turret to be deployed when ground-side.

It is not particularly fast (Maneuver-3) or agile (Agility 1), but is likely to hold together until it can make Jump (Armor 4). Its computer is adequate but unspectacular (Computer-3). The ZH-25 is streamlined and capable of ground or water landings. The cargo hold/loading ramp is designed for rapid disembarkment of troops, although it is much more typical to thaw out the troops in small batches once groundside.

A ZH-25 has top-and-bottom-mounted retractable turrets each armed with twin plasma cannons. These are highly effective against ground troops and reasonably effective in a space battle. The ZH-25 is not really intended as a warship: its primary goal in conflict is to escape and return information.

The bridge can be sealed in case of emergency, and contains eight acceleration couches, one for each crew member, as well as a single-person airlock opening through a ceiling hatch.

Most planetary visits, of course, are entirely routine, and the troop cohort does not require thawing at all. The usual course of action is for the quaestor to land, perform perfunctory auditing and collect some relatively minor bribes, hear a handful of cases, distribute the current year's tax collection goals, collect the previous year's taxes (often with some cock-and-bull story about why the goal was not met), and depart.

=====Mechanical Details=====

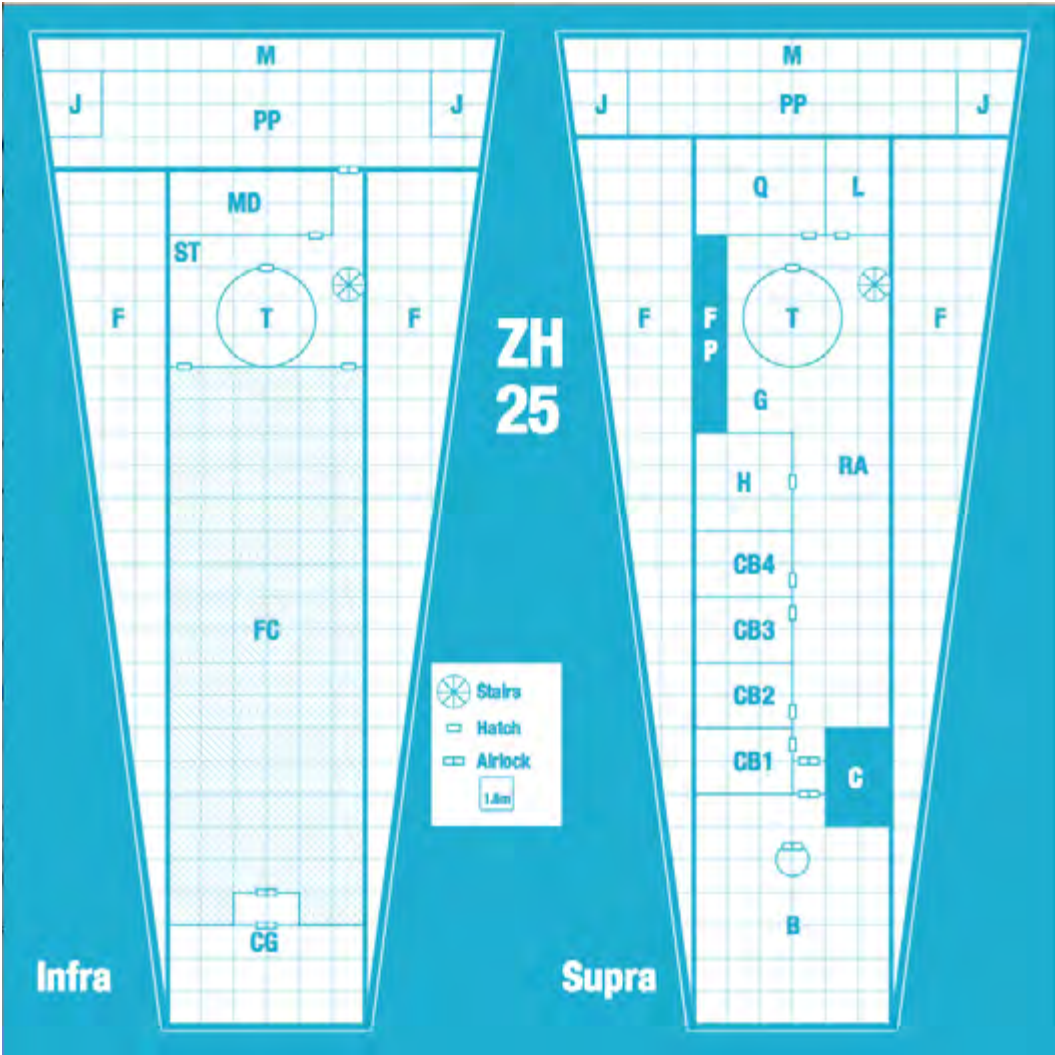
USP Code:	ZH-3133331-400000-0400000-0
MCr	375.135
TL:	12 (includes 10% discount for standard design)
Agility:	1
Passengers:	2 300 tons
Low:	100
Cargo:	10
Fuel:	99
EP:	9
Crew:	8 (Pilot, Engineer, Navigator, Medic, Gunner x 2, Steward, Cook/Aide-de-camp/Factotum)

Built with Traveller Book 2, *Starships* (1981 revision) and Traveller Book 5, *High Guard* (1980 revision)

=====Legend for Deckplan=====

- M: Maneuver Drive
- J: Jump Drive
- PP: Power Plant
- F: Fuel Storage
- FC: Frozen Century
- T: Turrets (2, retractable)
- MD: Medical bay
- ST: Storage
- CG: Cargo Hold/loading ramp
- Q: Quaestor's apartments
- L: Lictor's stateroom
- FP: Fuel Purification
- G: Galley
- H: Hygiene module
- RA: Recreation Area
- CB: Crew Cabins (4)
- B: Bridge

[o] "Questor" is a variant spelling often seen in the provinces.



THE OLD LIBRARY
BY SIMON FORSTER
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WWW.THESKYFULLOFDUST.CO.UK

DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...
THE MAP/LAYOUT OF AN OLD BUT STILL IN OPERATION UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY THAT IS RIDDLED WITH ROLE PLAYING OPPORTUNITIES,
SECRETS, AND PERHAPS A PUZZLE TO GAIN ACCESS TO THE ULTRA TOP
SECRET ARCHIVES BENEATH THE LIBRARY.
THANKS, F. T.

Beneath the Old Library Are Many Ancient Texts:
Shelves of ancient manuscripts, scrolls, books with exotic leather covers, and tablets of stone etched with runes adorn these hidden rooms. A bookshelf full of illustrated manuscripts conceals a secret panel into a chamber of the most ancient texts, with a box and chest of stone fragments of pre-history languages, secret, mysterious and powerful. Another hidden door leads into a room full of mystical texts, scrolls of crumbling paper and gemstones etched in runic writing. The archives custodian is a cold-hearted woman with ice-blue eyes, a killer's touch, and a desire to see these secrets kept out of the hands of ordinary folk. She sits at the table, watching the stairs, never blinking.

In the Study Lurks a Man:
A tired old man has walked in through the back door. He is wearing old-fashioned clothes, tattered and worn, carries a sharp knife in his pocket, and is looking to redeem himself by murder.

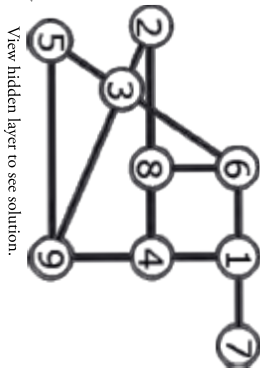
At the Counter Sits Didier:
Didier is a young, bubbly woman with yellow hair that looks like spun gold. She adores books, more for their design than for their content. She knows there is a secret vault of books, but hasn't found the way in yet.

An Ordinary Student of History:
Oscar sits on a stool, the table full of history books covering the life of man. He scribbles notes in a thick pad of paper, tutting at what he reads. He suspects that the history books lie, but has no idea how to discover the truth by himself. He longs for adventure.

A Bookshelf Full of Odd Books:
This row of shelves holds books that have never been written, by writers who have never existed, from places that only exist in fiction. No one is ever seen reading them, or borrowing them, but they can be read and taken away.



The Way into the Hidden Archives:
Hidden behind a moveable bookshelf is a secret doorway leading to a stairs down into the archives below. The doorway is marked with a puzzle that must be solved to gain access: there are nine circles connected by lines, each row has an equal sign at the top, and each circle is a ball that rotates and shows numbers 1 to 9. Each number can only be selected once (one 1, one 9 etc) and each row must equal the same total:



View hidden layer to see solution.

Old Man Peters Watches and Writes:

The library's eldest and longest-serving custodian, Old Man Peters is a paranoid note-taker: he watches everyone who comes to the library, taking notes on their appearance and attitude, what they do and what they read, what sections they visit and who they talk to. He even sketches their faces, albeit badly. He has seen strange people come and go, always looking for something. He knows of the hidden archives, as well as how to get in, but protects the secret with his life. Hidden in the false shelf of a bookcase he has an old sword, slender and still sharp.

The Orphan Boy with Yellow Eyes:

A young orphan sits and reads books about fairy tales and legends, reading aloud every few words. He has golden eyes that sparkle with delight. He lives in the library, hiding amongst the books when night falls. Visitors leave him food and water under the tables in the sections seldom visited. He knows the library inside-out, and knows where the secret door is, but has no interest in figuring out the means to open it. He is brave and loyal if treated well, vindictive if not.

The Old Library
Santicore Request
by Simon Forster

WIZARD-FILLED STORM GIANT'S SKULL

BY JAMES YOUNG

[HTTP://TENFOOTPOLEMIC.BLOGSPOT.COM.AU/](http://tenfootpolemic.blogspot.com.au/)

When the storm giant Byleist was destroyed his body was torn asunder and flung to the four winds. What happened to the rest of his body none can say, but what we do know is that his head flew thousands of miles across the seas and landed on the wizard academy.

All in all, it was poor timing for a staff meeting.

Now the students fly around in the giant's skull and they are massively entitled little shits about it.

The skull of a storm giant naturally enhances lightning magic to terrifying levels. The students have put this fact to good use by creating an extending tongue of lightning with which to make mocking faces at their parents. It's also good for grabbing people, wracking them with incredible pain, and pulling them into the skull's mouth where they are crushed between the giant's great, gnashing, tombstone-sized teeth.

The skull is even bigger on the inside than the outside and is kept filled with chicks, booze and treasure and has developed a great reputation as the best place to party or run away from your loser parents. The skull only ever lands when they need more chicks or booze or snacks. If chicks ever get boring they just cast Feather Fall on them and push them off the side. Generally they land in a river or mud patch an hour's walk from town, the students jeering nearby on the skull until they get bored and fly away.

They keep the party going by floating above farms and towns, bringing torrential rain and destructive storms, vandalising property and telekinetically ringing people's doorbells. They squat in the sky until people give them enough gold, snacks and booze to make them go away again, at which point they move onto the next town and repeat the trick.

They sometimes paint up huge boulders and put them in the eye sockets for a laugh. Trouble is they sometimes "accidentally" fall out when they're over childhood bullies' houses or castles or armies that try to stop the skull's reign of petty and malicious terror.

The worst part is that the students are both smart and uninhibited, drunk on power and booze. Plus they stole all of their school's spellbooks so they're always trying new spells and using them on people for a laugh. Many party-poopers have tried and failed to stop the party already so anybody who tries to take them down had better have a real good plan.

Absolutely everyone they've visited wants them stopped. A hefty reward for the capture of the skull and arrest/murder of the students within is offered, but none who have taken up the offer have succeeded and few have survived.

DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...

STATS FOR A FLYING STORM GIANT SKULL FILLED WITH WIZARDS. THEY CAN SHOOT LIGHTNING BOLTS, DROP BOULDERS, AND TRANSPORT SHOCK TROOPS. I'D ALSO LIKE SEVERAL DRAWINGS OF THE STORM GIANT SKULL IN ACTION. MAYBE SEVERAL BUSTY SORCERESSES IN THE EYESOCKETS COMMANDING THE SKULL.

ALTERNATELY, I WOULD LOVE STATS FOR A STORM GIANT OR CLOUD GIANT DEMI-LICH. THE SKULL HOVERS AROUND IN VOLCANOES AND DEEP ABYSSSES.

THANKS,

B. D.

Tactical considerations and notable facts

Δ The students are overconfident and rowdy and have survived enough attacks to think they're indestructible.

Δ The skull has to land whenever the students take on more supplies (the students are really wary when they land though, some of them even dial back the drinking for a while just in case). They never get off the skull since they get their Unseen Servants to do all the heavy lifting.

Δ The students are lax regarding the chicks they bring on board, they used to be more careful but they've never had a problem and they've found some really creative uses for Suggestion and Alter Self.

Δ The biggest parties are held whenever they bring on more supplies, that's when they'll be least wary.

Δ There's this one swotty kid inside the skull's who been goes through all the spellbooks to find the best ones to give to his pals. His name is Melvin and he sounds like professor frink. Thing is the others used to bully him and he's got reservations about the whole "flying around killing people and stealing their stuff" thing. He'd be easy to get on side and knows a lot of information.

Δ Similarly, do something to all the spellbooks and the students will run out of spells to cast.

Δ Though the skull is itself a giant spell component for lightning and weather magic the students are running low on materials for other spells.

Stats:

THE SKULL

MV 240' (80') (FLY), AC 22/-1, HD 10, #ATK 1, DMG 2D10+SPECIAL, SV N/A ML N/A

SPECIAL: On an evens hit the target is grabbed by the skull's whiplike lightning tongue. The victim can be drawn towards the skull's giant gnashing teeth in one round. The tongue automatically hits against a grabbed target and being chomped by the skull is a Save vs Death.

The skull on its own is practically impregnable and generally steered by a wizard standing on top. If it's raining they sit in an eye socket. The skull is naturally buoyant (how else does a giant stay up?) and without a pilot will drift with the wind.

The lightning tongue is directed by the pilot who might use it for more than just grabbing people and feeding them to the skull. Throwing stuff at people, throwing people at people, throwing people at stuff, holding people in front of the skull so that other wizards can throw curses at them, whatever sounds fun!

WIZARDS

MV 120' (40'), AC 12/9, HD 2-4, #ATK 1, DMG 1d4, SV variable ML 11

There are 20 students and they range in level from 3-7. They specialise in lightning magic and also use anything that looks cool and/or useful for pranks.

The storm giant's skull amplifies lightning magic and so any lightning-based spells (Shocking Grasp, Lightning Bolt, etc) cast while on or touching the skull are cast as if the caster was two levels higher.



HAUNTED SWAMPLAND RANDOM ENCOUNTER TABLE

BY DAVID BRAWLEY

DAVIDBRAWLEY@GMAIL.COM

[HTTP://TOWEROFTHEARCHMAGE.BLOGSPOT.COM/](http://towerofthearchmage.blogspot.com/)

2d10	Result
2	Swamp Witch
3	Magic Mushrooms/Faeries
4	Hydra
5	Bog Mummy
6	Leeches, Giant
7	Shambling Mound
8	Bullywug Hunting Party
9	Snake Cult Revivalist
10	Burning Water
11	Bandits/Cannibals
12	Bog Children
13	Sensory Event
14	Crocodile (roll 1d8 – 1-5 Normal, 6-7 Large, 8 Ghost)
15	Giant Snake
16	Bog Hole (50% chance with Giant Leeches)
17	Boat Traders
18	Chaos Tar
19	Les Stroud
20	Hag's Hovel

Notes:

2. Swamp Witch (Wizard 7) – out gathering ingredients in the swamp
3. Faeries will attempt to warn parties away from danger/into danger 50% <http://towerofthearchmage.blogspot.com/2010/01/magic-mushrooms.html>
5. Pre-revivalist cultists who were killed by snakebite and dumped in the swamp have returned to exact their revenge. http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bog_body
7. The bones of previous victims are embedded in it's body
8. 1 in 6 chance that the group is accompanied by a Big Mama (Cleric 3)
9. Very friendly, very over the top. http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Snake_handling all cultists will carry at least 1 snake.
10. Areas of swamp gas. 50% already burning. Will combust if a flame is brought into the area.
11. Travel via flat boats with giant hand cranked fan. Base 2 crankers - speed 30'/round + 10' per extra cranker up to 60' round.

DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...

A RANDOM ENCOUNTERS TABLE THAT HAS COOL, CREEPY, BIZARRE THINGS THAT CAN OCCUR OR BE STUMBLED UPON IN A HAUNTED SWAMPLAND. THE TERRAIN COULD BE INFESTED WITH MAGICAL BEASTS, UNDEAD KNIGHTS, CULTS, POCKETS OF MAGIC BUBBLING TO THE SURFACE OR WHATEVER STRIKES YOUR FANCY.

GENRE IS MEDIEVAL FANTASY WITH WESTERN/SOUTHERN BAYOU INFLUENCE.

THANKS SO MUCH!

J. L.

12. Treat as zombies with AC 6 that cause fear
13. Screams in the distance, glowing eyes in the dark, ghostly mist figures that disappear, Smell of the grave, etc..
14. "Ghost" is a giant albino croc
16. Treat as quicksand
17. Hicks that travel in from the edges of the swamp to trade. Very interested in poisons, bullywug bladders, RoUS tails (make great belts), and bottled chaos tar.
18. This foul corrupting substance is highly charged with primordial magic. It warps all that comes into contact with it. Most things die (save vs poison) those that survive become tainted by it. Arcane spell casters who survive contact gain an extra spell slot of their current highest-level spell in addition to whatever corruption they receive. Multiple encounters will add spell slots of decreasing levels. I recommend the DCC corruption chart (page 98 of the free beta rules) or the mutation rules from Mutant Future.
19. This crazy ranger is exploring the swamp, learning how to survive, and recording his exploits in a journal for later publication. Will often be heard playing a mouth harp off in the distance. http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Les_Stroud
20. The Swamp Hag built her home upon the back of a giant snapping turtle that grew to huge size after swimming into chaos tar. There is a 50% chance the hag is home.

THE BURNING EMPORIUM

BY DUNCAN

SHIZZAM.AND.HAZZA@GMAIL.COM

A new shop has opened up in town! What do they sell? No one knows! They brew tea and hand it out for free though! Also, its made entirely of flames! And yes, it is perfectly safe...

The Burning Emporium doesn't sell anything. It is the vanity project of a middling wizard who has carved a space within the Plane of Elemental Flame. He uses spells to keep the space open and safe for mere humanoids and to keep the portal open to the door on an unassuming alley.

The PCs are given a royal welcome by the wizard. treated to tea and biscuits and networking. As time goes by the heat gradually builds and the PCs begin to notice... There is a pounding noise in the background. It begins sounding very far off and but soon it sounds to be directly overhead. With a very loud bang, the heat suddenly increases to scorching, and a Fire Elemental bursts through the ceiling. The wizard shrieks and teleports away.

The Elemental is angered by the intrusion of the shop and presumptuous wizard on its home. If the PCs attempt to fight it, use your favorite flavour of fire elemental. They can also bargain with it. It will grant their freedom in exchange for the charred head of the wizard and 30 rubies worth more than 300gp each. It will give the PCs a month to complete the task, and may or may not mention that the wizard must have been killed with fire.

If the PCs try to leave before the pounding begins they will have no trouble doing so; however, if they try afterwards the door is jammed.

DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...

A SMALL SCENARIO OR ENCOUNTER BASED IN THE "OUTER PLANES". INSPIRED BY THE AD&D PLANAR COSMOLOGY BUT NOT SLAVISH TO IT (IT NEEDS TO BE OPEN CONTENT, RIGHT?).
Go CRAZY!
D. M.

I AIN'T FIGHTIN' @#\$\$ RATS AGAIN!

BY FRANK TEDESCHI

FATEDESC@GMAIL.COM

HTTP://DNDIY.WORDPRESS.COM

DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...

I AIN'T FIGHTIN' @#\$\$ RATS AGAIN! A D12 TABLE OF FIRST LEVEL ADVENTURE HOOKS THAT DON'T INVOLVE CLEARING VERMIN OUT OF THE TAVERN'S BASEMENT. D20 IF YOU'RE FEELING NICE. D100 IF YOU'RE JUST SHOWBOATING.

THANKS,

K. W.

I AIN'T FIGHTIN' @#\$\$ RATS AGAIN! BY FRANK TEDESCHI

1	A pack of wolves have come down out of the mountains and moved into the area outside of town. They have been seen feasting upon the precious livestock and even attacked a small child! Track down the wolves and discern why they have left their mountain lair.
2	A local merchant is offering good money to anyone brave enough to root out a band of kobolds that have been attacking caravans along the trade road. However, he tells you that the kobold attacks seem to be unusually organized and targeted. He warns that they may be acting under a much more dangerous threat.
3	Little Timmy fell down the well! While down there he found a hidden passage way into a series of underground tunnels and now is lost! Find Timmy and bring him back to safety before he is consumed by the underground denizens.
4	A priest from a local temple needs your help to dispatch an entire family of Rocs that have taken up residence on the top of a tall rock formation that holds a sacred circle of prayer. Beneath the giant nest the adventurers find no a place for prayer but a ritual circle for teleportation.
5	A bunch of thugs have been shaking down the local citizens. No one wants to talk about it but there seems to be a corrupt money taking organization putting the squeeze on the town. Take the players into the 'off limits' back rooms of a local tavern to investigate this crime syndicate. When they finally meet the man behind the operation, they may be surprised that the man behind the scenes isn't exactly a man at all.
6	A new temple has come into operation in the town. Strangely, you see people often enter the temple but not return for days. The blacksmith comes to you and says his two sons have been missing for a few days, after recently visiting the temple. Upon investigating the adventurers learn that the high priest lives deep below the temple in a hot and arid cave. He is using his divine powers to transfer the minds of follower into scorpions which secretly leave the temple, sting nearby townsfolk drawing them against their will into the temple.
7	The tavern attic is infested with bats! However these aren't bats, they are were-bats a whole family who have made a home here, sucking blood and turning others into desiccated corpses is just an accident.

8	A well known and loved bard has come to town. He specializes in drinking songs making his performances a true hoot of overwhelming drunkenness and debauchery. However, several citizens have woken the next morning complaining of missing money and precious items! The bard uses planted actors during his shows to act intoxicated and steal from the audience.
9	The prince has been kidnapped by goblins! Track down the goblins to their tree fort and negotiate a truce between them and the civilized land. The king offers a hefty ransom to ensure the princes safe return. However, things take a strange turn when the prince falls in love with a goblin princess and decides to take his father's money and stay.
10	Fungus has sprouted all over town and is infecting everything with its toxic spores! The fungus is party of a gigantic semi-sentient mutated forest sponge that has started consuming the minds of creatures to gather intelligence.
11	A Kobold tinkerer and trap maker comes to town regularly selling wares and offering local news. The townspeople have become fond of him and his prices are unbeatably low. However, on his regular trade day he doesn't show up, and has been missing for weeks! The time anyone talked to him he was going on and on about earning the 'biggest shiny ever'.
12	Ghosts in the Graveyard! There have been complaints that the dead have been restless, calling out to the living and haunting the town's ancient grave sites. Strange occurrences are common around the black aged gravestones, which is why a Silence spell was put on the plots long ago, to quiet the night. However, not only have the ghost been stirring but their bodies have been found wandering about! Investigate the silent graveyard and stop the necromantic apprentice, if he can be reasoned with that is.
13	A local barmaid has mysteriously run off! It happened during a shift at the Feisty Weasel Tavern when she cried out in terror and bolted for the hills. Talk says they saw her sprout tentacles as she left.

14	Rumor has it a troll has knocked out a nearby bridge. When the characters go to investigate they find the bridge gone, with river overflowing because the corpse of a gigantic troll has dammed up the river. Searching the troll reveals that he hasn't eaten for some time and looks as it has had been in a great struggle with many grievous wounds. Not too far from there a lies the trolls cave that appears to have a new nasty draconic inhabitant.
15	The devil is in the Details! A large merchant vessel named Dirty Detail has recently returned from a long explorative expedition. However when it docked, all its crew all be fell foul accidents. Now no one will board the ship, fearing that it is cursed. Clear out the devils that they merchants unwittingly brought forth and banish them back to their hellish homes.
16	A very rich man has moved into town. Bought lots of property and businesses. He has class, manners, and unbelievable charm. That is when all of the young women start disappearing. Confront the Vampire lord about the missing women and discover his true secret, he hunted the young women because they are all changeling assassins sent to execute a gruesome murder, but who is the target?
17	The sky is falling! Actually, it is a meteor that strikes outside of town creating a massive tunnel into the earth. The area around the meteor starts to tear itself apart as something clearly drives all living things mad. The meteor has torn the fabric of the plain and part of a nether realm has begun to leak through. Find a powerful mage, rations, and a priest, and then delve into the earth to eradicate threats and close the gate before something truly dangerous comes through.
18	A half-dragon man as proclaimed himself the true king of the nation and has raised an army to prove his claim. He believes that his people held the original empire over this land and were betrayed by the race of man. It is rumored that the skull of a dragon hangs over the royal bed, perhaps there is some truth to his right. Find out if his claims are true and either help him claim the throne or protect the current royalty from this threat.
19	The local council members have a quest for you but will not tell you what is involved, until you agree. They say it is of the gravest importance and a great secret that could either spell disaster for the town, or a great fortune. Once the characters agree they are handed the Egg of a white dragon and are instructed to protect it from all threats, seek out the dragon and return its offspring.
20	A band of Centaurs have gone rogue! They have started pillaging and raiding without any cause or shame. Contact their village and find out what you can about the bandits, and stop them before they do more harm. When they finally catch up with the centaurs they reveal that they were instructed to act this way by their leader, or suffer the consequence of exile.

COMPLETELY RANDOM ITEMS CHARACTERS MIGHT FIND ON THEIR FIRST ADVENTURE

1	A one use torch that burns any color they choose.
2	A flask carved from the horn of a demon and inlaid with the feathers from an angel.
3	Quiver of (6) arrows enchanted to seek out reptilian creatures.
4	Lazy Boots that give a bonus to save from falling, being pushed or pulled, but slow the wearer down.
5	A candle that when it burns causes the holders to appear like a ghost.
6	A dagger with a blade as black as boiling pitch that can't be seen at night.
7	Seeds to grow a tree that will attract Treants to herd it.
8	A royal scepter with the inscription "Lord Eldred Alemont, The Chaste"
9	An all iron chest with no hinges or seams, but clearly holds something within.
10	A ring made out of a solid organic material that allows the bearer to hear one random thought from a nearby person a day.
11	A sack full of weapons used by fairies.
12	Three acorns that transform instantly into canoes when placed in water or large trees when placed into the earth.
13	An unbelievably realistic fake wizard's beard that invokes confidence both from the observers.
14	A two-headed snake made of bone that understands common.
15	A golden book 4 feet tall and weighs 600 lbs detailing the rise and fall of the first clan of dark and immoral Duergar.
16	A small quarter barrel that can only carry a normal volume but always appears to be empty.
17	A monocle that allows the wearer to see washed away blood stains.
18	A flesh eating potted plant that stalks its prey.
19	A master level War-Spoon made of sterling silver with bone inlays, one of three in existence used in conjunction with the ancient art of Spoon-do.
20	The horn of a Minotaur carved with summoning runes that will call an evil berserk Minotaur when blown. However it will only work a single time.

THE SERENDIPITOUS SEED SOCIETY A GARDENING SOCIETY WITH A DEVILLISH TWIST

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Notes:

1- The following contribution is as sytem neutral and statless as possible, so as to be enjoyed in a variety of settings.

2- The Serendipitous Seed Society is a secret society designed for a mostly human, early modern, low-magic world, in which Elves and, more generally, woodland beings, are seen as a distant or even legendary menace to humanity. With some adaptation work, the Serendipitous Seed Society could probably be adapted to Glorantha or to other fantasy (or even sci-fi) settings where Elves are not necessarily friendly to mankind.

For hundreds of years, woods and forests have been cleared out to make way for more and more populous humans. Elves, Dryads, and other woodland or faerie creatures are the stuff of legend now, and on the brink of extinction. They survive only in the remotest corners of the darkest forests, and they shun humanity. Some Elves, however, have decided that it is high time the tide should turn, and they have created a secret society with the aim of reversing deforestation by spreading a very special kind of magical seeds called serendipitous seeds.

The serendipitous seeds are obtained by the union of a male Elf with a Dryad. The resulting seedling [or sapling, or baby elf, or whatever it is that Elves beget in your campaign world] is covered with a shroud made of a single leaf of every plant in the forest, and blessed by a name/rune/epic level priest of the principal sylvan deity of the campaign world. After a month of careful tending, the shrivelled shroud is removed, revealing a one-inch oval seed.

The members of the Serendipitous Seed Society have a network of sympathetic humans in the wide world. These human agents could be victims of charm/glamour, or they could be changelings, or they could be low-status humans enticed by the promise of future riches, or they could be lunatics revelling in the idea of a vegetal apocalypse.

Each of these human agents is given a magical seed. If the agent is a cook, or a butler, the seed is to be cooked and served, or boiled and filtered, or roasted and grated (you get the idea) and served to a human dignitary the agent has access to. Alternatively, if the agent is a gardener, the seed is to be planted in a vase in the bedchamber of the dignitary.

DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...

A SECRET SOCIETY, WITH SOME DEVILLISH PLANS.

THANKS,

R. S.

On the night of the vernal equinox, the seed suddenly germinates. If the seed has been ingested, it tries to attack from within. If the seed is in a piece of pottery, it grows vicious tendrils that attack the victim.

The victim is allowed a saving/resistance roll. The saving/resistance roll is based on Poison/Constitution for the 'internal' type of attack, and on Paralysis/Dexterity for the 'external' type of attack. There is a strong malus to the saving/resistance roll: for classic fantasy-type of games, the target saves at -4; for Monsters & Magic, it is a Difficult resistance check; for Tunnels & Trolls, it is a L4 SR; for BRP/D100-based games, it is a Difficult action, or a roll with a malus of -4 on the resistance table.

If the save is successful, and in the case of an 'internal' attack, the seed hasn't germinated correctly, the host doesn't suffer any harmful effects, and he or she hasn't even noticed anything. If the save is successful, and in the case of an 'external' attack, the tendrils simply haven't enough strength. The victim may or may not remember that something strange has happened during the night. If someone is present in the bedchamber, they do notice the failed attack.

If the save fails, and this being an Old School contribution, you roll on the table below:

1D100

01-10	The seed has migrated to / the tendrils have attached to the skull of the victim. The germinated seed starts devouring his or her brain at the rate of 1D4 Intelligence points per round. The only way to get rid of the germinated seed is (a) to inflict 10 hit points of damage to the skull, which should alas also kill the host, or (b) to apply some plant-killing magic to the host's head. Once the victim's Intelligence has been reduced to 0, he or she becomes a vegetal zombie controlled by the name/rune/epic level priest who blessed the seedling.
11-40	The seed has migrated to / the tendrils have attached to the throat of the victim. The victim immediately sprouts a sickly green goitre, in which the parasitic plant will reside. From now on, the name/rune/epic level priest who blessed the seedling will control the vocal cords of the victim, including any spell-casting abilities he or she possesses. The priest can try and wreak havoc by having the dignitary utter offensive words at an important opportunity (a royal marriage, a diplomatic meeting...) or by casting an offensive spell, again at an important opportunity. The goitre cannot be removed without also killing the host, except through the use of plant-killing magic.

41-60	The seed has migrated to / the tendrils have attached to the chest of the victim. The victim immediately sprouts a vegetal arm from his or her chest whilst the rest of the plant withers and dies. The extra arm has the same amount of hit points as the victim. Any damage inflicted to the arm is also inflicted upon the host -- with the sole exception of plant-killing magic. The vegetal extra arm is controlled by the name/rune/epic level priest who blessed the seedling. The priest will try to wreak havoc by using the third arm to kill a companion of the dignitary whilst apportioning blame to the host. If the victim is isolated, the arm can try and strangle its host; the Strength of the arm is the same as the Strength of the victim.
61-90	The seed has migrated to / the tendrils have attached to the abdomen of the victim. The victim will defecate the seed of a yellow musk creeper (q.v.) once a month.
91-95	The seed has migrated to / the tendrils have attached to the groin of the victim. The victim (even if it is a female) immediately sprouts a vegetal penis from his or her groin whilst the rest of the plant withers and dies. The vegetal penis has the same amount of hit points as the victim. Any damage inflicted to the penis is also inflicted upon the host -- with the sole exception of plant-killing magic. The vegetal penis is ever swollen and painful to the victim. If the victim is a male, his 'other' penis goes limp. The only time when the vegetal penis does not hurt is when the victim has intercourse; in this instance, on the contrary, the victim experiences extreme sexual pleasure. In short time, this should drive the dignitary to a dissolute life devoted to sex, which in itself should already cause trouble if, for instance, the victim is a high level cleric. On top of this peculiar ailment, the victim will impregnate his or her sexual partners. The babies born from these unions will be fully controlled by the name/rune/epic level priest who blessed the seedling, and will obviously be used as agents of the Serendipitous Seed Society.
96-00	Vegetal explosion! The seed germinates in a huge, chaotic expanse of thorns and brambles, Sleeping Beauty-style, that kill the dignitary and that effectively render the mansion of the dignitary completely secluded from the rest of the world.

THE GOLDEN CRICKET

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DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...

FIVE TO NINE (OR MORE!) PARAGRAPHS DETAILING THE INFRASTRUCTURE AND OPERATION OF A 'THIEVES' GUILD THAT IS CONTROLLED BY A TRIO OF WOMEN AT LEAST ONE OF WHICH IS A WIDOW WITH CHILDREN WHOSE FAMILY KNOWS NOTHING OF HER JOB OUTSIDE OF THE HOME. YOU ARE ENCOURAGED TO EXPLORE ALL OF THE DETAILS AND DEVISE DETAILS TO YOUR HEART'S CONTENT, BUT IT IS IMPORTANT THAT THE WOMEN LEADING THE THIEVES' GUILD BE REGARDED IN THEIR DAILY LIVES AS UNASSUMING AND NONTHREATENING WOMEN WHOM NOBODY WOULD EVER SUSPECT OF BEING THE MASTERMINDS OF A NEFARIOUS UNDERGROUND ORGANIZATION. THANKS, P. D.

BACKSTORY FLAVOR

Once upon a time there was a thief named Marceline. She was young, beautiful and quick of mind, body and tongue. Her exploits are many, and best told another time, but never forget that it was Marceline the thief who stole the Holy Brand of Malthus from Redwater Monastery, recovered the Stones of Kismet from the belly of the gorgon Josira, broke the Florian Cartel's Stranglehold of Greenport, and was rumored to be the actual founder the Half-Moon Bread bakeries.

After retiring from a life of crawling through dark places in the world she set up shop somewhere in the mountains outside the capitol city, and with the aid of her gang The Quick Thirty, made the highways and byways pricy and uncomfortable for people with coin. Over time people started calling her Queen Marceline of the King's road. But this was all more than 200 years ago and probably not what you've paid me for. Or so you'd think. You see, at some point ole Marceline got her hands on a wish. Some say it were a fairy that did it, others say it were the ghost of old Malthus himself what blessed her, but any way you cut it, she got that wish and used it to wish for eternal life.

Shame of it though was that she forgot to ask for eternal youth too. Even though her grip on the gold of the wealthy stayed tight, her body went the way all ours go eventually, sagging 'n wrinkling 'n withering to frailty, but Queen Marceline couldn't die. Over time she grew so small and so frail that she turned into a cricket. But that didn't stop her, or even slow her down. It's said she struck a deal with Fate herself 'cause there are objects on this world Fate wants but can't get at. Objects that need to be stolen. So Queen Marceline started up an organization that could help Fate get what she wanted and it runs, in the shadows, to this day.

FATE'S DEMAND

Yes, Marceline is really a cricket. And yes, Fate promised her her youth if she could acquire a number of items, but the goddess had one demand: Marceline must be assisted in running her guild by three women in different stages of their life. The Virgin, The Mother, and The Crone. Only the best are selected to fill each role and as a woman transitions from one life phase to the next, she is not guaranteed the next position of leadership regardless of how well she did previously. If the stars align and the three positions are held by a blood line (mother (Crone), daughter (Mother) and granddaughter (Virgin)), Fate smiles upon the guild and their heists never fail, but this has only happened twice in the guild's history.

Of the Virgin, Fate requires the candidate is a virgin and can menstruate. Of the Mother, Fate requires the candidate has at least one child in her care, of her blood, that has not yet "come of age". Of the Crone, Fate requires the candidate to be older than 70. When a woman no longer meets these requirements Fate notifies both Marceline and the woman. Most of the leaders transition out of their roles willingly and with celebration, remaining respected members of the organization and hopeful they will be called to serve again.

Marceline has her own requirements of aptitude for each leadership candidate that change with the times and current needs of the guild, but one always remains the same: The Files.

THE FILES

To be considered for one of the three leadership roles in the guild each woman must commit at least twelve crimes of sufficient notoriety that remain unsolved or unsolvable. They must then provide Marceline with proof and a signed confession for each. These crimes are conducted outside the guild's normal pursuits and each woman knows they will be given to the authorities if it becomes necessary to protect the guild and brand them as an unaffiliated thief. When a woman transitions out of a leadership role, her file is publicly burned before all the guild and her full member protections are restored. Thus, to be considered for another role, fresh crimes will need to be committed.

STRUCTURE

The guild itself has no official name, but a small cricket made of gold is left at the site of any major heists causing many among the authorities to call them "The Golden Cricket". Rank and file members of the guild collectively refer to one another as "The Rabble", have no fixed hierarchy and focus exclusively on the skills and results a person brings and not their skin, creed or the parts between their legs. The fixed nature of the leadership roles and other initiatives skews female membership higher than other thieves guilds (making it a rough 50/50), but this is only a side effect and has never been a goal.

For low level jobs, individuals or small groups of people (1-4) from the Rabble are tapped on a job by job basis. For mid and high level jobs the leaders create gangs of 12, trusted, members that last only as long as the job. Marceline, with connections developed over hundreds of years, keeps the guild flush with work and at any given time each leader will be overseeing 1 to 3 gangs of 12.

While it would be avoided at all costs, the guild has the coin and connections to field a small army of 400-600 thieves and mercenaries in as little as three days. Because a reveal of this scope would necessitate the guild going dark for at least a generation (and probably relocating) it has never been attempted.

SERVICES AND SPECIALTIES

ACQUISITIONS - Specifically goods and information. Kidnappings for ransom are avoided and human or humanoid slave trafficking is expressly forbidden.

POISON - Specifically those dealing with sleep and paralysis.

SETUPS - When they're done with the target the city guards will have thought they did all the work and pat themselves on the back for catching such a criminal.

NEUTRAL GROUND - The guild operates a number of safe houses and havens where the rival parties of other guilds and groups that operate outside of society can meet to discuss their differences, come to terms or deliver ultimatums. By remaining neutral and providing top notch locations and security, Marceline's guild has made quite a bit of their coin and connections this way.

HALF-MOON BREAD - Before aging to the point of becoming a cricket, Marceline set up a number of bakeries called "Half-Moon Bread" in every medium and large city in the land. She had always thought it would be fun to run a legitimate business and greatly enjoyed baking herself, favoring cinnamon rolls and turnovers. Although the bakeries were started with "ill-gotten gains" they operate completely on the up-n-up (no money laundering or funny business!). The bakeries actively feed the hungry and forgotten for free, and their open charity with the poor has created inroads into a number of religious organizations. Upper class citizens shun the bakeries because of how welcomed the unwashed are, but good, hardworking, salt-of-the-earth type lower and middle class families love them. Over the centuries, most of the bakeries have changed their name away from Half-Moon Bread, but the bakeries, mill and transport services that support them are all still owned by Marceline and provide many of the guild members with a legitimate occupation.

FORGERIES AND FALSE IDENTITIES - The guild's primary service is a sort of witness protection program for society's outcasts, usually young women in bad situations. They take these women, clean them up, spend time polishing them up, and depending on their aptitudes and willingness, fabricate back stories and connections for them. That prostitute who killed her pimp is now a simple farmer's or merchant's daughter with witnesses and documents that attest to that fact. Many of the women (and men too) end up marrying relatively well-to-do individuals (shopkeepers, up and coming councilmen, rising stars in the city guard, etc). While many of the early "chance meetings" between the future couples are arranged by the guild (and kept secret from both parties) Marceline has found that the relationships are stronger and more... useful, if the eventual marriages are never forced. This helps keep eyes and ears throughout all

levels of society and should favors ever be needed, the individuals who received a new identity and new life are happy to do most anything for their old sponsor.

THE CRONE

The guild's current Crone is Lady Isadora Dargetos. She is the widow of a ranking ambassador and in her younger days served as The Virgin. She is a renowned patron of the arts, thrower of phenomenal parties, and considered by many in upper class to be THE arch-maven of taste, style and polite sensibility. Her handwriting is exceptional and her forgeries are divine. She knows absolutely everybody (and most of their secrets) and delights in using her intimate knowledge of the social calendars to plan targeted heists. If you need something or access to someone in a city, Lady Isadora can provide.

THE MOTHER

The guild's current Mother is Angelika Huxton. She is recently widowed (her husband having been kicked in the head by a horse) and owns and runs a 750 acre ranch outside of town with about 200 head of cattle and 100 head of sheep. She has six children, the youngest of which is 2 and the oldest is 17. Coming of age ceremonies take place at the age of 15 in these lands, so assuming her youngest child doesn't die, she will be the guild's Mother for the next 13 years. The ranch is mostly self sufficient, with ample acreage dedicated to farming and vegetable gardens and plenty of heavily wooded areas where a person could get lost for weeks. 30 to 50 ranch and farm hands work the land and livestock and guard the house. Of those ~100 are actual guild associates.

Demascus Slade, a real mountain of a man, and Angelika's husband's "first cousin" (i.e., forged and sent by the guild), came to live on the ranch and help Angelika keep things running after her husband passed. Demascus is scary good with knives (throwing, stabbing and whittling) and an absolute master of making and detecting poisons.

Cooper Tinsides is an old prospector who lives up in the mountains, coming down every so often to trade some of the metal he digs up for fresh supplies. He stays at the ranch for 3 to 5 days before heading back up to his claims. Some of the ranch hands don't like him too much, but it's only on account of how bad he smells whenever he first arrives. He can tell a hell of a story and Angelika insists he be well treated because of how much raw gold and silver he trades for the supplies and services. The truth of the matter is that Cooper lives up in Marceline's old bandit lair and acts as her current proxy. He collects news and information and delivers orders and assignments from Marceline. Cooper really does prospect, but only enough to know all the ins and outs of the mining and panning trade. Most of the ore is melted down booty and this facade launders a hell of a lot of gold. His requests for secrecy are well respected on all fronts because of his loud and frequently proclaimed

fear of claim jumpers. So far, no one that's tried to tail Cooper has made it past the foothills of the mountains without a red smile across their throat.

Each weekend Angelika goes into the city to run a number of stalls in a farmer's market where she sells meats, grains, vegetables, honey and soap. The quality of the goods she sells is quite high, but she keeps her prices low and is well liked and respected throughout the capitol. The captain of the town guard himself went so far as to offer her a few men to help keep the ranch running after her husband passed on, but as Demascus was "on his way", Angelika politely declined the offer. When in town, Angelika takes up lodging in Black Dragon Inn and Tavern.

THE VIRGIN

The guild's current Virgin, Fiona Sinclair has eyes of fire and a heart of steel. She was a swashbuckler in the company of Suulo the Blade who traveled through the ruins in Witchfire Mire and slew a black dragon. Fiona came away from the adventure with the dragon's head and a quarter of its hoard, three weeks before her 22nd birthday. She came back to the capitol city and opened up the Black Dragon Inn and Tavern because she had always wanted to run a tavern with her mother.

Fiona's mother Maple, was a brewer's daughter and spent much of her early life as a waitress in a small inn at a crossroads in the middle of nowhere. After being beaten and raped by the owner one night, she killed him and proudly confessed to the deed when questioned the next day. Before she could be hanged, Marceline's guild disappeared her and set her up with a new name and life in the capitol. She never married and worked the counter at the Half-Moon Bread bakery and raised her daughter from that terrible night, in the thick of the guild. Maple makes delicious apple cider and always told Fiona it was her dream to one day run a tavern, so when adventuring paid off Fiona made that dream a reality.

Fiona enjoys being "shocking" to the members of high society. She uses her money and fame to get into places of wealth and refinement and then does something lewd or disruptive for a laugh, paying off any consequences with her "dragon gold". She dresses in a masculine fashion, wearing trousers but keeping her long hair in an unkempt ponytail with foolishly expensive ribbons. She enjoys swearing and arm wrestling and recently created a number of artistic works by covering her naked body in paint and rolling across some canvas. Lady Isadora Dargetos found the paintings mesmerizing and held a gala opening for them called "Colors of Adventure", and commissioned several more. On the opening night of the show a number of important documents were stolen during a break in at the mayor's house while he was in attendance. No connection has been suspected of course.

THE BLACK DRAGON INN AND TAVERN feels cozy in a rough and tumble sort of way. Everything is on the up-n-up with it and no illegal activities take place within its walls. The food is good, the beds are clean, and the cider is beyond compare. The town guard and adventuring types frequent the location to drink and talk and gawk at the black dragon head above the central fire place. The tavern pulls in great bards and loud festive crowds every weekend and Saturday nights are a real blow out. The place is packed, shoulder to shoulder, and the rooms are always booked solid. Recently, the captain of the Night Watch, a strong, good looking guy with olive skin and grey eyes, has decided he's in love with Fiona and has been coming around much more frequently... exactly like she planned.

WICKED WITCH GENERATOR

BY JOSHUA BUERGEL
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DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...
A METHOD FOR GENERATING WICKED WITCHES OF THE
WILDERNESS.
THANKS,
M. D.

WICKED WITCH GENERATOR BY JOSHUA BUERGEL

Wicked witches! A staple of mythology and children's nightmares, there's no reason why every witch needs to have a black pointy hat, a wart on their nose and a broomstick. Encountering a wicked witch should be a unique, alarming experience. They should be strange, unfamiliar, and unique. You can use this table to generate a unique witch for your campaign. Roll a D12 for each attribute to generate appearance, demeanor, some environmental details and a hint about their powers. The specific strength level of the witch is not specified, as a witch can really appear as an adversary at any power level, with arcane powers as appropriate for your system and their hit dice. A witch encounter should be unpredictable and unfamiliar.

Witch attributes (roll D12 for each)

	What do they wear?	How do they communicate?	What does the witch worship?
1	classic black robes and hat	As appropriate for local culture.	Local nature spirits
2	leaves, branches, twigs, assorted forest floor detritus	As appropriate for local culture, but with lots of cackling	Nature, in general
3	assorted mammalian bones (oversized skull, rib cages, etc)	As appropriate for local culture, but every third sentence is said backwards.	Most diabolical god in the pantheon
4	skin-tight leather, covered in arcane symbols	Wildly inappropriate language - e.g., minotaur, in a desert climate.	Minor demon of some variety, who occasionally puts in an appearance
5	lurid, bright colors, visible from a truly impressive distance	Every thing said is in the form of a question. Think about the old "Eliza" program.	Oddly, most lawful god in pantheon. But not well.
6	nondescript traveller's clothing, appropriate for the climate and culture	Belligerent, confrontational. Every statement is a challenge.	Three different chaotic gods, in monthly rotation
7	Blood. Nothing but blood.	As appropriate for local culture, but only the person being looked at directly can hear. Without line of sight, no speaking, and no other people can eavesdrop.	Magic
8	white gown, obviously high fashion, which manages to always stay completely pristine at all times	Listening to speech for ten minutes causes headache. Every ten minutes thereafter begins cause 1D6 damage.	Blood. All the blood.
9	Gown, at least a hundred years out of date. It is severely moth-eaten and in remarkably poor condition, beyond what even the rudest peasant would consider. Still always manages to hang together.	All communication takes the form of cryptic rhymes.	An ancient stone statue, hidden deep within the ruins of a forest.
10	A patchwork of skins. Some obviously human, others reptilian.	Singing. Oh, so much singing.	The first thing they see in the morning. Which they usually feel compelled to destroy the next day.
11	Head-to-toe tattoos, depicting assorted scenes relating to their favored curse.	Always wrong language. If players switch to language, witch will switch again.	Inflicting pain.
12	Nude	Totally mute. Communicates solely through emphatic gesticulation.	Nothing whatsoever.

	How do they generate surplus magical power?	What is their favorite curse?	What is their disfigurement?
1	Naked dancing in woods	All paper touched by victim will burst into flames	Horrible warts
2	Blood sacrifice	Victim does not form new memories, but instead gets memories of last person they see on a day	Hair is filthy, down to their ankles, and smells like a dead frog
3	Blood sacrifice followed by naked dancing	All animals hate victim beyond all reason, and will behave violently at all times towards them	Eyes are wildly different sizes and colors
4	Self-immolation	Half of victim's spells they prepare are random spells	Fingernails are three feet long, writhing
5	Non-self-immolation	Victim's eyes bleed every time victim speaks	Skin continually shifts in color to be contrasting color to background, like an anti-chameleon
6	Thunderous drumming	Victim sees visions of how each person they meet will die. All visions are wrong, yet disturbing.	Skin peels away in dead strips on a regular basis, revealing raw, open wounds.
7	Loud, horrifying, blood-curdling singing	Victim will get severe sunburns with only minutes of exposure to even mild sun.	Smell like a manure cart crashed into a flaming brewery
8	Kidnapping and ritual torture	Victim will blackout every day for a half-hour, sleepwalking during that time.	Nose is long, pointy, and drips blood continuously
9	Distributing poisoned food to nearby populations	Victim will react violently to being restrained during that time.	No visible ears
10	Elaborate construction of arcane and occult symbols using natural components (leaves, branches, etc)	Victim is unable to distinguish faces any more.	Sixth finger on each hand sprouts from the middle of wrist
11	Being struck by lightning	Victim's voice continually changes, going from whisper to bellow unpredictably. Victim becomes very clumsy while wearing armor.	Knees hinged backwards
12	Suicide, arising again on the third day	Victim is now allergic to smoke.	Teeth are fangs, stuck into mouth at crazy angles, frequently carving up own lips and cheeks into bloody messes.

	What is their disposition?	What is their usual coven size?	What are their sacred times?
1	Angry	1	Midnight
2	Resigned	1	Gloaming
3	Manic	3	Dawn
4	Overly friendly	3	High noon
5	Vengeful	Three Pairs	Last day of each week
6	Sclerotic	Three Pairs	Every equinox, from sundown to sunup
7	Furiously reactionary	6	Every solstice, from sunup to sundown
8	Seductive	6	Last day of every month
9	Friendly	Three sets of six	One week of every year during harvest
10	Suspicious	Three sets of six	One hour of every day, rotating to next hour on each day
11	Garrulous, loquacious	Dozen	First minute of every hour
12	Squamous	Dozen	Six past six, on the sixth day of each month.

	What is their favorite food?	What is their mount?
1	Mammalian hearts	Broomstick
2	Children's vocal cords	Black horse
3	Human	Large goat
4	Magic potions, which don't have their normal effects	Nightmare
5	Fingers. Whole.	Floating disc
6	Rare spices	Column of flame
7	Liver. The fresher, the better	No mount - but can burrow under ground
8	Eye of newt and toe of frog	Pegasus
9	Spiders	Rhino
10	Gemstones	Pony. With poisonous bite.
11	Blood. Of course.	No mount - but can blink
12	Babies	Dire wolf

MUNDANE AND MAGICAL SHOP DEFENSES

BY KITCHEN WOLF

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DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...

A TABLE OF MUNDANE AND MAGICAL DEFENSES THAT MERCHANTS BOTH RICH AND POOR WOULD HAVE THAT I CAN ROLL ON WHEN THE PLAYERS SUDDENLY DECIDE TO GO ON A BREAKING AND ENTERING SPREE

THANKS,

S. P.

1d20

1	Guard Geese - 2d3 geese and one gander. *Very* loud if disturbed. They find your presence sans bread disturbing. Go ahead and laugh. The Romans made lions fight for their amusement and guarded their homes with geese.
2	Night Watchman, leaning against a wall, snoring loudly.
3	Street Urchin - Will keep quiet for a cut, or will turn you in for a bounty. Both, if he thinks he can swing it.
4	Rookie Watchman, awake and stupid enough to challenge you directly.
5	Brass plate with the sign of the Thieves' Guild, symbolizing that this establishment's protection payments are current. Don't say you weren't warned.
6	Guard Dog, neglected - Chained in the doorway, the friendless bedraggled creature stares up at you with sad, empty eyes beyond hope.
7	Guard Dog, vicious - As berserker, but with teeth. Won't be distracted by any meat that isn't still trying to escape.
8	Guard Dog, clueless- Bouncy puppy wants to play. Barks if you ignore him or try to leave.
9	The cash box has a lock on it that a child can pick - any competent thief can open it in about a minute. Too bad there are 39 others just like it on the same chest. This could take a bit.
10	Cindy Lou Who - disgustingly adorable toddler, complete with teddy bear and annoying lisp, wants to know what you're doing. She's mostly harmless - the teddy bear, on the other hand, will do Very Bad Things to anyone attempting to harm her.
11	A very obvious wall safe. Except for the fact that it does not open - it's a solid metal block with inoperable external workings. The real safe is hidden in the floor.
12	Inside the locked cash box is a sack containing 437 sovereigns, a pouch of gems, and a live cobra.
13	Common robbers, shaking down the shopkeeper and his family for what you planned to steal. Someone really ought to do something about the crime rate in this town.

14	One of the coins you took is the first coin ever made by the shop. It's haunted by the grandfather of the current owner - who won't take it back.
15	Turns out the jewels are fakes. Whatever happened to trust?
16	Burglars are headed in to get what you swiped as you're headed out. Thieving \$#@!s.
17	Your entry point is barred against your exit. The fact that this merchant also owns the pie shop next door just got significantly more worrisome.
18	One of the purloined items can be sniffed out by magic, as can anyone who has had it in their possession in the last three days. There are expensive sorceries known to unsavory wizards that will nullify this effect.
19	The wall you planned to climb over to escape has broken glass embedded along the top.
20	By threat or bribery, the merchants' guild has turned your fence. Any meeting with the fence will be an attempt to recover the goods and trade your hide for his. Your other contacts may be on to this.

MONSTER ILLUSTRATION

MIKE F

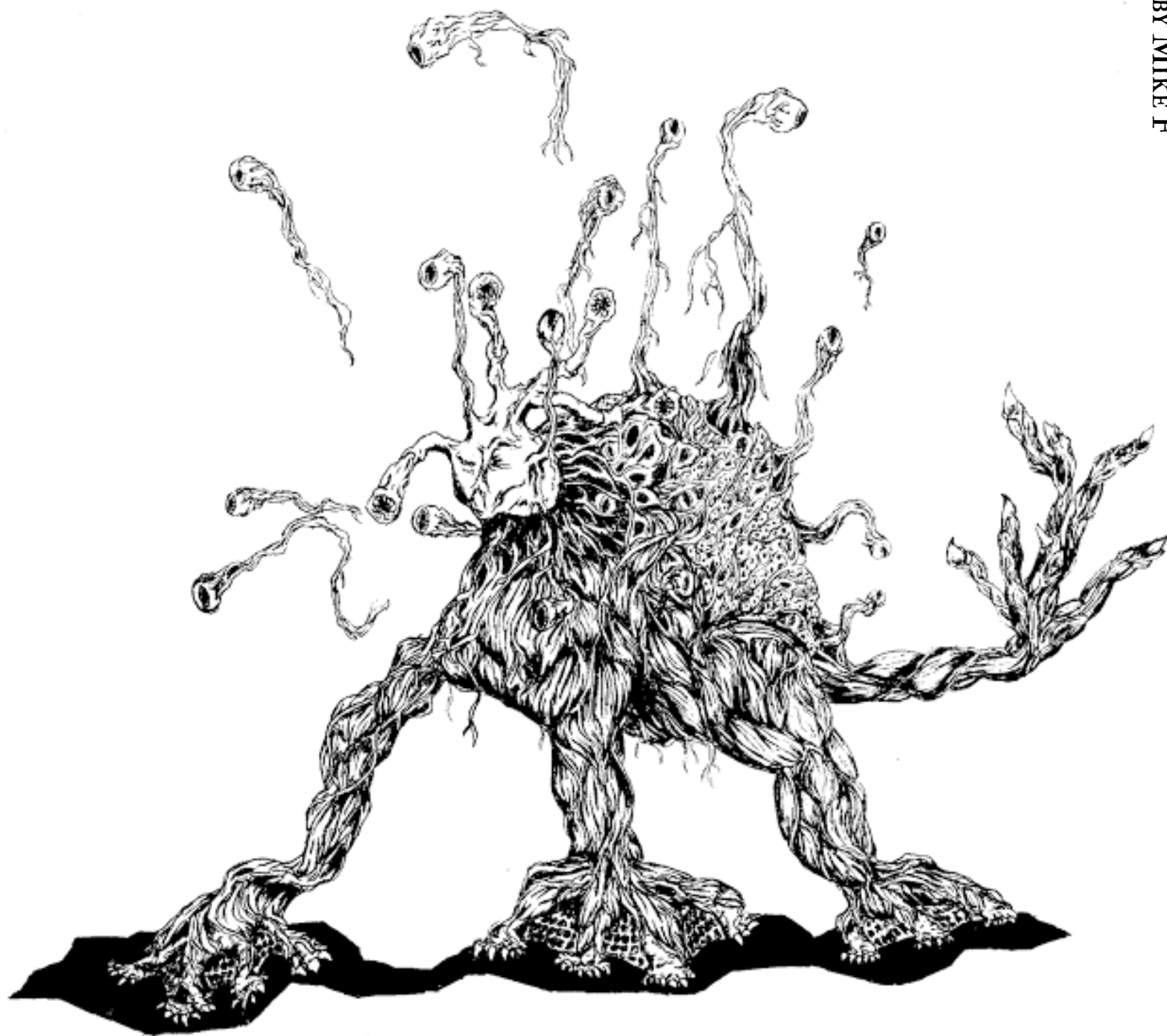
<http://aberrantmike.blogspot.com>

DEAR SANTICORE...

I WOULD LIKE AN ILLUSTRATION OF A BIZARRE AND HORRIBLE MONSTER. IF POSSIBLE, CAPTURING THE ESSENCE OF SWORDS AND SORCERY AND WEIRD FANTASY.

IF THAT'S NOT POSSIBLE, THEN I'D LIKE PONY DAMMIT!
THANKS, M. E.

MONSTER ILLUSTRATION BY MIKE F



MYSTICAL MIGRATIONS OF THE MYTHICAL MENAGERIE

BY LOGAN KNIGHT

ORPHANPORNOGRAPHERSSOCIETY@GMAIL.COM

HTTP://WWW.LASTGASPGRIMOIRE.COM

DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...
NATURE ON THE MOVE. A TABLE OF MAGNIFICENT AND/OR
TERRIFYING MIGRATIONS. WOULD IDEALLY CONTAIN:
1. WHAT THE CREATURES ARE
2. WHAT SORT OF IMPACT THIS MIGRATION HAS ON THE WORLD
3. WHO HUNTS AND/OR PREYS UPON THE MIGRATION
20/50/100 YOUR CHOICE SANTICORE!
THANKS, J.

MYSTICAL MIGRATIONS OF THE MYTHICAL MENAGERIE BY LOGAN KNIGHT

d20	Nature on the Move	The Impact of Life
1	<i>The Many-Faced or Dividing Leopard Worm</i> A creeping mass of black-spotted yellow fur, voids gaping within the bunched mess of a head, bristling teeth like oily black quills. 15ft long tails thicker than your thigh drag behind the bulk before splitting away, hair separating, contracting and slithering with a mouth all their own. <i>Skinwalkers</i> take the pelts as barbaric armour. The venom delivered by the caterpillar-like hairs that stand on end along their backs causes muscle spasms that can last for days. Older worms can eject right out of their backs when threatened. The fibres alone contain enough venom to incapacitate ten burly men; if you take the pelt with the venom glands intact and keep them alive it will last indefinitely.	The worm mass doesn't really divide, it is made up of individuals moving together like a brood of Spitfire Grubs, but their faces do, split into even quarters bristling with quill teeth to better drag you down their gullets. Beyond defence and hunger related deaths and crippling, the only thing left to mark their passing are the flimsy abandoned silk nests spun around large trees just within the woods, temporary shelter for a few days' hunting before continuing their journey. Due to the hairs woven amongst the silk, the only thing you'll earn by collecting it is a week of convulsions.
2	<i>Spiders of Gushmora</i> Exquisite neglect creeps in like rising waters, stranded wisps hanging from flowers turn to phantasmal curtains of translucent silk, undulating in the wind. The brood mothers can only walk upon silken threads, and so a tide of their thousand children spills out before them, draping webbed paths over grasslands and trees until their spinnerets run dry and their bodies break, replaced by siblings birthed during the journey. <i>The Korhari Silk-Weavers</i> follow the migration, gathering silk with long, pointed implements of bronze to be fed onto spinning wheels nestled within their gaily painted wagons, ornate and many-coloured behind a sea of white. The few months spent following the spiders will provide them with everything they need for the rest of the year, producing fine Korhari silks to be sold to the highest bidder. Killing any kind of spider before a Korhari is invitation to violence.	Absorbed by the ravenous hunger of the journey, the passing of the Spiders of Gushmora effects near-extinction upon insect populations caught in their path. In the weeks preceding the arrival of the migration, many animals will flee to other hunting grounds. First you notice that the birds no longer sing in the morning, then the rodents disappear from your larder, you hear predators padding away in the night. Many plant species will take months to recover with nothing left to spread their seed. The bite of the Spiders of Gushmora causes an accelerated rot, swollen wounds burst and spill decomposing flesh with an iridescent sheen much like the spider's exoskeleton, all fuchsia, purples and black. When the swollen boils appear across their chest and arms the victim will know they endured the amputation of their leg for nothing. Korhari assassins often travel ahead of the migration, ending those they find preparing to defend their lands.

3	<i>Ignis Fatuus Floris</i> Ethereal points of blue light float through the sunless dark, dancing on the wind. When the luminous seeds settle they sprout dark-stemmed flowers topped with thick bulbs, scored like a spiraling vortex. The feathery pink petals that sprout astride the spiral flutter in the breeze, until a strong enough wind blows in from the right direction and the pods violently ejaculate the next generation of seeds into the air in an unfurling explosion, one step closer to their destination. <i>The Moulting Priests of the Seeping Dissonance</i> seek to destroy the Ignis Fatuus Floris, why they will not say. They have been within reach of the flowers only twice, causing them to explode into an errant wind, thwarting the priests but setting the flowers back on their journey.	For the species to survive the flowers must survive. When the seeds first enter the soil they excrete a toxin that causes all plant life in the immediate area to wither away, eliminating any competition for the nutrients needed to grow. Unfortunately for the flower, the same toxin that kills flora causes intense hypnagogic hallucinations in fauna. If their needle-like thorns fail to deter wanderers or thrill-seeking boars hoping for a transcendent experience, the damaged flowers exude a chemical warning that causes the remaining flowers to disperse their seed into the nearest wind, regardless of direction.
4	<i>Eels of the Nighted Depths</i> None know where they come from or where they go, only the swarm of oil-slick flesh that undulates over the land, toothless, wrinkled maws stretching wide to consume creatures twice their size, slipping onward while the hapless beasts howl from within their stretched flesh, slowly succumbing to digestion. <i>Apothecaries and Dabblers of the Black Arts</i> lust for the flesh of the abyssopelagic nightmares. A piece of their blubbery leathery skin will buy a week's debauchery, their rock-hard sightless eyes would fetch an honest man's yearly wage, for a living intact specimen your very heart's darkest desire would be fulfilled.	Upturned ecosystems, lost pets, lost loves, insane bearded men kicking down your door demanding to know which direction the eels went.
5	<i>The Periphery</i> As people walk there seems to be a shadow not their own moving beside them, seen in their peripheral vision and absent when they turn. As the phenomena ceases in one settlement it emerges in another, trailing across the land until the reports finally cease after several months. <i>The Scholars of the Seventh Seal</i> seek any and all information pertaining to what they call The Periphery. Shared knowledge will be rewarded, false informers will never be found.	A lingering feeling amalgamated of dread and rapture, the subtly unnerving presence of the Scholars weeks after the event.
6	<i>Xanthous Locust</i> It begins with bands of gregarious wingless nymphs, a hopping carpet of bronze-tarnished mandibles, but when their density reaches fever pitch a flavescent metamorphosis takes place that sees their carapace harden into grotesque studded plates of rich yellow armour, glittering wings unfurling in the light. Their omnivorous plague migration sweeps over vegetation and flesh, a flying wall of hooked limbs and eager squirming labial palps. <i>Communities with Forewarning</i> often plant large crops of Mandrake before the oncoming swarm, a fragrance irresistible to the locusts, tearing roots from the ground after gorging upon the leaves and flowers. While it will not kill them, ingesting Mandrake renders the locusts lethargic and uninterested in pursuing further sustenance for at least a day. At night roosting locusts may be caught up in nets and baskets. Fried Xanthous Locust is said to be an unsurpassed delicacy.	Devastated crops and shrubberies, flesh chewed straight from the bone while you're still screaming and flailing, an abundantly delicious crunchy food source for those smarter than you.

7	<i>Fog Walkers of the Broken Isle</i> Magnificent striding things on slender multi-jointed limbs, symbiotic creatures hanging from their shaggy pelts with bright eyes and wicked little hands. The mottled fur of the creatures makes them nothing more than mossy discolouration among the grey coats of the Walker's short, stocky bodies until they move with alarming speed. The fog that seems to have carried away from the Broken Isle to surround the Walker's body is in reality a cloud of minuscule insects, feeding on the blood of the creatures before being sucked into the Walker's facial ducts for nourishment. What sustains the creatures is as yet unknown. Too sure-footed and strong of limb to be cut down from the ground, <i>Companies of Landsharpuniere</i> carefully select Walkers to bring down with harpoon and rope, protected by pikemen and foot soldiers from shrieking creatures in descent.	The Fog Walkers always seem to be accompanied by grey skies and light rain, as if their very presence had seeded the clouds. Vegetative growth after the rain is strong but somehow subtly wrong, vaguely reminiscent of the Broken Isle if you stare long enough.
8	<i>Abysslodira</i> Clacking pyramidal shells amble out of the sea encrusted with lustrous blue barnacles, their long hibernation in the depths at an end. Tortoise-like creatures the size of absurdly large wolves on a slow plod through whatever falls in their path. When confronted by another creature their small hard skulls raise high on startling long necks, pudgy grey skin stretching tight and regarding the stranger through glassy white eyes. If they perceive danger their head and limbs retract completely within nigh-impenetrable shells until the threat has passed, if there is no threat they renew their slow plod straight through you, smooth featureless faces rotating to stare all the while as you fall to the side. <i>Various Birds</i> land on the Abysslodira as they walk, dislodging barnacles from their shells with surprising ease and feasting where they land. The parasite they have eaten will cause the birds to fly without rest to the nearest suitable body of water, plunging into its depths to drown and decay, birthing a strange algae-like ooze from their feathered corpses.	Undeterrable from their path, the Abysslodira will plod over mountains and through battles with the same measured lackadaisical step until a cavalry charge causes them to drop to the ground, a wave of horses breaking over their blue-jewelled shells. Towns that find themselves host to the migration of the Abysslodira would be best advised to clear all obstruction and make them feel welcome, because it will take weeks for them to move out of the streets if some slight offence or threat causes them to retreat into their shells. The algal bloom bears a semi-sentience that sees it infect water supplies and drown animals before moving on to sample the next set of organisms it finds again and again before finally being swept back out to sea.
9	<i>Caustic Sludge Crabs</i> A plague of black carapaces spills from the protection of the Moldenwood in order to reach the Hollow Sea to spawn, crawling over the land in a blanket like a swarm of mites over a corpse. Within the woods the crabs are without predators, rock hard shells containing their liquid flesh, in the open air birds swoop amongst them in an attempt to carry away lone crabs before being dragged down amongst the swarm. <i>Albino Ibis</i> close a nictitating membrane of the same unhealthy pink as their wrinkled faces over their eyes to ward off snapping claws as they descend. After escaping with a crab they will lay it on a hard surface and peck a hole in the armour of its belly to expose the oily sludge beneath. Caustic to most creatures, the Ibis dilute it with their own vomit before sucking it up through long, curved beaks.	Little will stand in the way of the crab migration. Anything caught in their path will be pulled beneath by claws too numerous to count, bones picked clean in their wake, and a smashed crab will easily melt through armour with its spilled liquid flesh.

10	<i>Diasporea</i> The stranger moves towards you in slow, gliding steps, their body hunched inside a great coat covered in dry leaves and sticks and rotting plant matter. Metal trinkets and bones hang from the gnarled branches extending from their head like horns. A powdery whisper accompanies them as they move closer, and a low thrumming voice like rain asks where your dead grow. Light washes over the stranger's coat as they move into the glow of your lantern, and you see the gaps amidst the sticks and filth. You see fungal sinew strung inside, like the forest floor caught in a web. A thick mass of lichen veil hangs in the hooded space below the stranger's antlers, and ever more unexpected mounds and wooden horns are illuminated across their back. Small stout yellow round-capped mushrooms in jagged rows beneath its throat and chest quiver and begin to thrum against wood and bone, forming the words that politely ask again, "Where do your dead grow?" Colonies of fungus and mould that cobble debris together to gain a locomotive form. They will talk to you, they'll even trade, but they have no empathy. They won't understand why you're so upset that they dug up your daughter, pulled her corpse apart, and placed the pieces amongst their body. Fragile but hard to kill permanently, and the spores that erupt from them in times of stress end up everywhere, and your flesh is ever so fertile.	The Diasporea have no predators or prey, only those ignorant enough to try to kill them then scream in horror at the release of their infectious spores. If you're savvy enough you may find yourself in possession of time-lost artefacts at the cost of a dead dog or an ancestor's corpse.
11	<i>Cancerslugs</i> As long as a man, putrescent yellow flesh glistening under thick layers of mucus as they emerge from swamps during the wet season, smelling of stale semen and broken drought. Generally placid, violent in short sharp bursts that you never expect. Their wounds bubble out in pink masses of vivid new flesh, deflating into yellow normality over the coming days. <i>The Flesh Crafters</i> continue to obtain samples of slug mucus for experimentation, but since the successful capture and confinement of a live specimen within their labs six years ago have shown no interest in further capture, in fact they show an aversion verging on disgust at the thought. <i>Gold-Banded Broodsac Larvae</i> attempt to invade the slugs, carried as sporocysts until they develop into Broodsacs as the slugs near settled areas or forests. The Broodsacs push into the slug's eyestalks and secrete chemicals that induce a compulsive need to climb the tallest thing it can find; an ancient tree, a belltower overlooking the town square. At its height the Broodsacs squirm and pulsate, golden Rorschachs glinting in the open sky until a bird of prey descends to tear it from the slug's head, the next stage of its life cycle begun. With the majority of its brain torn out the slug will fall to the earth, impacting in a disintegrating shower of yellow flesh bubbling regeneration even in death.	Sudden maddening irritations befall bare skin exposed to the thick mucus trails left in their wake, progressing into lesions and worse. Those unlucky enough to discover an allergy will spend the rest of their lives swaddled in cloth to hide the horror they have become.

12	<i>Powder Deer</i> Herds of them, white fur so pure it nearly glows. The female of the species, and the herd is almost entirely female, bear branching antlers as fragile as glass, shattered and disintegrating on impact. Semi-parasitic young hang from their backs, pink pupal piles of them with pliant manipulable bones that curl around their brood sisters and into their mother's fur. Monolithic among the herd is the Husband, black furred with a compact, upright body like a giraffe, its powerful chest supporting the thick, muscled neck that stretches up to a magnificent head crowned by twisting spires of horn as tall as its body, piercing the sky. <i>Packs of Predatory Beasts</i> try their luck harrying the migration, but lone predators would never dare. Before they disintegrate completely the Deer's shattered antlers fracture into splinters, leaving wounds full of powdered glass where they pierce the flesh. In dire situations the Husband tramps through the herd like an icebreaker, all discordant howling and rage, any shred of self-preservation lost. If the Husband perishes another Powder Deer will undergo a transmutation to take its place, but such things take time.	Their powdered antlers fertilise the growth of both bacteria and vegetation. Lush foliage and crops sprout where there has been conflict, but any wounds contaminated by the earth or even the plants themselves are likely to fester within mere hours.
13	<i>Copulatorium</i> Less a migration than a minor incursion, men and women bearing the faint scent of carnal knowledge arrive at secluded cabins, farms, taverns, palaces. The method of their approach and petition for solace varies, but invariably ends in an enticement to lay with them. Where their advances are rejected they leave with apology. Where accepted, people report seeing either a heavily pregnant woman or an obscenely obese man with a pendulous gut leaving in the small hours of the morning, while inside the homes are all torn flesh and a madness of blood and bile. <i>Respected and Disregarded Organisations</i> are all in consensus that the reports are utter fallacy, only lone eccentrics and outright lunatics seek out incidents of Copulatorium, though not all for the same reasons.	Jilted lovers, subsequent suspicious deaths, absurd stories and hangings.
14	<i>Bowelbird</i> Flocks of inky black birds with eyes like fresh-spilt blood alight on rooftops and concentric patterns in fields, named for a habit of digging amongst entrails after a slaughter, the Bowelbird is possessed with a desire for objects of the colour red, not gore. At each rest they erect crimson piles of thievery in ensanguined cairns, incomprehensible shrines which will be destroyed by various breeds of <i>Simian</i> if they happen across them, reproachful shrieks echoing through the trees.	Carcasses strewn open, crimson veils carried away, roses a-snatched mid-courting. Something much more were the cairns altogether allowed to stand.
15	<i>Ulcerate Vermis</i> Loathsome grey masses emerge from the sewers and water systems of the cities, slopping and rolling clumps of tentacles that make their way to the nearest patch of bare earth beyond the city walls, seemingly melting into the dirt. The majority of their migration takes place beneath the ground, but when it begins to rain they will emerge through shifting clumps of dirt, tumbling and running chaotically across the land amid the spattering drops. <i>Apathetic Gastronomes</i> savour them as a delicacy, and <i>Various Unseemly Bookish-Types</i> would rather like to get their hands on a specimen.	The light touch of a tentacle when you get too close to them opens a painless ulcer in your skin that will heal within a few days, but while it persists you remain mildly irritated over nothing. They often evade capture simply because those around them are too busy arguing over meaningless drivel.

16	<i>Nightshade</i> Unseen in the light of day, slinking through the night, melting into shelter when something is near. Beneath a tree you raise your head to the night sky to find a dark shadow towering over the leaves, staring down at you with furtive reflective orbs. <i>One-Eyed Stygian Herbbalists</i> have an unwholesome interest in the movements of the Nightshade.	Unearthly beautiful blossoms unfurling their shimmering black petals in the morning light provide the only marker that a Nightshade ever passed.
17	<i>The Crawling Rot</i> They emerge from their burrows, decaying with splitting flesh in the sunlight, undergoing regenerative transmorphosis throughout the night, an ever-shifting parade of warped flesh and cancerous disease. <i>Every Being With a Sense of the Sanctity of Their Own Existence or Self-Preservation</i> will avoid the Crawling Rot at any cost, even the carrion vermin know better than to meddle with their flesh.	You will know their passing by the rotting remnants of shed antlers, teeth, eyestalks and splitting jaws, twisted arms, segmented legs, tentacles and gore, you will know them by the smell.
18	<i>Somnolent Broodmite</i> Transportation is what they need; human, animal, they don't mind. The anaesthetic saliva of their bite renders the host unaware as the mites enter their body through holes bored in the legs, populating through the body, consuming everything non-vital to their needs over time. Somnambulance is induced when they reach the brain, carrying the Broodmites towards their desire. If they absolutely must be stopped, a human host will speak with others, but it won't make sense, like a lover waking you in the middle of the night during a dream.	For the most part no one will ever know that the Somnolent Broodmites have passed, but some may find the target of their hunt or planned thievery suddenly split apart by their attack, spilling piles of bloody mites in search of new transportation.
19	<i>Jewelled Mounds of Ur</i> Shambling masses of flesh little more than a delivery system for the rose-tinted crystals sprouting in clusters from their skin, hobbling on pairs of bony arms like crutches and cloven-footed hind legs. They travel towards the Valley of the Nine Streams and the anchored egg sacs already laid by their females within the sapphire waters. When they reach the stream's edge their unheard voices raise in a harmonic reverberation, bursting their fragile crystals over the water, releasing pink seed to fertilise the eggs. After this release the males will die, their corpses waiting food for their unhatched young. <i>Uneducated Would-Be Jewel Thieves</i> have sometimes killed Mounds in order to dislodge the giant crystals from their flesh, only to be rewarded with a burst of honey-thick semen for their troubles. The Mound's seed also happens to hold remarkable mutagenic potential, a property that makes it rather valuable to certain other parties.	Apart from theft-related mishaps, fish and amphibians that spawn from the Nine Streams during the same period are abundant in number and girth, even if their flesh does taste unnaturally salty, and their entrails form strange patterns amidst too-many bones.
20	<i>Ash Spider Colossus</i> Spread fractal shadows beneath them as they pass, light clouds of dust motes shaking free from segmented legs that stab the earth with every step, stretching straight up to lightly suspended plateau bodies bearing black monoliths that scratch the sky like lightning-struck trees. <i>Shivering Bare-Fleshed Zealots</i> worship the Ash Spiders as gods, climbing to their backs to partake in an endless liturgy amongst the monoliths. <i>Blue-Bloat Bore Grubs</i> infest the colossal limbs, burrowing tunnels as they feed.	Zealots crawl over the Spider's legs as they walk, digging out melon-sized grubs to gorge on succulent blue flesh. Madness sprouts in their wake, a religious fervour erupting in settlements that drives the afflicted to scale their new gods and worship at their peaks, replenishing the ranks of Zealots that have climbed within grasping mouths, food for the gods.

STEP OFF, HUMETRASH! ELVEN SUPREMACIST STREET GANG

BY REDHOBBIT

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I decided to go refugee/reclaimer angle for the reason these elves are a street-gang. Rather than your typical thievery they are outright taking over shady businesses with an overarching goal of getting revenge on humans, which may or may not be justified.

“What do you mean you never heard of us humetrash? Then perhaps I better refresh your memory since all that yak-piss you’ve been drinking has addled your inferior simian cortex.”

The boy is lanky, red stripes run along his left arm and his hands are covered in soot. His eyes hold nothing but contempt and his mouth is twisted into a sneer at the mere sight of a human. Their clothes are rubbish, their hair wild and while no weapons adorn their malnourished figures you cannot help but feel a twinge of danger from them. He continues before your inebriated tongue can dig its own grave.

“We are the inheritors of a civilization that stretches back eons, we are the descendents of a once noble people; we are the wind through the barren trees and we are the howls that make you lock your doors at night. We are of the second age, we watched as you took your first steps on two feet, watched as Gods above gifted you with fire and watched yet again as you took that precious gift and set the world ablaze. Our homeland is gone, nothing but ash and shadows; you have brought about our twilight and so we shall bring about yours. One monkey at a time. We stalk your cities, prowl among your alleys; we are the movement outside your window and the eyes watching you on moonless nights. We are few, but we are patient and we will outlast you. You have taken our homes and so graciously given us squalor; now allow me to return the favor. Your home, your goods, your trade and your life are ours now. Cross us and you will be added to the ash coating our eternal home. Speak out and no one will believe you. “Elves are pitiful slumdogs, they will say. They lack direction, they can’t hold a job let alone mount a crusade”. You will be ridiculed and still we will prosper beneath the shadows of the twisted elm and ash. Our roots are long and deep and this city will bear the first fruit. Now, it’s time for you to decide whether you’d better off as fertilizer or a gardener; either way your night, your life, your age comes to an end.”

DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...

.....DETAILS OF AN ELVEN SUPREMACIST STREET GANG/THIEVES GUILD.

THANKS,

C. F.

Elves live in squalor in this merchant haven, they are children of the refugees from an enclave that had stood the test of time for millenia before fire rained from the heavens and their civilization was no more. They grew up with tales of the lost age from their elders; their leader a youth with a sharp mind, verbose rhetoric and defiance coursing through his blood took these stories to heart. He believes the fire was caused by humans, there may be some truth to this but as for who or what caused the skyfire none have taken responsibility. So instead this youth has been spreading potential misinformation among the Elven refugees. While their elders are old and decrepid and lack the will to turn them away much of the youthful population may be swept up in this revolt. The leader is crafty beyond his years and realizes that the humans could quickly quash his rebellion with superior numbers (“because those hairless apes breed like rabbits”) so rather than cause too much trouble he has chosen to fly under the radar. First by taking over seedy merchant operations which the law wants no part of to begin with; while maintaining a front that a human still controls it. He is establishing large segments of hidden wealth with an end goal of eventually controlling the cities from the shadows. While his mannerisms and many of his subordinates clearly illuminate his outright hatred of humans no one in the city clearly takes these youngsters seriously let alone the idea that they are inserting themselves into positions of power through bribery, blackmail, coercion and good old fashioned assassination. While this youth in revolt would love to burn this entire city down in poetic justice they realize that were they to establish a strong foothold here their influence can sway nearby cities and if they play their cards right cause ecomic ruin to this entire stretch of land so that the lands of humans so humbly befit them as slum-towns far and wide.

STEP OFF, HUMETRASH! ELVEN SUPREMACIST STREET GANG BY REDHOBBIT

EAST APKALLU

BY STEVE ALBERTSON

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East Apkallu has many names; Great and Sacred Library of the East, Repository of Light, Luminous Vault and Jorlubor's Labyrinth. It cannot be found unless one is taught how to find it. It is one of four locations that make up the Apkallu Universal. The entrance is located in the top ten feet of a buried pyramid. It is guarded by an ancient and powerful sphinx who will show the entrance to whoever can answer the riddle:

Great gold piece / Spent daily by every man
Travels through each town / Yet never touches hands
Spins on an azure table / Shrouded by white
Slumber at its loss / Precious as life*

Inside the entrance is a small antechamber with a spiral staircase that leads down into a massive auditorium. The auditorium is filled with wise men and women of obscure and bizarre anatomy, yet peopled with enough familiar races to keep things comfortable. The walls are high shelves completely filled with ancient tomes. In the center of the room is a massive globe where the librarians, known as the Keepers, can keep track of every borrowed book.

From the main auditorium there are six doors that each lead to rooms that are nearly identical. Each room has six sides and six doors. Each door leads to the same sort of room. Each room's walls are lined with shelves and filled with books. Each room has an area for study, and a water closet. In the center of each room is an open pit that looks down on the room below it that is slightly smaller, yet nearly identical, and down into infinity.

The Keepers are the authority of the found knowledge of East Apkallu, and they have no qualms with reminding people. They are a strange and enigmatic race of ancient monstrosities. Their skin is shriveled and black, and their faces end in a mass of writhing tentacles with razor sharp tips. The Keepers will allow a person to browse as much as they like, but if someone would like to check out a book it will cost them their soul. This is a short ritual that places the soul in the globe at the center of the auditorium where they can constantly scry, locate and look through the eyes of the owner of the soul. Loosing one's soul in this manner drops their Charisma to 3. Those who return their borrowed book to East Apkallu has their souls returned and their Charisma restored.

DEAR SANTICORE...

WHO ARE THE MOST INTERESTING/IMPORTANT RESEARCHERS WHO LIVE AT THE GREAT SACRED LIBRARY IN THE EAST? AND JUST WHAT IS IN THE BOOKS THEY ARE RESEARCHING?

I'D LOVE:

1) DESCRIPTIONS OF NPC RESEARCHERS, NO CLASS/LEVELS/STATS REALLY NECESSARY (UNLESS THEY'RE SECRETLY MORE THAN THEY APPEAR).

2) THE TITLES AND SOME EXAMPLE PROSE OF WHATEVER DOCUMENTS THESE PEOPLE ARE EACH OBSESSED WITH...IDEALLY WITH PLOT HOOKS THAT POINT TO OTHER LOCATIONS/OBJECTS/THINGS TO BE QUESTED AFTER THAT CAN BE DROPPED INTO SOME LOCATION IN A SANDBOX-HEX-MAP...BUT NOT EVERYTHING HAS TO BE AN ADVENTURE SEED, CERTAINLY.

THANKS,

S. A.

Keepers rumors:

1	There are tribes that have spent generations searching through the stacks yet come back with nothing of value. (True. Roll d% when looking at a random book in the stacks: 01 useful book, 02-100 gibberish.)
2	There are pocket dimensions hidden throughout the library that allow people to never age. (True. Certain secreted away books are keys to mini-dimensions in which things are hidden or families live forever. Some people in East Apkallu are thousands of years old.)
3	There are gates that lead to North, West, and South Apkallu hidden throughout the library. (True. The four libraries that make up the Apkallu Universal are all connected and collectively contain the whole of knowledge of the world, the cosmos and the planes.)
4	East Apkallu is infinitely large and never ends. (False. The entirety of the Apkallu Universal is unfathomably massive, yet finite.)
5	Be careful roaming the stacks. There is danger around every corner. (True. There are literally generations of mad mages that have made the stacks their home. They have books of terrible arcane lore and have summoned horrid beasts that kill for pleasure, demons that have made the library their home and trapped corridors as tribes have marked off their territory and war with their neighbors. Some of the residents of the stacks have no idea that there is a world outside of East Apkallu.)
6	We the Keepers control all that happens in East Apkallu! (False. They like to think that they have power, but they are nothing more than merchants who trade a lifetime of luxury and convenience to those that bring them worthwhile tomes from the stacks.)
7	The great King in Yellow built East Apkallu. (False. The keepers inherited their position two thousand years ago from celestial planetary apes.)
8	The Keepers are the children of the great King in Yellow. (False, but they all are followers, and some are clerical zealots.)

There are hundreds of tribes running around the stacks and each tribe has its own objective in the information it searches for. Each NPC will have the following stats: name, race, tribe, what they would trade a book for and what books they have. Each NPC will only have one book in their possession, but they will know where two others are.

Jarksa Meed (Djinni)

TRIBE: Junta

TRADE: One night with the PC with the highest charisma
BOOKS: Orbis Tertium – A book detailing how to find Lentava (the floating frost giant castle), a schematic of the castle itself and specifically where the magical rings of Uqbar have been hidden.

Dying and Undeath – A grimoire of necromantic spells that deal specifically with incorporeal things and the astral plane.

Kotka Tablet – A clay tablet that teaches the rune Kotka which can do one of the following 1/day: fly for 1 minute per level, summon a celestial eagle or polymorph into an eagle for 1 minute per level.

Singur Tarmakuul (Doppelganger)

TRIBE: Ulrich

TRADE: The severed head of Bishop Terrsh.

BOOKS: Popo Instrumentao – It looks like a instructional book on public speaking, but after one finishes the last line of the book they will permanently have a mental synch with every other person who has read the book; like a hive mind with nobody in control. Bishop Terrsh and Singur Tarmakuul have read the book.

7 Wonders Travel Guide – This travel guide lays out where each of the seven masks of Hotep are. Each has a specific magic power, but when the masks are together they open a portal to the Realm of Hotep where a wearer of a Hotep mask can bend reality to his will. Also, it talks about towns near mask locations and who makes the best pecan pie. The book spends a lot of time discussing pecan pie.

A History of Civilized Lands – A very human-centric and racist history book that spends more time bad mouthing dwarves and elves than actually history. It lays out very specific means of torturing dwarves and elves with anatomy and instruments of implementation. Anyone who reads this book gains a +2 bonus when torturing dwarves or elves.

Bishop Terrsh (Keeper)

TRIBE: Keeper

TRADE: The soul of the PC with the alignment closest to lawful good.

BOOKS: The King in Yellow – A play that will drive the reader insane, literally. It also is a riddle, that once solved is instructions on how to create a gate to Carcosa.

The East Apkallu Codex – An index of every book in East Apkallu and where it is located. This is a huge secret. If knowledge of this codex where to get out there would be all out war. It is the most important book in all of East Apkallu. Bishop Terrsh will never have this

book on him.

The Laws of Lich King Skeletron – A treatise laying out the proper enslavement of conquered peoples. Between the chapters on breaking the will of the masses through starvation and building empire through extreme nationalism is a section that teaches how to make shackles of enslavement, a magic item that effects the wearer as though charm person had been cast.

Ortou Snickli (Human)

TRIBE: Solaria

TRADE: A book could be the dowry for marrying his piece of shit, drug addict, vampire sister.

BOOKS: Ooluun Codex – A holy book for the god Ooluun. Its text describes a different daily ritual for each day of the year based on the alignment of the sun. There is a different magical effect for everyday. The text also lays out the Ooluun solar calendar.

Vampiria Ex Stochi – Anyone who touches the book must make a save or suffer a level drain. This can only happen once every 24 hours. If one is drained of their final level they violently transform into a junkie vampire. The contents of the book are a mix of love poems and potions that are poison for mortals, but narcotics for vampires.

Home of the Light – An atlas that focuses on trading routes of elves on land and at sea. This atlas also has marked all secret elven gates to other planes, hidden elven markets along trade routes, and the illusionary trail that leads to elven dragon-lords of Iceheim.

Scrattles Breeya (Goblin)

TRIBE: Sham

TRADE: Help him become leader of his tribe.

BOOKS: Xanduku's Self Hypnosis – This book seems to be simple steps toward relaxation and self hypnosis, but when one finishes the book they instantly morph into a random different class of the same level, and the opposite gender.

Mutation Pits, Goblins and Hell – The author describes being a mage for hire for the Goblin King in creating mutation pits all over the continent. This book has detailed instructions on creating a mutation pit, and has the location of over 50 mutation pits scattered throughout the land.

Book of Awakening – This book is blank with the exception of one letter on one page in the center of the tome. Once this letter is read a random spell is cast with the reader as the target, and the reader will never see that letter again. From that moment onward whenever a one is rolled on any die the same spell will be triggered on the reader. This can be removed with a remove curse spell.

Droopy Butternut (Dwarf)

TRIBE: Mushroom

TRADE: Valuable gems

BOOKS: Modern Nutrition – A vegan cookbook with an obsession with beets. The appendix has a ritual spell on how to reanimate devoured meat while it is being digest-

ed.

Rutter Forkbeard – The autobiography of an explorer that claims to have found the pixie emperor Chuglex's fabled hot springs. The legend says that it heals all wounds and can even grant immortality.

Power Gobble – A ten paged illustrated children's book about a turkey who learns to take a beating like a man. One is invincible while holding the book, but a page from the book is erased every time the owner is struck and would normally take damage.

Slingsback Suik (Halfling)

TRIBE: Solaria

TRADE: Heal his sick mother

BOOKS: Dirty Dan's Disco Diary – A work of erotic fiction set in a futuristic world of giant collars and glowing dance floors. The five original limestone plates used to make the lithographs that illustrate the book are highly sought after magic items, each with its own properties. The forward of the book gives hints to where the plates are buried with the artists body.

Book of Taurus – This is a book of nonsensical mad scribbles, but if even one line of this book is read one must make a save or the reader is compelled to stop at nothing to obtain their greatest desires. They are granted wishes whenever they speak their desires out loud, but when they do a one-foot horn will burst from a random person's skin (dealing 1d6 damage) who is within ten feet of the reader when the wish is made. The horn bursts from the reader if there is no one within ten feet. The compel to obtain their greatest desire fades after 24 hours of not touching the book, but the wish/horn burst can only be stopped with a remove curse spell.

Ascension of Light – This is a list of names of celestial nobles and their station. This book explains the use of true names, summoning and binding to call forth these angelic beings to do your bidding (which is normally to gain some sort of power against an evil force). Anyone who attempts this will suffer the wrath of entire celestial choirs, and they can be very annoying.

Guntos Hammerspine (Dwarf)

TRIBE: Mushroom

TRADE: Do whatever he asks for 24 hours. (There is dangerous work to be done.)

BOOKS: Kings of Lehtimaja – This book is a travel guide to Lehtimaja, a gigantic tree whose hollow inside has been built into a tiered garden city. It has been used for thousands of years as the holy motherland of the wood elf. The book explains how to enter the city, its laws, an overview of each tier, places of wonder to visit, but most importantly where the secret burial sites of each wood elf king is located.

Between Two Rivers – This book explains the magical flora that grows in a hidden garden that can only be accessed through an underwater cave where the two rivers meet, and how to circumvent the guardians of the flaming sword that protect the garden from outsiders. Sample plants: a pear tree that heals all wounds and reverses aging, strawberries that allow one to breath fire,

potatoes that

give one the strength of giants, blackberries that give the gift of flight.

Maternal Depths of Nature – This esoteric tome will only make sense to those who speak and understand the secret language of the druid. Those who possess the book can speak with plants as per the spell, but every plant will be unhelpful and violent unless you speak to it in the secret language of the druid.

Trangur Dransuul (Human)

TRIBE: Ulrich

TRADE: Find and kill the doppelganger amongst the Ulrich tribe.

BOOKS: Book of Games – There are four sacred games contained in this tome that when played the winner gains a boon, and the loser suffers for the rest of his life. Game 1, fifty coins are arranged on a table. Both players attempt to maneuver them off of the table and into their shoe. The winner becomes completely healthy. The loser has a random limb shrivel and become useless. Game 2, both players take ten dice of whatever side count they would like and roll them all at the same time. They then take those dice and put aside whatever dice they would like and then roll simultaneously again. The first player to have a die set aside for each number one through ten wins. The winner gains one point in their charisma ability score. The loser loses two points in their charisma ability score. Game 3, Each player has six d6s. The players take turns rolling one die at a time. The roller then has the option of keeping his die roll or trading that die for any one of his opponents. Whoever has the highest total at the end wins. Winner gains 1 intelligence ability point. Loser loses two intelligence ability points. Game 4, one player must train a wolf, and the other player must train a bear. Both players and beasts enter a ten foot deep pit and fight with no weapons. The winner is the player who first kills the other player's animal. Winner gains a +1 when fighting any were-beast. Loser loses a level and contracts lycanthropy.

Book of Mortality – This book offers top ten: secrets for getting the butt you always wanted, tips for buying leather, markets to buy affordable silk, tricks to applying makeup and yoga positions. This book is actually a well hidden map to thieves guilds in nearly every major city.

Testament of Telomeres – This is a very dry oral history of a farmer who protects his family by making sure his daughters marry the right men. Each of the names of the daughters is actually code for coordinates that lead to The Sphere of Life, an artifact that is rumored to give the gift of eternal youth and beauty.

Sholgot Merishish (Keeper)

TRIBE: Keeper

TRADE: Help him complete the ritual from Bestiary de Wolff.

BOOKS: Bestiary de Wolff – A tome that teaches the ancient secrets of evolution. The reader may attempt an elaborate ritual that will force an evolutionary change on their own body. Save or die when the change occurs.

Religious Mysteries – This book tells all the secret rituals, doctrine, dogma and history of the world’s most prominent religions, and a few smaller cults. This book is heresy in the hands of the non-indoctrinated.

Tablet of Trust – This tablet has only the following inscription, “Love all, trust a few, do wrong to none.” When one gives this tablet to another the person receiving the tablet must make a save or permanently trust the person handing it to them.

WANDERING MONSTER TABLE WHILE IN THE STACKS:

1	Rival adventuring party
2	Jarksa Meed
3	Singur Tarmakuul
4	Bishop Terrsh
5	Ortou Snickli
6	Scrittles Breeya
7	Droopy Butterneck
8	Slingback Suik
9	Guntos Hammerspine
10	Trangur Dransuul
11	Sholgot Mershish
12	1d6 Keepers
13	2d4 Urich Tribe (Human, Doppelganger)
14	2d4 Mushroom Tribe (Dwarf)
15	2d4 Solaria Tribe (Human, Halfling, Elf)
16	2d6 Sham (Goblin)
17	2d4 Junta (Human, Djinni)
18	1d6 Demons
19	1d8 Mad Mages
20	1 Lovecraftian abomination

*The answer is “the sun.”

WEIRD ENCOUNTERS

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Encounters based on proximity to castle. This chart assumes cities are built around castles that house nobles who oversee a larger demesne.

WILDERNESS: ROLL 1D20

HINTERLANDS: ROLL 1D30

TOWNS: ROLL 1D50

CITIES: ROLL 1D100

Where the encounter item is more "plot hook" than "concrete encounter" provide a giant "FOLLOW ME!" clue/oddity in a tone suitable to your campaign world. I tried to steer clear of any particular magic or technology and included generic factions where appropriate. This chart assumes socio-culturally "appropriate" and "inappropriate" mutations.

1	Corpse inside a rotting log. Roll 1d4. Corpse is: 1) human child; 2) giant feral possum; 3) huge, 16 legged spider; 4) something mutated beyond comprehension.
2	12 ash trees in a perfect circle. In the middle is a pool of black liquid, which reflects the night sky regardless of time of day, cloud cover, etc.
3	BRAIN WASPS! Slightly larger than regular wasps, a critical hit from them means they managed to lay eggs inside your brain. Two failed con rolls and you go crazy (permanent homicidal rage, desire to eat protein and woodpulp) as wasps devour your brain and make a hive out of your skull.
4	Huge, skinless bear suffering the final stages of a brainwasp infection. Upon death the brainwasps fly out, ready to make new homes.
5	A perfect square, 60' to a side, that is entirely devoid of life. Food spoils immediately, players lose 1 health every turn they remain in the square.
6	Mutated wildmen using a long-buried retail store as an underground village.
7	All of the trees have open sores that weep milky, radioactive fluid.
8	12 year old child hunting for food for his sick family. Not above cannibalism.

DEAR SANTICORE, ROLL 1D4. (BASICALLY, FOR MY PENDRAGON CAMPAIGN WHERE EVERY KNIGHT IS A MUTANT ANIMAL FROM AFTER THE BOMB, BUT YOU DON'T HAVE TO KNOW EITHER OF THOSE GAMES - OSR STATS/IDEAS ARE FINE.)

1. RANDOM ENCOUNTERS BASED ON PROXIMITY TO CASTLES - WILDERNESS, OUTSKIRTS, TOWNS, CITIES...

2. RANDOM EQUIPMENT BASED ON MEDIEVAL GOODS BUT MADE FROM BROKEN STUFF OF THE LATER 21ST CENTURY (OR NEAR FUTURE SCI-FI).

3. A MUTATION TABLE THAT IS SITE-BASED AND INVOLVES THE GAIN/LOSS OF SPECIAL ANIMAL ABILITIES.

4. ...OR DRAW ME A CASTLE OR TOURNAMENT FEAST GROUNDS WHERE 21ST CENTURY STUFF HAS BEEN USED TO BUILD MEDIEVAL STRUCTURES AND TOOLS.

THANKS,

J. L.

9	Ground infested with lurchworms--a successful bite on the bottom of a foot means one has "climbed aboard". Fail 1 can save to lose 1d3 DEX temporarily. Fail 2 and the loss is permanent.
10	A pack of royal hunting dogs turned feral after their master met his end.
11	An alpha wild boar--hideously intelligent. cultivates fungal "armor" (2 points, no damage from bludgeoning) on his back, neck and forelimbs. Tusks poisoned with lurchworm venom (see 9 above). Can speak the regional tongue. Not necessarily hostile, but abhors bad manners.
12	Corpse farmers. Graveworms eat corpses. Corpse farmers eat graveworms. Pale, muscular humanoids that scabble on all fours. Needle teeth, long, sharp fingers and tongue. Digging in the area will produce 1d6 buried, decaying bodies and possibly some attendant possessions.
13	Poisoned stream. Drinking it or contact with an open wound produces violent, bloody retching for 1d12 hours.
14	A sword fused into a stone in the middle of a blasted-out hollow in the wilderness. Both are lethally radioactive.
15	"wild knight"--a former knight who has mutated beyond reason and can no longer coexist with humans. Roll 1d6: On a 1 or 2, completely insane/hostile. 3 or 4, capable of reason, neutral to party. 5 or 6, desperately misses the company of knights, will provide aid in exchange for a few hours' pleasant company.
16	An armored box. Inside is a tablet with a long-lasting atomic battery. Can power up and display information, albeit information a thousand years out of date.
17	Crude altar made of bones and slagged metal, dedicated to a deity nobody in the party recognizes. Party feels like they are being watched.
18	The sound in the distance of one colossal drum beating and reverberating with cyclopean, inhuman slowness.
19	Skeleton of a 12 foot tall man, completely undisturbed.
20	Junkpit/landfill. Colonized by filthy, vicious tiny humanoids, who have domesticated 3-foot-long ants for food, protection and transportation.

21	Farmstead made out of an old airplane. Roll 1d4: Family grows 1) rutabagas 2) surprisingly wholesome carrots 3) mildly radioactive turnips 4) grazing for cattle.	34	Market day! Freeholders from all over the demesne have gathered to sell their wares. You can get food, equipment, slaves, murders, (facsimilie) maidenheads, drugs, etc for barter (no coin allowed, sorry)--most everything free of radiation.
22	Religious hermit. Clothed entirely in vestments made from own hair. Lives in abandoned bomb shelter.	35	The local baron's men are systematically burning every single building in this village. They appear to be on official (if grim) business.
23	"Tooth raiders"--1d8 members of an exceedingly nasty gang who rape, pillage, and leave their victims with torn, toothless mouths. In a very feisty, combative mood.	36	Local religious nut is upsetting village folk.
24	Pastureland made out of an old parking lot--junked cars partially overgrown provide lots of hillocks. Roll 1d6, on a 1 those cars are the lairs of vengeful undead or giant, 16 legged spiders.	37	Local religious nut is riling village folk into a frenzy. Against the local lord and the mutant knights that he will likely send to destroy them. Probably not a great time to waltz into town wearing armor and weapons, eh?
25	Child separated from his family's trading caravan. Exceedingly close inspection proves that the kid is in the early stages of the chattering death [see 26 below], his family will be VERY unhappy to be reunited with him.	38	Day of celebration remembering the village's participation in driving out a group of mutants from the surrounding woods. Feast, speech by village headperson, music/dancing, homemade booze, etc.
26	Farmstead devastated by the chattering death--highly contagious (fluid, air). Plague causes one's muscles to rapidly contract and expand with such violence that their bones click together (painfully). 80% fatal. Surviving the plague permanently lowers one's STR and CON by 1, but you're permanently immune afterwards.	39	Archery contest! People are shooting at a parrot chained to the top of a really tall pole. The parrot is surprisingly conversant and not pleased with the arrows flying at her.
27	Trading caravan, large family. Have random goods for trade, all of it mildly radioactive.	40	Local inn is on fire! Bucket brigade organizing as players arrive.
28	Two lovers on the run from their village. One is the mayor's eldest child, the other is falling apart from various mutations.	41	Very large, fortified trade depot. Caravan is arriving and the guard has been doubled.
29	RADWITCH: This wizened creature found something real nasty in the desert wastes and wants eeeeeeverybody to see it. Being exposed to her radioactive charm will cause a mutation in 1d12 hours.	42	The leech priestesses are in town! Worshipers of the bloodgoddess traveling far from their home lands and spreading their faith through good deeds and proselytization. They can convey magical healing by removing one of the many leeches covering their veiled bodies, attaching it to someone, and then squeezing the blood out of the leech into the patient.
30	Hunting party: Set of nobles with their servitors, horses and giant, vicious hounds. Roll 1d4. They are 1) hunting for food for their village holdings as part of a charitable order. 2) Hunting for outlaws and bandits ("and what are YOU gentlemen doing so far from the shelters of the human community?") 3) Hunting for sport. 4) Hunting humans for sport.	43	Settlement is completely silent. Villagers are alive but all asleep in their beds. Roll 1d4. 1) Players cannot wake the villagers. 2) When players waken the villagers all of the villagers have their personalities swapped. 3) When players waken the villagers it becomes evident that they've been asleep for many years. They all have triangular scars (long healed) behind their left ears. 4) The players are getting sleepy. Like, seriously, tremendously, very sleepy...
31	Funeral procession, everyone is walking backwards.	44	Settlement is completely silent. No villagers anywhere to be found. Should players dig up graves or open any tombs they will discover that all the corpses are gone too.
32	Small stronghold made out of shipping containers. Trade depot/fort for devoutly religious extended-family trading clan.		
33	Court's in session! In this village cases are tried via ritual combat involving duels with ironwood staves. The loser has to remove a finger. Nobody in the town has more than 8 fingers.		

45	Settlement is completely silent. Roll 1d4. 1) Villagers think this is a crisis! They are awed that the adventurers can talk and pantomime beseeching them for help. 2) Villagers go about their normal business, don't see anything wrong with it or notice the players talking. 3) Villagers go about their normal business, don't see anything wrong with it but get murderously angry at the any sound of the players' speech. 4) The players are unable to speak too.	54	Each year the first person to bring a budded elderflower to the queen receives a token of her appreciation along with a gold piece. The elder trees should be blooming any day now. Everyone is just sort of standing around trees, fights are breaking out around the "lucky" trees, cutpurses are scheming at the entry to the Queen's Tower, etc.
46	Giant thunderhead marring an otherwise clear sky. Thunderhead is centered on a large tower made of blackened, melted rock. There are lots of iron rods in the ground.	55	The alchemist's guild has more or less figured out how to create error-free bullets for some heavy-duty six shooters they found. They're looking for supplies and field testers. Hey, only one in six bullets explodes into the tester's face now!
47	A bunch of extremely sickly-looking men are lugging random rocks and other debris out of a "mine" (really the triple sub basement of a long-raized military facility). The mined stuff is warm to the touch and makes you ill over time. The mine overseers are all wearing heavy metal suits of padded armor.	56	It's harvest time! There's a corn maze! With prizes! 20 minutes after the contestants begin the race the killpriests enter with scythes to "cull the herd" and water the crops with a blood offering.
48	Village at war with another village located downstream on the same river. They're killing captives and leaving their corpses in the river in an attempt to poison the waters.	57	The demesne's two largest settlements have gathered in the main forecourt of the castle for the annual "grievance brawl"--each town lines up facing each other, runs forward and fights until the church bells toll. The village with the most standing wins. There's a feast afterward (provided by the lord of the demesne).
49	"Mutietown"--Hidden village of mutants. They are friendly if approached with caution but will utterly destroy anyone that threatens to divulge their existence to the outside world.	58	Most of the more established cities were built on the ruins of ancient, pre-collapse cities. All those cities had sewer systems. The sewer system under this city is sentient and hungry.
50	Group of rabidly devout acolytes militant of the Church Of The Sacred Genome. They're hunting for a long-rumored enclave of mutants secluded from the civilized world and they're willing to pay generously for any information.	59	Extremely burly, elite guards moving a caravan of books from the castle to the city's "savants' guild".
51	Gang of "curse steppers"--kids with lead boots who tromp around in radioactive waste and then threaten to walk through people's vegetable gardens, poisoning the plants.	60	Leech priestess (see 42) about to be burned at the stake by The High Church. If burned she calls the wrath of the bloodgoddess down upon those present. Boy is that going to be interesting.
52	Citywide bazaar day! Virtually anything can be found here for a price, regardless of how esoteric. 10d20 people in the bazaar plus 1d20 thieves of varying technique, ability and lethality.	61	Courier of the Savants' Guild notices the players weapons and approaches them. A patron would be interested in mutant corpses for study. The more mutated (and the fresher) the better.
53	Gl'enn has discovered an old piece of artillery and converted it into a cannon of incredible accuracy (thanks to the rifling in the barrel). There are 1d20 different factions/individuals/city states that want to kill him, kidnap him or steal his technology and notes.	62	City burgher recently converted to the Church of the Sacred Genome. Citywide purge on mutants, who are being detained in the (unused) sewers underneath the city.
		63	The (unused) sewers that run underneath the ruins that formed the base for the current city are used as a vast gladiatorial labyrinth, and the local noble gladly pays rewards for any that can make it through.
		64	Tournament day! Jousting, melee, "low" entertainments and a huge feast! There's a watchword for the feast and it's available for a fair bit of coin or a dirty deed.
		65	The local noble is holding seasonal court. Queues of petitioners and hanged criminals line the main street to the castle forecourt.

66	The Queen is in town! Anyone without papers will be escorted out of the city. Firmly. Anyone openly carrying weapons will be escorted to the gaol or the grave. Firmly.	73	The Organization Of Men Who Kill For Gold have put together a “grand bloodbathe” where doughty fighters can engage in increasingly difficult battles against beasts and men increasingly exotic. If you win each of the nine battles (symbolizing each of the nine ranks of The Organization Of Men Who Kill For Gold) you win a suit of “magic armor” (ceramite honeycomb reinforced tactical body armor plated with elegantly scrolled aluminum, treat as heavy plate with no armor penalties except for vulnerability to electricity). Of course, there’s the hidden “tenth battle”, symbolizing the secret (and highest) level of initiation--for a year and a day highly-trained assassins will attempt to kill the bearer of the armor.
67	The Queen is in town! The days are filled with interminable (and incomprehensible) rites at The High Church. The nights are filled with hunts for witches (actual or supposed), power doctors, unguilded savants, leechpriestesses and Clerics Of The Holy Genome as her Royal Inquisitors seek to prove the necessity of their upkeep.	74	Chattering death outbreak in the local religious hospital. Knowing that any Royal Inquisitor will order a complete purge of the entire building, the healers have been isolating, concealing and eventually disposing of the plague victims in the sewers underneath the city. It’s only a matter of time before they contaminate the city’s water supply.
68	Royal Inquisitors are in city on a routine purge of heretics, dissidents and “warm tech” (see 69). There are 1d6 Inquisitors in full regalia (treat as leveled elite warriors/clerics) along with 2d20 men at arms, sumpters, etc. There’s also 1d4 “dark inquisitors”--undercover operatives who are especially lethal and paranoid.	75	The Sisters Of Peace At Any Cost are looking for a few good “peace warriors” to further their aims, most of which are directed against the demesne battlemaster (essentially the guy in charge of mustering, equipping and eventually ordering the conscripted men at arms to their deaths). For starters it would be just dandy to frame him as an apostatic devotee of The Church of the Sacred Genome.
69	The players stumble across a side passageway leading to a market that sells “warm tech” (pre-collapse tech, some of it semi-functional; most of it radioactive, all of it re-purposeable as superior materials for goods). Since the possession of “warm tech” is a hanging crime if one isn’t on Savant Guild business, the players come under scrutiny of the market’s spy and security network.	76	The regent for the young noble of the demesne has unintentionally (?) hired The Organization of Men Who Kill For Gold to collect this year’s taxes. They’re quite thorough and effective.
70	It’s “turning out” day at the Royal Orphanage. All of the charges who have been there six years (or who have reached some semblance of physical maturity) are kindly evicted from the orphanage with a sack, a few days’ food and some coppers. All manner of despicable folk have flooded the “downtrods” (the part of town where the Orphanage is located) in anticipation of cudgeling out their “annual bonus” from a bunch of defenseless kids.	77	A few years ago the Savants’ Guild discovered the principles behind the heretofore mysterious processes involved in making bread and beer. Weeklong Yeast Festival. Everyone is full of ale and the whole city smells like fresh-baked bread.
71	The town’s finest blacksmith has acquired some pre-collapse alloys and has announced plans to produce superior arms and armor from them. The Sisters Of Peace At Any Cost (obscure and somewhat-tolerated splinter order of The High Church) are looking for someone to remove the alloys (or the blacksmith) at any cost, while The Organization Of Men Who Kill For Gold are veeeeery interested in securing a monopoly on the weapons.	78	Bloodsports for entertainment. Roll 1d4: 1) Dogs baiting a giant, mutated bear; 2) slaves fighting a huge, 16 legged spider; 3) hyperintelligent boar (see 11) reciting verse while people pay coppers to throw rocks at him; 4) Would-be acolytes of the Church Of The Holy Genome going through their initiation ritual through melee combat with gibbering cannibal mutants.
72	THE DRUMS OF WAR. The city is mustering men for yet another interminable crusade. The players are of course ideal conscripts.		

79	Gambling den. Roll 1d4: 1) Dice (House wins 75% of the time); 2) tick-tick-tick (players bet on the poker chip that ticks the most when the geiger counter with eterna-battery passes over it, 1-in-20 odds, pays out 18 to 1); 3) Taroker (poker played with Tarot cards, house generally takes 10% of the time with five players); 4) Cat races (house runs odds and shaves 10%).
80	Gambling den. Bareknuckle fighting.
81	Giant veiled palanquin being borne through city. Contains "leechmother", a high-ranking leech priestess (see 42). Her body, mutated through the toothwaters of the Subterranean Cathedral, is grotesque with elephantiasis. The fluids her body so ably retains bestows upon the leeches that writhe and flop on her nude person the healing abilities that the Leech Priestesses are known for.
82	A recently blinded, babbling drunkard insists that some prominent merchants of the Alloys Combine are sheltering the Archelix for the Eastern Strand of the Church of the Sacred Genome, a hanging crime (if angry mobs don't burn you at the stake first). The Archelix is of course a mutant who can spit blinding venom and an extra-strong skeleton, like all high-level initiates of the Church.
83	WHIPPING DAY. All servants are brought into a public square and each given one whip stroke, on the assumption that over the past year they've gotten away with something that deserved it.
84	Feral dogs. They have opposable thumbs.
85	Feral children. They have the vicious teeth of attack dogs.
86	One of the city's tallow renderers has a cart full of animals that died in the street and that cart has broken down. He's fending off competing tallow renderers and losing--it's only a matter of time before he's knocked unconscious and loses his day's livelihood. He asks the players for help.
87	By accident (it seems) the players receive a cryptic invitation to dinner. The dinner is hosted by an elite society that finds exotic mutants (humans or otherwise) gastronomically interesting.
88	Sword swallower makes fatal mistake.
89	2d6 brigands armed with repurposed "warm tech" (69) weapons (treat as +1, 10% chance they're radioactive) interested in the players armor. And coin.
90	Man covered in sores smiles through his bleeding gums and tells the players that he knows of some "warm tech" (69) that can "make muties right again." He's willing to say more, for a price.

91	Players stumble upon a band of Sisters Of Peace At Any Cost using their white-steel daggers to ruthlessly cut down some men in leather armor (low-level initiates of The Organization Of Men Who Kill For Gold).
92	Street gang of shaved orangutans.
93	Pack of trained cats steals something from players on a 5 in 6.
94	Giant horns blare from the Savants Guild. Everyone in the city immediately makes a forked sign towards the East and runs into their houses. Any food exposed to the open air is thrown into the street uneaten.
95	Public examination of several Apprentice Savants of the Savants guild. Roll 1d4. 1) Alchemy; 2) "warm tech" (see 69); 3) Mutant anatomy; and 4) poisons and antidotes. Obviously mayhem should ensue.
96	Squad of Savants Militant from the Savants Guild practicing their arts on tough-looking passers-by. Ambush with smoke bombs, nets and staves.
97	Men lined up for the barber. A decree from the High Church has demanded a beard tithe, and the Royal Inquisitors are rumored to be in town. All the hair will be burned in a midnight ceremony of unknown purpose or origin.
98	The Hauteknechts of the demesne are showing their skills. Archery, knife throwing, demonology, riding, physical prowess and combat. The demesne Nobility are in attendance and looking for fresh knights. Challengers accepted.
99	Huge, multicolored fire from the Savants' Guild. Though the fire appears to be illusory/ethereal, the savants are terrified and performing warding rituals.
100	The altar of the Cathedral of the High Church is actually an active thermonuclear warhead. The high priest has mutated such that he can survive on the latent radiation.

ALCAZAR OF PROFLIGACY

BY COURTNEY CAMPBELL

HTTP://HACKSLASHMASTER.BLOGSPOT.COM

THE HELL OF THE OUTER REALMS

Moloch doesn't want to be a devil. He hates his addiction to the rush of parents slaying their children. So he fled one hell for another.

ALCAZAR OF PROFLIGACY

In the cold of space, above your realm, lies a wasteland. In a field of long depleted asteroids it is choked with debris and filth. A hunting ground for the violent or desperate seeking to destroy and salvage mining constructs long gone mad.

In the center? The Alcazar of Profligacy.

Moloch runs this decadent pleasure palace. It keeps the demons from killing him by both fulfilling their dark and depraved needs and by the threat of having their plans exposed; the little tidbits of knowledge gained by extracting their secrets from the brains of his pleasure servants. It also fulfills the hollow core in his demon heart for the souls of children slain by his parents; Idora, his medusa madam is also a physick specialized in fetal discontinuation.

The Alcazar of Profligacy accepts both ships docking at various ports, as well as having a number of portals to the realm below.

Moloch is Moloch, the Arch-Devil

HIS EMPLOYEES

Black Goblins (AC 7[13], HD 2, Att: Bite or Implement, 1-4+Bleed or 1-6, Mv 60', ML 5, XP 15)

These are the ubiquitous servants. They have jet black skin that sparkles. They are responsible for cleaning the environment and stocking all services. They do this by using their vat-modified tongues to clean and consume all organic waste. This is crystallized into a salt (dust) in their Duodenum and excreted through their skin.

These excretions are collected and fed to the slaves as a pleasure drug. Their Duodenum crystallizes into a black sparkling jewel upon death and can be extracted and sold.

Black Orcs (AC 2[18], HD 4, ATT: Raygun, 1-8+5x2, Mv 90', ML 9, XP 200)

These are the guards, fitted head-to-toe in storm trooper armor and never speaking, having their vocal cords and genitalia removed. Their skin is black like their armor and they are trained to be very still and blend into the background. Upon death, their acid blood boils out of their armor, spraying everyone within 10' for 1-10 damage for 1-4 rounds. They attack with multi-colored ray guns.

DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...

A TOTALLY RANDOM SCIFI ADVENTURE THINGY THAT INCLUDES THE ELEMENTS OF (CHOOSE ANY) GOBLINS IN SPACE, A SPACE BROTHEL/HAREM, MINING ASTEROIDS, ORCS IN SPACE, GRIM DARK, ROBOTS RUN AMOK OR PLEASURE BOTS OR BOTH, RAYGUNS THAT SHOOT WEIRD COLORS, A SNARKY MEDUSA, NINJA CATS, A HEIST, AND ODD WAYS TO GET BACK TO THE SURFACE

ANY OR ALL, THESE ARE JUST GONZO SUGGESTIONS FOR EITHER, RANDOM TABLES ARE SUPER COOL, AN ADVENTURE, ART, A MAP, A BIT OF FICTION, A RANDOMIZED SETTING, NEW MONSTERS, I AM GAME FOR ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING, AS LITTLE AS YOU WANT TO DO OR AS MUCH AS YOU WANT TO DO. JUST SCI FI AND FANTASY GONZO
THANKS,

J. A.

The pleasure slaves (AC 11[9], HD 1, ATT: None, MV 120', ML 12, XP 1)

Sadly Moloch lacks the powers of creation, hence why he must acquire and transform his servants from the planet below. His slaves are captured and transformed in the vats into various pleasure slaves. Many have physical modifications to make them more pleasing to a variety of clients. These range from fur, to the ability to appear as any physical shape or size, to rewired brains. All are compliant and pleasant with any commands given by anyone.

Idora, Medusa Madam (AC 8[12], HD 4, Att: Snakebite, 1-6+Poison, MV 90', ML 8, XP 245, Special: Petrifying Gaze)

Idora loves suffering! Enthusiastically! Her gaze does not turn people into stone, but saps all their humanity, making them malleable husks. She never does this to her victims, subjecting them to the harshest torture for hours while laughing and screeching manically. When calm, she is often snarky and passive aggressive, teasing those nearby and then shoving her servants at them to shut them up. she despises the customers, but continues to entertain them because of how much she loves. her. job! (Mysterious, Oblivious, Really completely pleasant)

Gunther Castille (AC 8[12], HD 4+8, Att: Weapon, 1-8+2, Mv 90', ML 9, XP 240)

Gunter is in charge of the more prosaic pleasures, Drugs, Gambling, Torture. Wears magical leather that assists his physical Constitution and a magical blade that is invisible. (Impulsive, Obedient, Asks questions in a high pitched voice)

HIS CUSTOMERS

Joe Jackson, an "Ogre" (AC 4[16], HD 5+2, Att: Fist, 1-12, MV 90', ML 9, XP 660, Special: Spells)

Joe's appearance is that of a large human, in a long coat. He is responsible for managing the slave trade, and insuring that a steady sequence of slave arrive. He is an Ogre Magi, and keeps up the illusion in person. He also has a variety of other spell-like powers: Alter Self, Sleep, Charm Person, Gaseous Form, and Cone of Cold. (Childish, Rascal, From a Barbaric Culture, An excellent hunter)

Edward Rawlings (AC 10[10], HD 1, Att: bitchslap, 1-2, MV 120' ML 3, XP 5)

Edward is typical of a client in the Alcazar of Profligacy. Pudgy, weak, arrogant and incompetent, his list of virtues is long, typically supported by the fact that he

is fabulously wealthy. (Lippy, Pathological, Nosy and looking for a way to blackmail those around him)

Baron Hurkoveen (AC 8[14], HD 2, Att: Poison Breath, Death, MV 20', ML 3, XP 100)
Another Grotesque Client, fat and sadistic. His bulbous suit is enchanted with a mild levitation spell allowing him to move his 600 pound bulk around. (Melancholy, Capricious, Deals poorly with stress)

THE STATION

The station is organized in various rings.

Outer ring is docking and supply storage. In order to enter the further ring, customers must pay for the level of service they wish to receive. They also have the option of protection. For the low price of 10,000 gold pieces the customers can take a pill that will render them immune to any 'accidents' upon the station. (Regen 2, immunity to acid, fire, cold, and poison. Resistant to weapon attacks). This pill is of course, neutralized on a whim by Molach, Idora, or Gunther.

The first ring contains entertainment, restaurants, gambling and other services. This is the most populated ring and the one most likely to experience violence between patrons.

The second ring is the first ring of decadence. Here one can find flesh for sale and have your more depraved needs met.

The third ring is evil. Life can be sacrificed and nothing is forbidden.

The hub are the quarters for the owners and secret storage.

The station is partially in hell, so one can leave by plane shifting. Attempting to access the Astral or the Ethereal will land you in the plane of Dreams, which will also allow you to return home. Accessing the plane of shadow will transport you to a random location within the hells.

THE PLOTS

Someone related to the characters is kidnapped to be turned into a pleasure slave.
(Sadly, the vat process is irreversible)

They get transported here in a magical storm or find a portal that leads to the palace. Conversely they dock low on supplies.

They have been before and heard that one of the patrons is buying a whole section of a ring from Moloch, using 5 grams of pure hope.
(<http://hackslashmaster.blogspot.com/2013/03/on-top-ten-types-of-magical-currency.html>)

They are hired to provide young humans/goblins/or orcs for what seems to be an exorbitant price.

Once a month, before the deposit is made, it is said they convert the take of 3-4 million gold into soulstuff transported to the demon realm. With wealth like that, there aren't enough people to keep you from taking it.

One of the hirelings or a demon wants to replace Moloch, and needs the player characters to do it.
A group of nymphs and dryads was captured. Bast (or another minor deity) has trained several cats in the arts of ninjitsu, and they have slowly begun to infiltrate the Alcazar.

The Alcazar is actually a fairly easy way for a large number of people to gain access to various places in hell, though the entire operation and process must be obfuscated for such a thing is not allowed.

Moloch desperately wants to reform but sees no way to do so, even with the players help. Perhaps they can reform him?

It is best if all of these happen simultaneously.
NPC's were created with the help of the book "On the Non-Player Character", by me, Courtney Campbell.
<http://www.lulu.com/shop/courtney-campbell/on-the-non-player-character/paperback/product-21094131.html>

THE SECRETS AT THE
END OF PIER 9
BY STUART DUNCAN
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During the day everything seems normal with the warehouse on pier 9, cargo liners come and go, cranes and forklifts move containers around and seagulls squawk at passers-by. When the other warehouses shut down, the one on pier 9 only gets busier. Gone are the longshoremen who work there during the day, instead replaced by men in dark suits armed with assault rifles. Humvees patrol the perimeter and black helicopters come and go in the dark. The secret they protect isn't inside the warehouse, no it's below, a research facility that only a select few know about.

THE JOB

The team is hired by a new acquaintance, Naomi Hagen, to find her boyfriend John Westinghouse. Naomi has come to the PCs well prepared and has already identified the location of John in a secret research facility beneath pier 9. She only wants the PCs for muscle to get past security and insists she come with them as she wants to be there when the PCs rescue John. If the PCs seem resistant she reveals she's a capable hacker and can always take the job to another team.

WHAT'S REALLY GOING DOWN?

Two years ago Naomi was hired to obtain the R&D for project Mokoi, a project to develop the next generation of super soldier being fronted by Peter Brackhurst, a government official. Naomi developed a close relationship with Peter until she obtained information on the research facility, including its location. Naomi then befriended a local soldier and hacked his personal records to get him transferred to project Mokoi as a test subject in the hopes she could use their relationship to get the data she needed. Unfortunately for Naomi she underestimated Project Mokoi and John never returned once he was transferred. Now Naomi has approached the PCs to get her into the facility so she can steal the data. Once she has completed her job and is within sight of her escape she intends to betray the PCs. In the eyes of Project Mokoi she wants this to appear as a failed rescue attempt.

DEAR SANTICORE, I WOULD LIKE...
A WAREHOUSE (OR SOMETHING SIMILAR) SET IN A NEAR FUTURE WORLD THAT IS HIDING THE ENTRY TO A SECRET UNDERGROUND RESEARCH FACILITY.
THANKS,

R. C.

LEGWORK

If the PCs perform any background checks on the warehouse or Naomi they discover the following:

	The Warehouse	Naomi Hagen
Low Success	Naomi's surveillance confirms there is a facility beneath the pier and the warehouse is not the primary target.	Locally Naomi doesn't have any friends, only acquaintances. She was seeing a soldier – John Westinghouse.
Moderate Success	Closer investigation reveals that a minority of the guards are on the perimeter.	1 year ago Naomi was photographed on the arm of Peter Brackhurst at a charity gala.
Highly Successful	There are scientists as well as guards. Occasionally a suit – Peter Brackhurst makes an appearance.	Naomi is linked to the hacker alias "Ghostpoet". No one can be found to vouch for her. They all disappeared.

THE ENCOUNTER

Naomi has obtained the R&D she needs and has triggered an alarm dividing herself from the PCs but not before being spotted by Peter Brackhurst. Wounded, Peter initiates the self-destruct sequence. The cryotubes holding the super soldiers spill open, some are liquefied flesh still unbound to their metal bones. Others emerge screaming in agony using their cybernetic strength to tear the flesh from their bodies. Still more stumble forward only to collapse without the power to continue. Only John Westinghouse remains, the drugs flowing through his blood and the machines in his flesh have made him the ultimate combatant. John's only directive is to ensure no one makes it out alive in the next 10 minutes until the bulkheads breach and bring the weight of the ocean down from above.

	Naomi "Ghostpoet" Hagen	Peter Brackhurst	John Westinghouse
Arche-type	Femme Fatale/Hacker	Corrupt Government Official	Super Soldier
High Stat	Manipulation	Leadership	Combat
Agenda	Obtain the R&D and set the PCs up as fall guys	Develop the next generation of soldier without soiling his public image.	Destroy the facility.

THE SECRETS AT THE END OF PIER 9 BY STUART DUNCAN

AUTHOR’S NOTES

I intend this adventure to be more about the relationship between Naomi and the PCs than the research facility beneath Pier 9. Naomi is the real villain and the gamemaster should slowly be building the mistrust between her and the PCs until the time she betrays them. The NPC Peter Brackhurst is there to provide a counter to Naomi. He has a personal stake in capturing Naomi once he knows she’s in the facility and she knows this. John Westinghouse should appear crashing out of a glass cryotube like drug fuelled Frankenstein. Until the drugs where off his purpose is to destroy the facility around him but if the PCs can break through the drugs and brainwashing he is their best chance of escape.

KEYWORDS

I’m not going to draw a map or provide every encounter. Instead I merely go to provide a list of keywords that will hopefully assist you in creating them for yourselves. Drugs, cybernetics, brainwashing, super soldiers, research scientists, Submarine, Humvee, helicopter, Assault rifles, Spotlights, Cargo Containers, Self-Destruct, Cranes, Vaults, Laser Tripwires, Proximity Mines, Syringes, White floors, Fluorescent Lights, LEDs, Cryotubes, Ichor.

A silly little message to slap the rump
of 2013 Santicore's Sequel slump*!

Don't forget to get Volume I**
then Volume III when March is done!

*Kidding! The entries here are amazing. Hit after hit.
Thank you, everyone!

**by clicking "Volume I" or going here:
<http://metalvsskin.blogspot.com/2014/01/secret-santicore-2013-volume-i-now-with.html>

<http://metalvsskin.blogspot.com/>

